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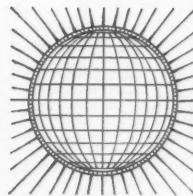
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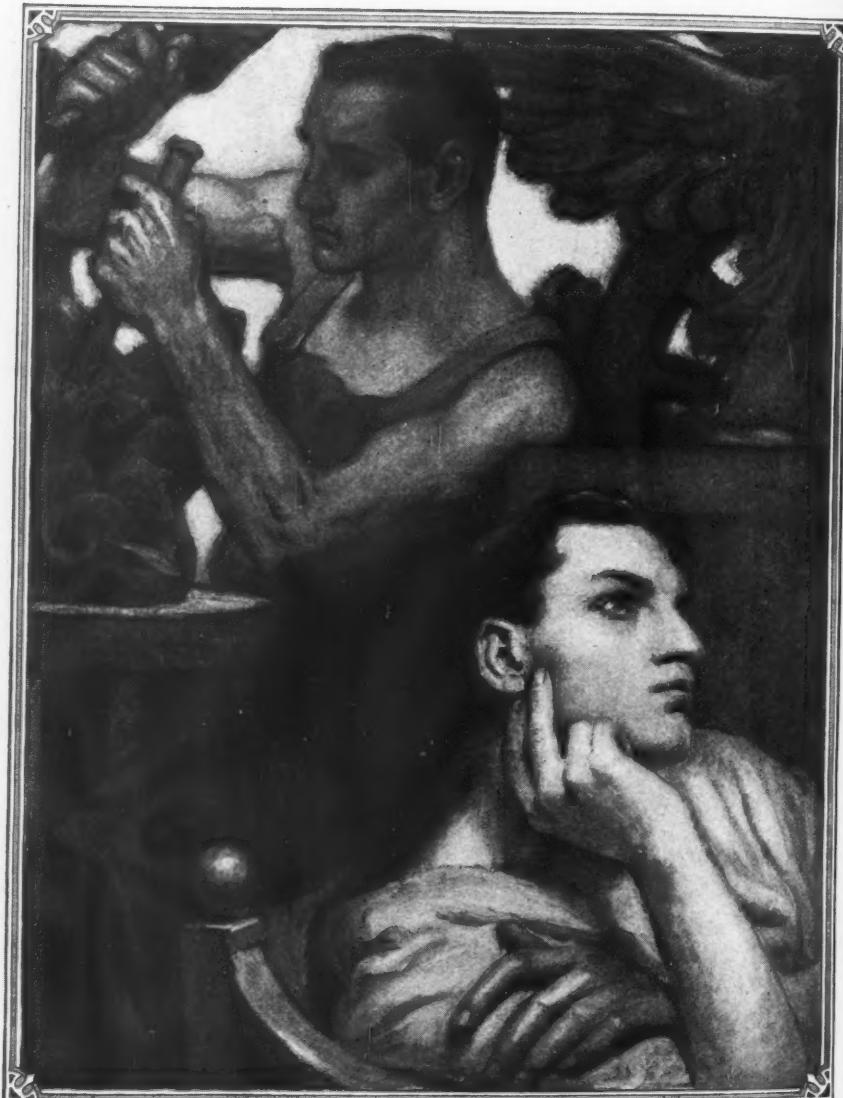
We are fast nearing the million mark. Subscriptions are coming in about as fast as we can handle them. Naturally, it is immensely gratifying—and chiefly because it shows that you are working with us, talking about us, telling your friends. It is cooperation like this that goes a long, long way in making Cosmopolitan

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THE SECRET

By Elbert
Drawing by



To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head.

The cure for grief is motion. The recipe for strength is action

OF POWER

Hubbard
Charles A. Winter

MAN is a transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it, manipulate it, use it, transmit it. And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head. The cure for grief is motion. The recipe for strength is action. To have a body that is free from disease and toxins you must let motion equal emotion.

Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it burns out the fuse. But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and work is divine and beneficent beyond words. That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted, and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease, death.

But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love; so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race. Art is the utilization of love's exhaust.

The love that lasts is a trinity—I love you because you love the things that I love.

A lover out of a job is a good man for a girl to avoid.

Safety lies in service. All emotion that takes the form of ecstasy with no outlet in the way of work is dangerous. This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair. Expression must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it. You are the steward of the gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current. The college that imparts knowledge, but supplies no opportunity for work is faulty in the extreme. A school that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and wrong in practice. Its pupils do not possess health, happiness, or power, except on a fluke.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows. All sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest. Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life. Sickness, unhappiness, ignorance, all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is a sin.

Realize that you are a divine transformer. Make motion equal emotion and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase—even death itself—and find it good.

Harnessing the New Power Invisible

By
Harold
Bolce



So minute are the precious particles of radium, as used at the new Radium Institute, in London, that they have to be weighed, with infinite delicacy, under a powerful microscope

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Radium, declared by scientists to be the secret of the sun's radiance, is working miracles in therapeutics. The marvel and ministry of the new element can be had without cost, and to institutions in London and Paris people are thronging like religious pilgrims to healing shrines. It is the most remarkable spectacle in the history of science, for where medical skill gives up, radium begins. From laboratories in Vienna comes the news that, industrially, radium forces may eclipse electricity. Only a few grains of the newly found element have been isolated, but it is known now that the powerful substance is stored, and scattered far, in the primal rocks.

In his laboratory a British astronomer, Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer, stood intently gazing into the prism of a specially constructed spectroscope. He was moved by a sense of impending discovery. He was about to receive a revelation sublime in its suggestion and results. But even with his great scientific imagination he did not dream that he was to be a pioneer in a field of mystery which in our day has disclosed on earth, as in the sun, the presence of a power with the giant strength of gravity and of the profoundest significance to mankind. Sir Joseph was on the verge of a dis-

covery which was to turn the attention of science from the mass to the molecule. He was about to inaugurate a practical study into the unknown, the pursuit of the invisible. The Röntgen rays, the Hertzian waves, and all invisible movements of powerful light, and, finally, the all but unbelievable rays of radium, constituting the phenomena by which man was to send messages without wires across the void, and to cure, perhaps, all diseases with unseen hands, were to follow in the train of the astronomer's discovery.

He was studying the sun's atmosphere. Slowly, at first, as he watched, and then

with unmistakable clearness, there crept among the known colors the suggestion of an unknown hue, a faint, palpitating yellow, finally assuming the beauty of a perfect tint not before seen by man.

"I have discovered," said the astronomer, "the presence of an unknown element in the sun."

With the characteristic unostentation of scientific discovery he called the new prismatic color "D₃," and announced the presence of the beautiful new-found element merely as an inference. He named it speculatively "helium."

Then Sir William Ramsay, in his laboratory, isolated

The new Radium Institute in Riding House Street, London



by many experiments an unknown substance. It had been mechanically held captive, but it was no part of its surrounding medium. Nor would it combine with any chemicals known to man. The scientist realized that he had found an element. He passed its

Lord Iveagh, who, with Sir Ernest Cassel, has made the new Radium Institute possible

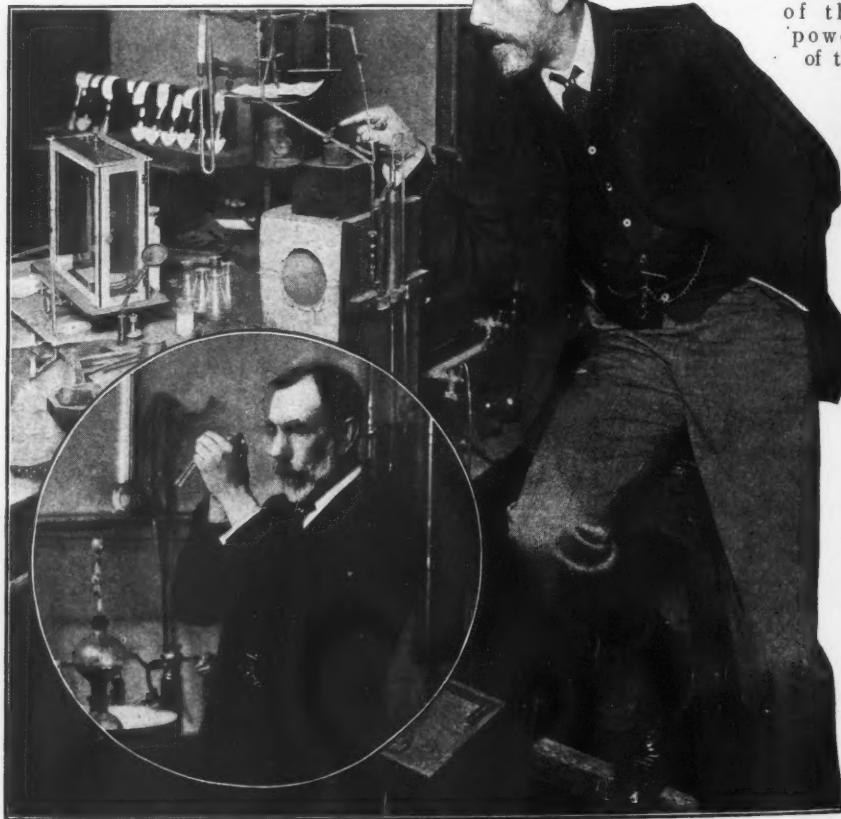
Harnessing the New Power Invisible

rays through a prism. Lockyer's line of color, D_3 , appeared. The pleased and astonished chemist tried again. There was no mistaking the result. He had discovered that our planet held helium, one of the substances of the sun.

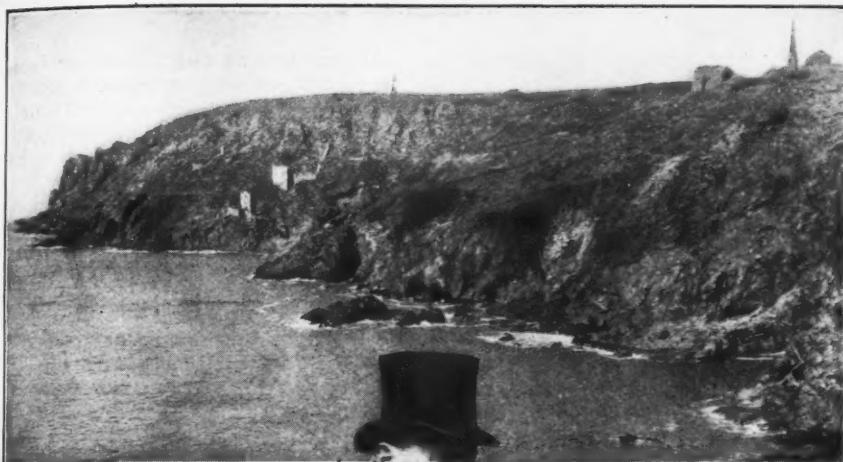
At the same time, John W. Strutt (Baron Rayleigh), who had been conducting independent experiments, confirmed Ramsay's discovery, as he had Lockyer's. He found, too, that helium rose in the gas of thermal springs from rocks disintegrating at great depth. Whatever helium should prove to be, science realized that it was issuing from the strata of immemorial ages; and so to primal formations investigators went for the fountain-source of the new element and its power. Step by step the way

led to the liberation of radium from rocks that had imprisoned it since the beginning of the world. The most powerful known element appeared. And one of its emanations was producing helium. Thus in the radium laboratories of London, Paris, and Vienna man is working with a marvelous substance which is the source of an interplanetary element. He is grasping and sharing the secret of the sun's heat.

When Professor Pierre Curie beheld upon a zinc screen the visible impact of invisible rays of radium, a spectacle in miniature of shooting stars traversed by meteors moving in a procession of tiny worlds afame, and all in superb attestation of the power of the



Sir William Ramsay, in his laboratory, discovered that our planet held helium, one of the substances of the sun



It is now definitely established that the one in Cornwall, one in Austria, and one in Colorado. The mouth of the Cornwall mine is

world has three sources of radium supply, tria, and one in Colorado. The mouth at the top of the hill shown here

element his wife and co-worker had developed and named, he said that he felt as if he had been permitted to be present at the creation of a universe.

The way to that revelation was long. As late as fifteen years ago the laboratory men were still in the dark. Then a great French physicist, Professor Henri Becquerel, conducting experiments to test the power of uranium to register its rays on photographic plates through opaque paper, made a great omission, and by a mistake, as it seemed, an inadvertence, the whole future of man's knowledge of the laws and power of radiance was transformed.

He had found that uranium rays had the power to transpierce black paper, but in keeping with all traditions of photography, he had exposed the uranium to the sunlight. This one day he neglected to do, but the radiograph on

the plate was made just the same. He had made a photograph in the dark. He had registered a light ray invisible to man. Science had stepped across the borders of the Unknown.

Investigators in every country now plunged into the darkness to find the sources of this new light. To discover that might be to grasp some secret of the great enigma, the

Sir Ernest Cassel, who, with way of life
Lord Iveagh, has donated itself. It
remained the funds to establish remained
the Radium Institute for a great
woman,

the genius of Poland, to show the way. Back of uranium is pitchblende, from whence it comes, and with this Madame Curie made her initial experiments. She found that the power of the invisible rays of the parent ore was from 200 to 300 per cent. greater than the uranium rays alone.

Therefore, to find the secret of the force buried somewhere in these ores, she began the laborious separation of the mineral into its many parts. A ton of ore from Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, was sent to her laboratory near Paris at the expense of



Harnessing the New Power Invisible



The disk in the circle contains a few specks of radium valued at \$10,000. The large photograph shows the workshop of the Radium Institute. Here the very delicate instruments employed in the application of radium are kept "tuned up."

The portrait is that of Hon. Walter E. Guinness, one of the directors of the Radium Institute

the government of Austria. It was an experiment that transcended the interests of nations, for the outcome would belong to mankind.

The story of her triumph is a romance of science. It was easy enough to extract the uranium, but, as she knew, there was some mysterious element involved that was far more powerful.

It was toward the end of her labors that a new element was isolated from the little material that remained. The new substance gave out invisible rays. They would register in the dark, and they had a velocity of 20,000 miles a second.

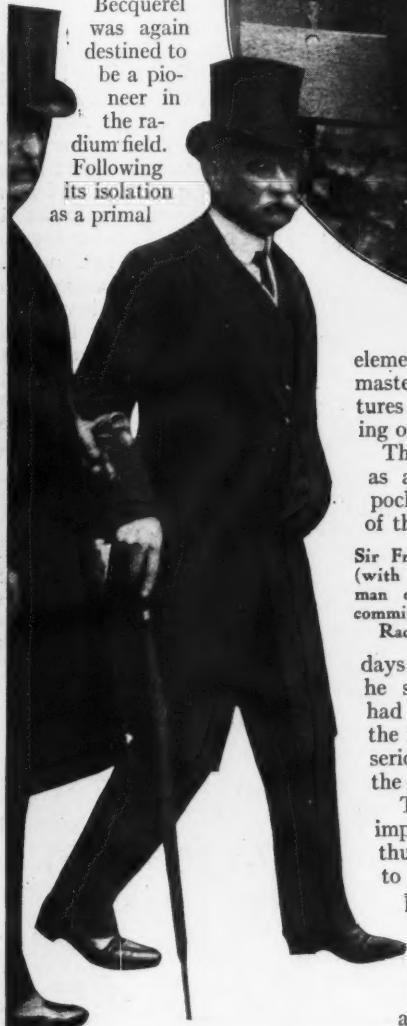
It was found that a strange emanation came from these particles, and that this emanation in turn hurled three rays into space, one moving at the rate of polonium, the next at the velocity of 50,000 miles a second, and the third with the speed of light! Here were rays that would not only make their impact plain in the dark



at any distance, but would pass instantly through walls of iron and lead. Nothing, however, in these experiments gave hint of radium's healing power.

The knowledge that radium can transform the tissues of the body and work wondrous cures came from a strange happening. Without designing it,

Professor Becquerel was again destined to be a pioneer in the radium field. Following its isolation as a primal



Madame Curie, discoverer of radium, with her little son Pierre

element, the very strongest known, this physicist mastered its then known properties and gave lectures concerning it. He was like Tyndall lecturing on electricity in a hall lighted by gas!

The French scientist went to London to talk as an authority on radium. In his waistcoat pocket he carried a vial containing a few specks of the priceless and powerful mineral. Unknown to him, the mysterious rays of the element pierced the glass and his clothing and entered his side. According to the radium law, fourteen

days later a red streak appeared on his flesh, and he suffered, too, great pain from it. Radium had done its work well. It was the footprint of the invisible! It developed into a deep hurt with serious complications. He took to his bed, and the scientific world came to see and to wonder.

The reasoning at once was that, if a few almost imperceptible grains of strange matter could thus affect the human body, it could be used to the benefit of man, and perhaps banish his physical ills. Radium was to be used in therapeutics. The behemoth in the bottle would be harnessed to pull the race out of its slough of physical misery. And now this is being done. For the abiding and increasing marvel is that the scientific

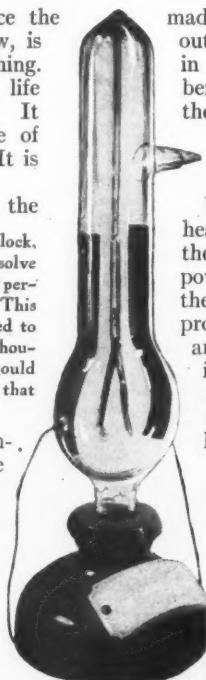
Harnessing the New Power Invisible

world, in following to its source the helium light that Lockyer saw, is confronted by a living thing. Radium, indeed, is material life out of the tomb of the world! It is matter with the significance of spirit. It is healing the sick. It is banishing fear.

Marvels that almost suggest the miracles of the days of the patriarchs are being wrought. London and Paris have erected institutions in which, by the power of radium, irresistible and dynamic, the "incurable" are being cured. The most hopeless cases, given up by physicians and friends alike, come in agony and go away in joy, their health restored and spreading the glad news. All tissues break down and disappear in the path of the four forces liberated by the newly found element. Like moths in a flame, bacteria die by millions in a radium ray.

Capital under the patronage of rulers has given munificently to the cause, and so to-day the

A radium clock, which seems to solve the riddle of "perpetual motion." This clock is calculated to run for thirty thousand years — should the material last that long



made whole without money and without price. Nature, seemingly cruel in many of its moods, has turned beneficent. The hoary past renews the youth of the present. It is as if science with sacred hands had invoked the power of the sands in which the Master wrote!

What the future holds for the health and happiness of mankind in the harnessing of this unknown power, no one can prophesy, but the great hope of solving the whole problem of physical suffering to-day animates the entire world of medical science. Radium for the afflicted millions thus becomes the modern river of life, and its healing waters are for all alike.

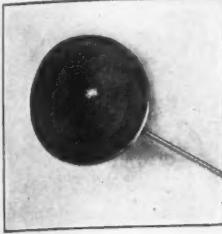
As radium affects everything its emanations touch, and as its rays move at the rate of from 20,000 to 182,000 miles a second, it is necessary to place the radium under metallic plates covered with specially prepared varnishes capable of resisting heat and antiseptics. In other needs glass tubes filled with radium salts are used. The advantage of

How the infinitesimal grains of radium are cut into shape for various medical uses at the London Radium Institute



the latter is that they can be applied to rounded and irregular surfaces of the body. Thus far, surface growths and painful disfigurements, tumors and old cancers, various forms

of tuber-

The method by which even a single grain of this titanic substance is handled. It is as deadly at times as it is beneficent at others

treated, and at the present moment patients are under treatment for nearly every disease in advanced state known, and what the outcome will be may give cheer to stricken millions in every country.

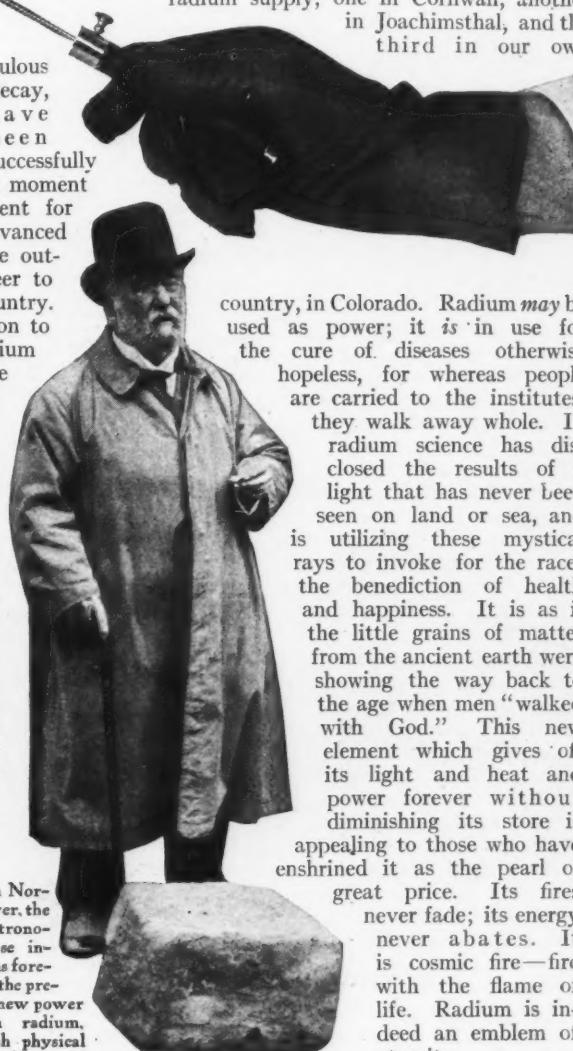
In England, the inspiration to make the discovery of radium of practical value to the people came from the late King Edward. His cosmopolitan mind was quick to grasp the great fact that science had revealed a secret as amazing as Newton's law. Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel took up the project and endowed it, and in the heart of London erected a beautiful building to become the genesis of an institution which for all time would devote itself to the mysteries of radium ministered to the hopeless sick.

Much has been conjectured regarding the precise cost of radium. It has a stated market value which is almost incredible. It is quoted and actually bought at \$75,000 a gram. As there

culous decay, have been successfully

are nearly 400 grams to a pound, one pound of radium would be worth more than \$25,000,000 and three pounds of this mysterious, miraculous element would more than equal the entire capital of the Bank of England. The most expensive thing in the world, under the benevolent direction of British wealth, has become the most beneficial.

It is now definitely established that the world has at least three sources of radium supply, one in Cornwall, another in Joachimsthal, and the third in our own



Sir Joseph Norman Lockyer, the British astronomer, whose investigations foreshadowed the presence of a new power which, in radium, may banish physical pain from the world

country, in Colorado. Radium *may* be used as power; it *is* in use for the cure of diseases otherwise hopeless, for whereas people are carried to the institutes, they walk away whole. In radium science has disclosed the results of a light that has never been seen on land or sea, and is utilizing these mystical rays to invoke for the races the benediction of health and happiness. It is as if the little grains of matter from the ancient earth were showing the way back to the age when men "walked with God." This new element which gives off its light and heat and power forever without diminishing its store is appealing to those who have enshrined it as the pearl of great price. Its fires never fade; its energy never abates. It is cosmic fire—fire with the flame of life. Radium is indeed an emblem of eternity.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"It's as I thought," said he. "In there," he pointed to portières drawn across a doorway, "I have witnesses. They heard only what you said. Now go, and don't let me ever see your face again"

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(*"The First of the Month"*)

The First of the Month

You are used to big things—interesting, *live* things—in *Cosmopolitan*. You expect them. You approve of them—and it is “up” to us to see that you’re not disappointed. As we have told you before, we consider Gouverneur Morris one of the biggest—if not *the* biggest—short-story writers in America to-day. So of course you will find him in *Cosmopolitan*—a story a month—stories dealing with real people and real, vital phases of life in the big town of New York. In this story he tells what happened when a man came to his senses

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of “The Claws of the Tiger,” “An Idyl of Pelham Bay Park,” “The Man Who Played God,” etc.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

HE had to tell her.

The knowledge spoiled his dinner. He might forget for a moment, only to remember with a quick-drawn breath and a sudden wild thuttering of the heart. He looked diagonally across the table, and saw, above a bed of orchids, her famous head and shoulders, and her famous cabochon emerald. She was between Visconti and Mr. Graham Brown. They hung with a kind of boyish radiance upon her easily found words.

When David Hall had loved Mrs. Waring he had thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. Now that he loved her no longer, he still thought so. Perhaps nobody else knew how beautiful she was. His trained eyes and his square sculptor hands could have made a statue of her from memory. But this knowledge found and left him as cool as the cucumber with which he had just been served. His passion for her had gone out like the flame of a blown candle. He recalled some of the more ridiculous manifestations of his infatuation; some of the ungovernable, dangerous letters that he had written. He tried to place the blame for that understanding which, so far as she knew, still existed between them; and at the most was willing to share it with her. It could never have entered his head that she was a pregnant woman. It could never have entered anybody’s head, unless she herself had come forward more than half-way out of her cool puritan serenity. When he had first known that she loved him, his emotion had been uncontrollable glad desire mixed with a kind of horror; as if some one

had conclusively proved to him that some long-worshiped saint was in reality faked out of base stuff. It had seemed impossible to him that she could so stoop—even as she stooped.

Now that his love had frozen in his heart, he would have cut off his hand to have undone the past. There was one to whom he wished to say—to swear—that there had never been anything. He might say it. He might swear it. It was odds that he would; but if so it was also odds that the words would choke him. Love had died in him, and left a kind of resentful dislike. He was done with the incomparably beautiful Mrs. Waring forever and ever. But—

She had to be told! He had to tell her. But how could he? What are the words with which a man who passes current for a gentleman tells a woman that she is no longer the desired? David Hall could not remember ever to have hurt anybody’s feelings. But he must hurt Mrs. Waring’s. If it is wrong for a man to tell another man’s wife that he loves her, it is also a compliment. To tell her that he is tired of her is perhaps the greater sin.

“Yes,” he said to his neighbor on the left, “a most beautiful dinner. I have never seen this room filled with such a becoming lot of women.” To himself he said, “What am I going to say to her?” Should he circumlocute? Should he make the announcement direct? Should he tell her while they danced a waltz together, or while they sat one out?

Across the banked orchids she sent him a glance that had meaning for himself alone. He wanted to shout to her: “Don’t do that.

It doesn't mean anything now. It makes you look ridiculous."

She would expect him to drive her home in the small hours. To kiss her in the secret brougham. Even after he had told her she would expect him to drive her home. She would demand of the new St. Anthony that one last opportunity for his temptation, downfall, and destruction.

When he had told her, how would she take it? He watched her furtively, fascinated. The great cabochon emerald rose and fell slowly with her deep serene breathing; hard, icy, it looked less cold, less inflammable, than she.

To the girl on his right he was saying: "That's quite right—direction is all in the follow, though. You can get distance by hard hitting, but you can't be sure of the line, etc., etc." But he wanted to scream—a warning to all the world against women—against one woman.

Mrs. Lloyd, who was his hostess, made a collection of eyes, shy eyes, bold eyes, clear eyes, dull eyes, all colors of eyes, strong eyes that could see nothing, weak, near-sighted eyes that saw new and wonderful things from new and wonderful points of view almost every minute of the day.

The company rose; voices in crescendo hurrying to make ends to conversations. The men bowed the women out of the dining-room, and reseated themselves where they pleased. David Hall managed to find a place between the wickedest man in New York and the bravest. He hoped perhaps to imbibe with his brandy and their propinquity something of the one's courage and the other's *savoir faire*.

He had to tell her—somehow. Between him and the moment nothing intervened but the few inches of a sixty-seven-cent cigar.

"Never tell a woman you're tired of her," said the wickedest man in New York.

The bravest man smiled. "Never tire of her," said he.

David's heart was beating a hundred and ten. So the hearts of sailors, fighting fire, beat as the flames make head against them and creep upon the magazine of their ship. "Never," said he, "be in a position to tire, and then you will never have to tell."

The wickedest man frowned at him. "That's all very well for you to say, Sir Galahad, but Jarvis here and I are made of flesh and blood."

Yes, he was thought to be a kind of Galahad and Bayard rolled into one. "Much you know about it, gentlemen," he wanted to say; "only let me finish this cigar, and then see me step up to a beautiful lady, and a gentle, and knock her down with a blow between the eyes."

He had a moment of irresolution. Why tell her? Because she had to be told. If he had had himself alone to consider, he might have tried to play out the tragedy to the bitter end. But there had come very suddenly into his heart, not by the byways and hedges, but by the broad open road, through the honest front door—a girl; infinitely young and innocent and sweet. For her sake he must speak up, bold and cruel, without equivocation, to-night—his cigar was too short to hold—at once.

As a felon goes to be hanged, so he walked into the drawing-room with the others, to join the ladies. Already music was playing. Two or three couples of young girls were—well, they weren't exactly waltzing, and they weren't exactly frolicking. They were just being rhythmical, and gay, and exquisite. And they knew it.

With little steps and slides he crossed the waxed floor to Mrs. Waring. She arose, smiling, and lifted her arms.

"It's much too soon after dinner," she said.

He smiled a protest, a negation. She laughed like a happy child. The great emerald upon her breast rose and fell more quickly. Color clear and wonderful swept into her cheeks. It was ten days since they had been together. But she had thought of a plan. She would whisper it to him while they waltzed. They would press each other's fingers, and nobody would see.

No. She had better think of other things. If that great emerald of hers could not be made to move more sedately it would give her away. She concentrated her mind upon the features of the ugliest woman she had ever seen. The fire died out of her eyes, and she sailed away with him, over the waxed and dully shining floor, serene and stately as a yacht in light airs.

David Hall was saying to himself, "Shall this be the last waltz together, or shall the next?"

He had to tell her, of course. But he put off the time of telling. They had waltzed together three times; they had sat out a two-step. It was after two o'clock.

For the fourth time they waltzed together. And all at once he knew that he had said the awful thing. "I want you, Ellen," he had said, "to be the first to wish me all happiness. I am engaged to be married."

Her answer was calm and reassuring. "David! Who is she?"

"Mollie Carter."

"I admire your taste. But then I always did."

David groaned softly and humbly. "Please don't take it like this," he said.

"It's very sudden, isn't it?" she said sweetly, "when you think—I hope you haven't told her yet. Young girls live on being told, and then they raise Cain. For your own sake don't ever tell her."

"Don't be afraid," said David limply. "I won't."

"Take me into the conservatory," said Mrs. Waring.

"With pleasure," said David aloud. Inwardly he groaned, and said, "What's come is nothing to what's coming."

"I think you're feeling a little unhappy, David."

"Worse than that."

"Don't be frightened. I'm not going to make a fool of myself. I'm not even going to reproach you. Nobody can see us. Just for old sake's sake hold me tight in your arms. I feel as if the world had been shattered and I was falling through space."

She folded her hands upon her heart and half closed her eyes. Inwardly swearing and unhappy David took her in his arms and held her tight. He even kissed her. But neither the embrace nor the kiss loosed any of the old wild gallopers in his blood. She released herself.

"Thank you, David—so good of you."

In her eyes there was a naked look of triumph. It troubled David more than anything that she had said.

"Now take me back."

When they reached the center of the ballroom, she gave a little cry of dismay, and, looking downward at the bosom of her dress, "My emerald," she said, "it's gone!"

II

A FEW minutes later the entire company were searching for the lost emerald, some, to whom only values furnished sensations, with almost hysterical zeal; others with light-hearted amusement as if glad that a

change had at last been rung on their experience of dinner-dances. One or two men, who had supped according to their wisdom, which was nil, made buffoons of themselves, and were laughed at by the good natured.

When, however, it developed that the jewel was not going to be found so easily, people thought the affair was getting unpleasant, and were sorry that they had come.

Mrs. Waring and Mr. Lloyd met presently in the center of the room, like two generals in an emergency of battle.

"Please—please," said Mrs. Waring, "make them go on dancing. No stone in the world is worth one good waltz with the right partner. And, besides, the thing is sure to turn up."

David joined them, having searched and researched the conservatory. "You didn't drop it in there," he said.

Mrs. Lloyd approached. "I'm completely upset, Mrs. Waring. This room is like an empty box—if you had dropped your emerald in here or in the conservatory, it couldn't be lost. You're sure you had it after supper?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Waring pleasantly, "don't make me take my oath to *anything*."

"She had it," said Mr. Lloyd. "I'm sure."

"I'm sure, too," said David; "she had it up to a short time ago. I noticed. We were dancing together."

"Really," said Mrs. Waring, "it isn't worth feeling badly about. Don't spoil your party."

Mr. Lloyd said something to David about "Dirty work" and "all the women crazy about these damned foreigners."

Mrs. Lloyd said, "We *could* send for a detective, and not let anybody leave the room until it was found."

But her husband put his foot down. "Not in my house," he said; "you can't humiliate your friends just to find one miserable thief. If the emerald isn't found, I am responsible. It shall be replaced as nearly as possible."

Mrs. Waring tapped him reprovingly with her fan. "It sha'n't," she said. "My husband will be delighted to hear that it's lost. He was furious with me for buying it. You *must* believe that it hasn't a particle of value to me, sentimental or otherwise. It was merely rather large and green."

She rose to the occasion with such good nature and gaiety that presently dancing



DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Inwardly swearing and unhappy, David took her in his arms and held her tight. He even kissed her

was resumed, and the rest of the guests were not allowed to feel that anything unpleasant had happened.

Mrs. Waring drove home alone. Even in the darkness of her brougham she continued to carry a high and debonair head, although she felt as if she was being crushed, as under mill-stones, by the fact of David's desertion. She carried her sense of proper fortitude so far as to gossip with the maid who undressed her about the dinner-dance, and the loss of the emerald, and it was not until she lay between the sheets of her bed in the pitch darkness that she gave way to her emotions. Then she cried and cried as a woman cries when she has come to that point of physical anguish beyond which endurance is impossible. The hardest hearted must have pitied her.

Yet when he had told her that all was over between them, she had believed that her love had been turned into hate, and that if the world contained anything worth while it was revenge. It was in this belief that she had asked him to hold her in his arms. It was in this belief that she had removed the cabochon emerald from her dress and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. It was still in this belief that she lay in her great white bed tossing upon a storm of sobs.

About noon, having risen and bathed away the red traces of her long anguish, she received from David a parcel containing her "lost" emerald, and a note.

"My dear Ellen," the latter ran, "Your emerald must have come loose while we were dancing and dropped by a miracle into my waistcoat pocket. Anyhow, it was there that I found it, when I got to my rooms. I would have telephoned; but it seemed rather late. And anyway 'all's well that ends well,' and I congratulate you upon the lost being found. D. H."

Mrs. Waring unhooked the receiver of her telephone and called up Mrs. Lloyd.

"Such good luck," she said. "My emerald has been found. Why, it's rather a joke. David Hall had it all the time. Oh, not at all! He wasn't trying to get a rise out of me. He didn't know he had it. When he got to his rooms he found it in his waistcoat pocket. Rather curious? How do you mean? I see. Well, yes, perhaps, if it was anyone but David. Anyway, 'all's well that ends well.' This will be a genuine relief to everybody who was at your charming dance."

From Mrs. Lloyd's drawing-room the news spread that the emerald had been returned, that David Hall had found it in his waistcoat pocket, and that mystery was a mystery no longer. And then began that ten days' talk which follows an event in society and makes or unmakes character.

"I don't know that Hall is exactly hard up. But you never heard of a sculptor that couldn't use a little extra now and then, did you? Don't, for Heaven's sake, quote *me* as saying that *I* think he *took* it and then got cold feet. I don't think anything of the kind. But when you come to think of it it's an extraordinarily curious thing to have had happen."

"Oh, well! David's all right—square as they make 'em."

"I danced with him a couple of times that night, and I must say he didn't seem to be quite himself. I don't mean he'd been drinking. He seemed to have something on his mind. He was tremendously gay, and somehow it rang false."

"A man that was hard up might get a few drinks in him and do a fool thing like that—and realize the minute he sobered up that he couldn't dispose of a stone known to the jewelers of two continents or even that he didn't want to."

The wickedest man in New York said, "No rising man would be fool enough."

The bravest man said, "No man with brains would be brave enough."

Mrs. Waring's husband was rather sharp with her. "You were a fool," he said in his pleasant conciliatory way, "to say *who* returned the pin. You should have said merely that it had been returned. David Hall is as straight as a string. I'd trust him on a desert island with the most beautiful woman in the world. But people are talking about him and saying unpleasant things, and it's your fault. Trust a woman to hurt her friends sooner or later, either through malice or stupidity."

Mrs. Waring smiled a secret smile. She still thought that she hated David. She wondered why she had wept so that early morning after the dance. The cisterns in which she kept her tears were dry now. She did not believe that she would ever cry again, or ever know a deep emotion. The fact that her stratagem was working as she had believed that it would work, did not afford her quite the anticipated satisfaction. It was dully pleasant to know that her arm

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had been long enough to reach David and punish him, but that was all. She had put a doubt of him in people's minds. Sooner or later he would find out that this doubt existed, and be very miserable; more miserable possibly than she would be amused.

He did find out, presently, and he came to her. "Look here," he said, "people seem to half think that I took that emerald of yours. You—you haven't?"

"I?" Her face was a study in suave self-containment. "I told Mrs. Lloyd exactly what you said in your note. It would have been better, perhaps, if I had merely said that the thing had been returned."

"It would have been better," he said.

"I didn't think. I'm sorry. But anyway if I hadn't told who had returned it, I'd have created a mystery, and I'd have been so pestered with questions that sooner or later the truth would have been wormed out of me. That would have been infinitely worse, wouldn't it?"

"A good reputation," said David bitterly, "doesn't seem to be worth a hurrah. Why, when I go to my club, I see people smiling, and indicating, and putting their heads together. It's intolerable. It's some satisfaction, though, to find out just who your friends are. I've got exactly two, and I never counted them before. Men I thought I could count on—oh, they talk friendly enough, but if they believed in me they'd joke me about walking off with the emerald. But they don't joke about it. They don't mention it. That's how I know they're not my friends."

"You've got one friend that you haven't counted, David."

"Who's that?"

"My husband." She leaned forward confidentially. "He said that he would trust you on a desert island with the most beautiful woman in the world."

He winced as if she had struck him. "This world," he said, "is all trouble and unhappiness. And to think that I should be accused of stealing from you—of all people."

"You stole my heart, David."

To look at her at that moment you would not have supposed that she had ever had one.

He rose and held out his hand. "I don't quite know why I came. I thought maybe you could do something to shut people up."

"I'll do what I can—of course. But don't worry. Things move so fast nowadays—

and this little breath of scandal will be forgotten."

"It mustn't be forgotten," he said. "It must be faced—thrashed out—people have got to believe in me. If you can put in a word for me you will, won't you?"

"Of course. But what can I say? I can only repeat what I have already said, that you found my emerald in your pocket, and returned it to me."

His face flushed. "Just Heaven," he cried, "that's what everybody is saying. And when they say he 'found' it, they use quotation marks, and lift their eyebrows and roll their wicked double-meaning word on their tongues."

"David," in a calm friendly voice, "you are taking this too seriously. Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. Think of other things. When is the great event to take place?"

"My wedding?"

"Of course."

"Not until I am richer in the world's good opinion than at present."

Mrs. Waring lowered her voice. "What does she say, David?"

"Oh," he said, "she's true blue. But her father chooses to be very cool and aloof with me. He didn't want her to marry a sculptor anyhow. And he's rather relieved to hit on some excuse."

"You don't mean that he will try to prevent the marriage?"

The young man gnawed his lower lip. "Something very like that," he said.

III

DAVID's plan to face people and insist upon his personal integrity was foolish and futile. It would have been much better to let people talk their fill, tire of talking, and forget. But he had the feeling that he was a stranger among strangers, that his credentials had been left behind, and that he must supply others out of his own mouth. It was unfortunate for David that he had not been born in the city to which a splendid commission that might keep him busy for ten years had called him. If his parents had been substantial New York people, it is probable that the affair of the emerald would have passed off as a joke. But he hailed from some city west of the Rocky Mountains and owed a three years' popularity in New York to nothing more definite than his personal

good looks and his well-recognized talent. Society, in short, *knew* nothing about him, and being a body restless, nervous, and in a hurry, was ready to spring at conclusions. And, worse, it was demonstrated by actual experiment that for a large jewel to fall from a lady's dress and lodge in a well-pressed, well-fitted, well-starched white waistcoat pocket is, if not absolutely impossible, a most miraculous accident.

A stiff majority believed that he had stolen it—the better disposed of them that he had instantly repented; the worse, that his act of restitution had been the result of expediency and fear. His mail contained fewer and fewer invitations, and at every turn he found himself blocked by that cold psychic shoulder of society which you cannot see, but which you can feel in every quick of your being.

That great group upon which he was at work for the New Criminal Courts building began to go badly. It was a group emblematic of Justice.

His sickness of heart and soul developed into acute insomnia. He lost the brightness of his coloring and the fire of his eyes. He felt obliged by the pressure brought to bear to release Mollie Carter, against her will, from her engagement to him, and his boon companions were Hatred, Resentment, and Protest. Through no possible fault of his own, he was "done for"; in the whole world there was not yet any road opened by which he might journey to rehabilitation.

The vengeance that Mrs. Waring had sought was hers. She could hardly have hit upon any means more crushing and ruinous to him.

Yet her emotion was not of satisfaction or hate sated; but of horror and remorse. Having in her anger and injured pride hated the man for a moment, and in that moment ground him to powder, she found that she still loved him with all her heart, and that she must undo what she had done or perish. She sent for him, and he came with reluctance. The changes in his face pierced her like knives. She had the impulse to throw herself at his feet and grovel for forgiveness. Her hands trembled. She was afraid. How would he take it?

"David," she said, "when you told me that you had no further use for me, I went quite out of my mind with grief and anger. The emerald didn't tumble into your pocket from the skies. I put it there."

If she expected scorn and recrimination she was agreeably surprised. David's face flushed with wonder and delight. So the condemned may feel on discovering, impossible of belief, a sure avenue of escape.

"I shall tell everybody," she said, "and all will be well with you again. Now, go. You'll be furious with me when you've had time to think it over. And I don't want to see you furious at me. I care too much."

She withdrew her two beautiful hands, covered with boyish kisses of elation and gratitude. Far off she heard the front door of her house close with a slam.

It was nearly twenty blocks to the Carters'—there was no hansom or taxicab in sight. David ran them off in a little less than six minutes.

"Mollie—oh, Mollie—Mrs. Waring *put* the emerald in my pocket—for a joke. She's just told me. And she's starting out to tell everybody."

"Mrs. Waring put it in your pocket! She must have felt that she *knew* you rather well to take a liberty like that. And I don't quite see the point."

His enthusiasm fell from him like a bright garment. Mr. Carter, hearing that David was in the house, thought well to intrude. David explained his presence.

"Somebody saw her put it in your pocket?"

"Why, no. Nobody saw her. She just put it there. She says she did."

"She says so?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Carter? Isn't her statement sufficient? Surely, Mollie, you—don't—"

"I'm only puzzled," said she. "I don't see quite what Mrs. Waring has to do with my beliefs and disbeliefs. I believed in you before, and I do now."

"But other people, Mollie. This will shut their calumniating mouths."

He shot a somewhat defiant look at Mr. Carter, a man erect, thin, precise, who continually twiddled with his watch-chain.

"Mrs. Waring seems to be a great friend of yours," said this one. "Won't her statement require quite a deal of explaining? She does not bear the reputation of being so—" he searched for a word, and found, not without relish, "frisky."

"People will believe Mrs. Waring," said David. "It is inconceivable that she should tell a falsehood." His anger was rising. "Don't you believe her?"

Mr. Carter smiled unpleasantly. "What was her motive?"

David glared at the elderly man. "How should I know? I come to you—to the father of the girl I wish to marry. I was under suspicion. I remove it. And you remain as skeptical of me as you were before?"

Mr. Carter was not to be talked down. "I want to know," he shot back, "if she put it in your pocket, *why* she put it in your pocket? And if she *didn't* put it in your pocket, I want to know why she *says* she did?"

David's face was white and hard set. "Sir," he said, "you are malicious."

Mr. Carter shrugged his shoulders with perfect calm. "I hope," he said, "that I am a watchful parent. It will occur even to so innocent a child as my daughter"—he sought and found her limp hand—"that in this whole affair there is too much—other woman."

"Mollie?"

What was in her mind so conflicted with what was in her heart that she could not speak. He gave her one look in which anguish contended with righteous anger, and a phrase of school days, lame, inadequate, with its touch of absurdity and its touch of pathos, sprang to his lips and was spoken,

"All right for you."

"David—"

But a door had slammed to, and he was gone, storming.

IV

MRS. WARING, resplendent and wonderfully younger, drove about town, and told all her friends: "I did it for a joke. I am so ashamed. It never occurred to me that there could ever be such painful consequences."

In her championing of David her face was girlish and radiant. Her friends could not remember ever to have seen her so mobile and full of enthusiasm. It was obvious to the least penetrating that she was going about the work of his rehabilitation *con amore*. To her face they accepted her statement; the moment her back was turned so that notes could be compared they began to dissect it. By some it was believed. A majority, however, flew to the conclusion that she was fond of David, believed in him, and had invented the story as the best

means of silencing the ill-natured gossip that had so injured his good name and so shaken his position in society. A very, very few saw deeper and more clearly into the affair.

The bravest man in New York perceived a part of the truth. "She likes him more than is good for her. And she is willing to get herself talked about in the process of doing him a good turn. Bully for her!"

But the wickedest man, with the intuition of a Dupin or a Poe, put all the twos and twos of the affair together, and got for his answer all the correctly resultant fours. "He threw her down. Angry, she put the emerald in his pocket. He found it there, and said so. Nobody believed him. Finding that she had not really meant to hurt him, she comes out and tells the truth. And nobody believes her. She hasn't helped him, and she's smuttied herself. Wait and see."

He was dreadfully right. Society linked Mrs. Waring's name with David's and raised its eyebrows, in delighted horror and surprise, to the roots of its hair.

"She must be crazy to pass over the matter of the emerald, and lie about it."

When Mrs. Waring at last learned that speaking the truth had only done harm, she was dumfounded, and redoubled her efforts to put David square with the world, at no matter what cost to herself. She defended him with great logic and vigor, but less and less, as time went on, was she able to repress the flaming love-light in her eyes, and it was this that gave her away.

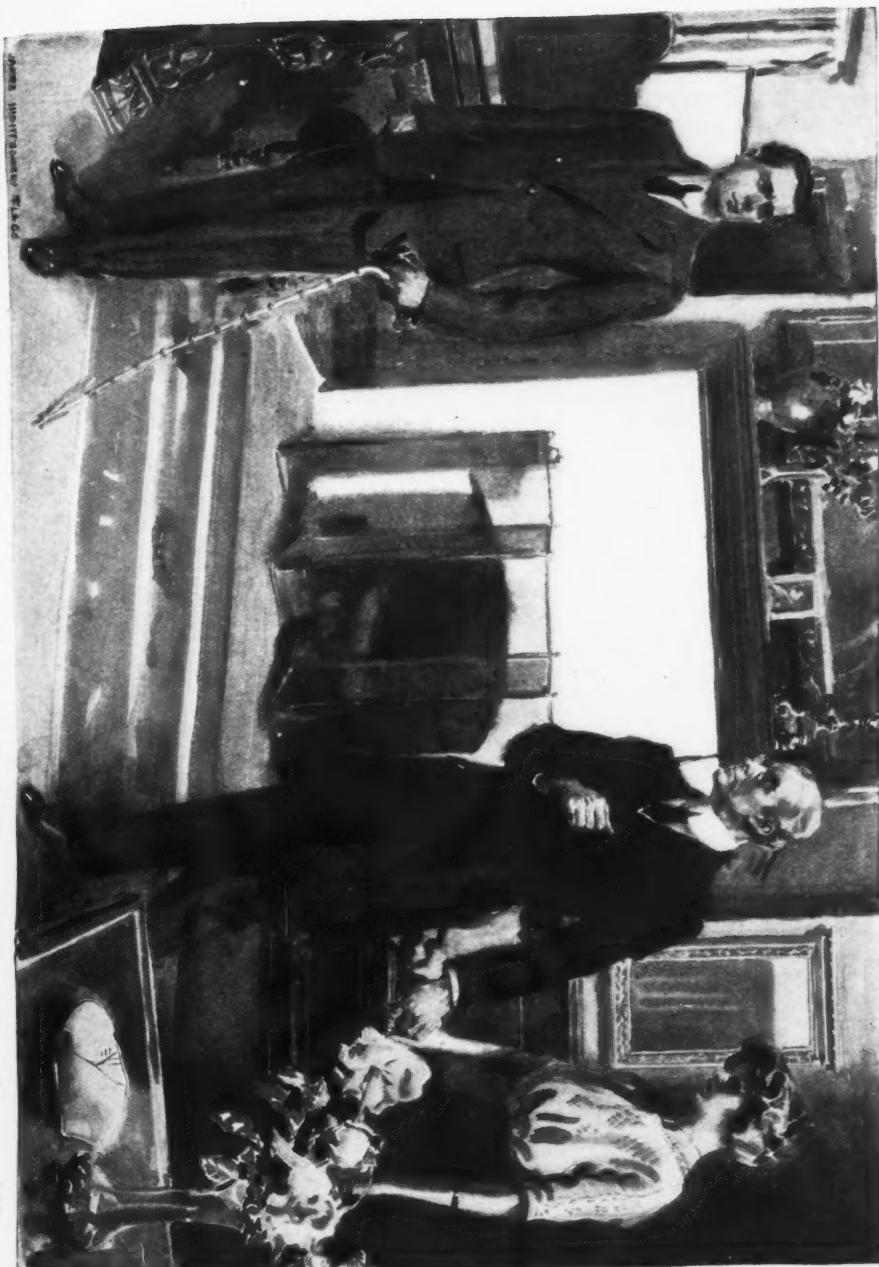
And then, for all the backing of her beauty, wealth, and sound ancestry, she began to lose caste. It is a curiosity of woman nature that she gloried in her downfall. "It is splendid," she thought, "to be hunted and baited in the open, for the sake of the man you love." She saw too late that under the rose all is sneaking and accursed, and that back there in the beginning, when she had first known her fate, she should have come out boldly, and gone away with him, glorying in her love. "It isn't the love that's so wicked," she thought, "it's the love plus the hypocrisy."

One afternoon her husband from his library sent her a brief summons. "People are talking about you," he said. "I've had letters. What does it mean?"

She told him. "Does it matter?"

Mr. Carter shrugged his shoulders with perfect calm. "I hope," he said, "that I am a watchful parent. It will occur even to so innocent a child as my daughter—^{that in this whole affair there is too much—other woman}—he sought and found her limp hand—

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"Everything that people believe matters. You may be white as snow. In the eyes of the world you are scarlet."

"And what are you, I should like to know?"

"Then I shall tell you. I am something far worse. I am a laughing-stock." The veins in his face were swollen and purple.

"Come here," he ordered.

"I'm not your dog!"

He rose and came toward her, an ominous lurch in his balance. Before him went a smell of prolonged drinking, that greatest of all terrors to good women, and to bad. He caught her by the wrists.

"Tell me the truth."

"You've given me no cause to love you. So I've gotten to love some one else."

"I want the *whole* truth."

She tried to free her hands. His tightening grip hurt her.

"I've told it."

"You will either tell me," his voice sank to a whisper, "or I shall kill you, and say that you told me."

"Tell you *what*?"

His grip hurt her wrists like bracelets of hot iron.

"Repeat these words after me."

Even in her agony she wondered why he whispered. It was not his loud and arrogant way.

"There is some one in the next room," she guessed. He neither affirmed nor denied.

"Repeat these words after me."

If she was white when he began, when he had finished murmuring the words which she was to repeat she was indeed scarlet.

"You beast!"

"You beast!"

Then there was a long silence, while he endeavored to inflict the acme of pain, by grinding her wrist-bones in his gorilla hands and she endeavored to endure that pain.

At last, eyes closed, and breath drawn in gasps, she began to say what she wished.

The next story by Gouverneur Morris, "*Always Warm and Green*," will appear in the March issue.

"Louder."

She screamed the words.

And then he flung her from him.

She leaned against a tapestry somberly glowing with knights in dark steel and ladies in purple and amber, and looked at him.

"It's as I thought," he said. "In there," he pointed to portières drawn across a doorway, "I have witnesses. They heard only what *you* said. Now go, and don't let me ever see your face again."

"You are going to divorce me on the strength of an untrue statement wrung from me by force!"

"Force?" His astonishment could not have been greater if it had been real.

She turned, without a word, and, light on her feet as a young girl, passed out of his wicked life forever.

She had herself driven at once to David's studio. She found him at work upon his great group of Justice. She told him what had happened. She asked him what he was going to do about it.

"Stand by you, of course," he said.

"After the divorce," the words fell humbly from her beautiful and gracious lips, "marriage?"

His face was white and tired, and he looked, as if for help, into the great eyes, splendid with color, clearness, and love. But there was in them no longer the power to warm him, or to quicken his pulse. He saw as in a flash of cold Northern lights the somber tragedy that his marriage with her must prove to both of them—to him from the beginning, to her at last, and yet, like Childe Roland, "Dauntless, the slug horn to his lips he set and blew—"

He was David, and his Goliath was fate, grim and insuperable. He saw the hopeless odds clearly, faced them, and flung down his challenge. He took her in his arms, and, with all the semblance of feeling and tenderness of which he had command, lied,

"Ellen," he said, "I know *now* that there was *never* anyone but you."



The Turning Point

A STORY OF LOVE AND A WOMAN'S WAY WITH A MAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," etc.

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: It is a summer Sunday morning on Fifth Avenue. James Edgerton, carrying his own grips, has just returned there from Europe via a cattle-steamer. In his pocket is his whole capital—about two dollars. His immediate problem is to earn something to take the place of the two dollars when they are gone. He has never earned a cent, but says he will do it, and rejecting offers of pecuniary and grip-carrying aid, he goes to his inherited apartment to face the future. Inside his own door he is confronted with the feeling that some one else is in the place; cautiously he follows a trail of feminine finery until, in his studio, he comes upon a young girl of great beauty dressed in flowing Japanese robes. To each the other is an intruder, and the situation is tense until he mentions his name. Explanations then are easy. She and her sister are the Western nieces of the late head of Edgerton's firm, and are occupying his apartment through the dereliction to duty of the janitor.

Edgerton soon learns that the girls are almost as impecunious as himself and that they have advertised for employment as week-end entertainers. He insists upon being taken into the partnership when he learns of some of the offers they have had. As neither the girls nor Edgerton can afford to seek another place of abode, they decide, through the license of a very distant relationship, to inhabit the apartment together until their financial situations are improved, and a delightful camaraderie springs up in the few hours before they separate to dress to meet any prospective employers who may call that afternoon. Mr. Rivett, a Westerner with plenty of money but no social training, soon calls, accompanied by a Colonel Curnew. A good offer is made, and the young people vote to accept it, with Diana protesting against Edgerton's playing the rôle of an entertainer. At Adriutha, where they are accepted and treated with the consideration due honored guests, they speedily make a place for themselves in the affections of the Rivett family, which includes a son and a daughter of marriageable age and attractiveness. Flirtations come and go, but all the while there is springing up in Diana's heart something that holds Edgerton worthier than his calling and that points to the shipwreck of that young man's new-born hope some time in the gay summer days they are to spend guiding the social flutterings of the house of Rivett.

ACTA CONVENTA

GUESTS arrived and guests departed from Adriutha, but the original gathering remained. The people who came and went were about the kind that Edgerton had expected to encounter—people identified with nothing in particular except money, and not always with that. For into the social mess at Adriutha an author or two was occasionally stirred as seasoning; sometimes an artist became temporarily englutenized over a week-end, emerging on Monday well fed and satiated with hope of material results from cohabitation with wealth—which never materialized.

Edgerton was inclined to take them all as cheerfully as he found them—at their face value; and they were not always pretty.

Loyalty to obligation was inherent in his race, perhaps the strongest trait in him; and all his inclinations toward what was easiest, his content with the superficial, his tendency to drift, had not yet radically altered this trait, nor perhaps other qualities latent under the froth.

For a few days in the beginning, humorous curiosity, the novelty of his anomalous

position, the very rawness of the experience, amused him; but the veneer of everything soon wore thin, revealing the duller surface underneath. Then came uneasiness and impatience; but loyalty to his bargain and to his kindred were matters of course, and he determined to find in these people something to interest him and render his sojourn among them at least endurable.

After that first stormy night in June, the splendor of a limpid, rain-washed morning had revealed to him the gross outward impossibility of this place of millions—the vast, new “villa,” red tiled and yellow walled, hideous in its multiplicity of roofs, angles, terraces, and bays, with outlying works of rubble, concrete, and railroad-station floral embellishment. Scarring the green crypt of nature, staining the glass of the stream with painted reflections of its architectural deformities, Adriutha Lodge sprawled monster-like and naked in the summer sunshine.

Edgerton, walking his horse beside Diana's, suddenly drew bridle with an uncontrollable gesture of disgust. “Listen to me,” he said; “where man's despoiling labor pollutes nature, sadness and resignation make heavy the hearts of her true lovers; but

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where man's abominable ignorance desecrates, reigns a more shocking desolation which no modest heart ever forgives!"

Diana, surprised by the sudden and unexpected outburst, drew bridle beside his standing horse.

A moment previous they had been amiably exchanging idle gossip from their saddles, gradually falling back behind the others—Silvette, Christine, Jack, and Colonel Curnew—and now, suddenly out of a clear sky, not apropos of anything, Edgerton had flashed out the bolt of his contempt for the House of Rivett—for his ox, his ass, his servants, and all that was Rivett's.

"Jim," she remarked, "isn't it rather bad taste of you to say that?"

"Why? I am paid for being here." But he realized that she was right, and it made him sullen.

"His roof shelters you, none the less," she said quietly.

"Yours is rather a fine-drawn sense of hospitality, it seems to me," he retorted.

"I can't snap at the hand that feeds me."

"Good Lord! May a man not have his own ideas?"

"Under lock and key, yes."

"All right," he said, reddening; "only I supposed I could be frank with *you*."

"Are we actually on any such footing?" she asked quietly.

"I thought so—even a footing on which I permit myself to accept such a rebuke from you."

She turned in her saddle. "Permit yourself?" she repeated. "Do you mean *condescend*?"

"I mean what I say," he retorted sulkily, still smarting under her rebuke.

Her cheeks were bright with anger, her lips compressed as though silence had become an effort. Presently, however, she looked across at him with perfect sweetness and composure. "No, you don't mean what you say, Jim. If you did, you would be at a disadvantage with me, and you don't want to be that; nor do I wish you to be, ever."

He said obstinately, "I'm getting sick of this Adriutha business."

"I predicted you would."

"Well, I am. It isn't false pride; I don't care what they think about me. If I chose to be a waiter in a Broadway café, their opinion wouldn't concern me. I'm simply weary of the place, the majority of the

people—what they think and do, their private life, their mere coming in and going out. It isn't the pitiable absurdity of their offensive environment alone, the horror of the architecture, the gilded entrails of their abode—it's the whole bally combination! I'm sick—sick! And that's the truth, Diana."

"I think," she said, smiling, "that you are also a little bit bored with us."

He looked up at her, perplexed, already beginning to be very much ashamed of his outburst, already conscious of a painful reaction from his unrestraint. "Diana," he said impulsively, "I'm just a plain brute, and rather a vulgar one; but, do you know, there isn't anybody else in the world I'd have permitted to hear that outburst—whether you take it as a compliment or not."

"You mean you don't care what I think of you?"

He thought for a moment. "I can't mean that, of course."

"You might, very easily."

"I couldn't; I do care what you think of me. Probably what I meant was that I dare say things to you; that I've a sort of instinct that I can come to you in an emergency—"

"In other words, that I'll stand anything from you?" she said, smiling. "I don't know about that, my friend."

He looked at her curiously. "I believe you'll stand a good deal from me—and still like me. I, somehow, count on it."

She met his gaze directly, unsmiling now. "A hair divides my sentiments concerning you," she said. "Extremes lie on either side."

"Extremes?"

"I think so. It would take very little to fix definitely my opinion of you."

Sobered, but still curious, he sat his saddle more firmly while the horses paced forward, shoulder against shoulder, along the forest road. "I didn't suppose you had any very violent opinions concerning me one way or another," he said lightly.

"I haven't—yet."

"Or would ever develop them either," he added, laughing.

"I probably never shall."

He said, after another silence, "What was it about a hair dividing your sentiments, and that extremes lay on either side?"

"I said that, Jim."

"Extremes of what?"

"Dislike—friendship—I suppose. I'm a person addicted to extremes."

"Hatred is one extreme. Did you mean that, Japonette?"

"It is conceivable, fair sir."

"And—the other extreme?"

"Which?"

"The opposite extreme to hate. Is that conceivable, too?"

"Do you mean love?" she asked coolly.

"Yes, love, for example."

"Well, for example, ask yourself how likely I am to entertain that sentimental extreme in your regard."

"Oh," he said; "then all you threaten me with is hatred?"

"Absolutely all, cousin James."

"Hobson's choice for mine. No matter how agreeable I may be, placid friendship is my only reward; and if I'm not agreeable, hatred. Is that it?"

"Are you not satisfied?" she asked, lifting her prettily shaped eyes.

He made no reply. Yet he had been satisfied, except at intervals during the first flush of their unconventional friendship, when she was still a fascinating novelty to him, when the charming memory of the surprise was still vivid. But since then, recently in fact, other matters, somehow, had intervened—the dawning distaste for his own position, the apparent absence of any future prospect, the gradual conviction that he had no real capacity for decently earning a living, no ability—perhaps no character.

His silence seemed to be her answer now; she spurred forward, accepting it. He put his horse to a canter, to a gallop, and they raced away through the woods until they came in sight of the others. Colonel Curmew joined her; Edgerton rode forward with Christine Rivett.

That afternoon there was some tennis played; a number of commonplace and very rich people departed, leaving as residue the original house-party which Edgerton and his cousins had found there on their arrival, and who now knew one another well enough to separate into sympathetic groups.

Then little Mrs. Rivett turned quietly away into the house, wandering through it from one gorgeous room to another, until at last she came to the high organ. Here her husband found her in the semi-dusk, sitting motionless and silent under the tall pipes, hands folded in her lap.

"Well, mother?" he said in a voice which nobody else ever had the privilege of listening to.

She lifted her head, smiled, and laid one hand over his as he seated himself beside her.

"Are you happy?" he asked, patting the worn fingers.

"Yes, Jacob—when you and the children are."

"Are you sure you are feeling perfectly well?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you are enjoying the people?"

"Yes. The Tennant girls are so kind to me."

"Why the devil shouldn't they be?" he said harshly. "They never met a better woman!"

"Jacob dear, don't speak that way."

"Well, then—don't be so eternally surprised if people are nice to you, mother. They'd better be!"

She smiled. "I am a rather plain and unattractive old woman to young people—to most people. I have little to say, but Diana Tennant and her sister are very sweet to me. Poor, motherless girls! I wonder—it troubles me—sometimes—a great deal—"

"What?" he asked grimly.

"Their being so entirely alone, and so unusually attractive. And they're *good* girls, Jacob."

"I assume that they are," he said dryly.

"They *are*; a woman knows at once. They've made everybody—all our guests—enjoy their visits so much. Don't you think so?"

"They've earned their salaries. People seem to like 'em. I'm wondering how much Jack likes the younger one—Silvette."

"Have you thought so, too?"

"I'm asking you, Sarah."

There was a silence; then she said timidly, "Do you know anything more about them?"

"They're rather learned," he said grimly. "One, I understand, is entitled to practise medicine—the other law. They scarcely look it."

"Those babies!"

"Certainly. Snaith was at Keno on business last winter; he heard of 'em there. Also—I've inquired."

"You have learned nothing to their discredit, I am sure," she said confidently.



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Colonel Follis Curnew began to appear frequently in Diana's vicinity—sending out, as it were, pickets of misunderstanding, although Diana contrived entirely to misunderstand them. "Do you know, falling in love with me?" He was, but



observation and foraging parties, and finally appearing in superb force with warlike intentions not to be she said to Silvette one night as they were preparing for bed, "I believe that he is actually nevertheless, Diana entirely misunderstood him

"No; as the fast world wags, they're respectable enough."

"Fast! Jacob!"

"Oh, Sarah, I didn't mean it in any sinister sense. They're merely rather gay—into everything everywhere—dancing all night, riding, motoring all over the shop. They're pretty girls, and good ones, too, I guess. But the world has gone by us, mother. It's developed speed. That's what I mean by fast."

"If it were not for the children's sake, I would be glad to be left behind," she said, smiling.

"So would I. Damn this gim-crack fol-de-rol!"

"Jacob!"

"Excuse me. We'll do what we ought to; the children want New York, and I'm going to give it to them if I can. So I guess you'd better caution Jack about that girl."

"About Miss Tennant?"

"Silvette; yes. Tell him to keep away."

"But she is Mr. Edgerton's cousin."

"It's too far off to count; besides, it's not a good enough gamble. As far as that goes, I'm not satisfied that Jim Edgerton is good enough."

"Oh, Jacob! You said—"

"If I'd stuck to all I've said, you'd still be doing the family cooking, dear. Jim Edgerton does, or did, go everywhere in New York. I wonder how far he could take our daughter with him? Wait, Sarah—I'm not reflecting on Christine; I'm only speculating. How do I know about the customs and habits of the New York fauna? I want to go slow. I don't care how little money he has, or even how much he might have had; *I'll* do that part. But, first, I want to know exactly where he can take Christine. The knot-hole may be too big for her."

"They sent you a report from New York, dear. You have a full list of all his relatives."

"I know—I know. If he had none, I wouldn't be afraid. It's a man's relatives who act nasty, not his friends. Does Christine seem to like him?"

"The child is frankly devoted to him. I don't know if it means anything more than friendship. Christine is a strange girl. There was young Inwood—"

"Everybody's beau! Glad she shipped him. But to return to Jack—what's your opinion?"

"I don't know. He is with Silvette so much; he is such a dear boy—"

"Tell him plainly we don't want her. I like her myself, but there's better material. Other things aside, I don't want my boy to marry a girl who plays cards the way she does."

"Jacob! You don't mean—"

"No, no! She's as square as a die; but she wins too much, stakes too much—smokes too much, drinks too many cocktails—she and her sister, too. Why, they've won steadily at cards from the beginning. They've a genius for it. I never saw such playing. Poor cards don't worry them; and they never take the shadow of advantage, never whine, never ask questions; there's never an impatient word, a look of protest—and the judge and the colonel are beasts to play with!—and if there ever seems to be the slightest doubt or indication of a dispute over any point, those girls instantly concede it—cheerfully, too! They're clean-cut sports—thoroughbred. But I don't want Jack to marry a gambler!"

He stood up, his glasses glistening, his little burned eyes fixed on space.

"No," he said; "I've done all the gambling that will be done in this family. I'll do a little more—enough to put the bits on one or two men in New York whose wives could make it easy for my children if they cared to. Then I'm done, mother."

She bent her head, and her lips moved.

"What?" he said, hand to his ear.

"I was only thinking, Jacob, that I would be happy when you have finished with—business."

"Don't worry, dear." He put one arm around her—a thin arm in its loose coat-sleeve, thin as a tempered steel rod. She laid her faded face against it, comforted by its inflexibility.

"Some day," she said, "when the children are happy—with their families—"

"Yes, yes," he nodded; "a smaller house for you and me—just a little one." He smiled; few people ever had seen him smile. "Just a little house for two little old people," he said; "only one horse to take us about, one servant to feed us—eh, Sarah?"

She looked around her, smiling vaguely at the magnificence. "I like to dust," she said, coloring up prettily, "and to make jelly. I've wanted to a long while."

"You shall do it; I swear you shall. I'll be glad when that chef is fired!"

"You know, Jacob," she said timidly, "with knitting and dusting and—and a

little kitchen work — and you — the day passes very nicely."

He laughed. Only his wife had ever heard the dry cackle which was his manifestation of mirth. Contented, she lifted her face and he kissed her.

He went to New York that evening to remain over Wednesday as usual.

In the small company remaining at Adriutha a certain intimacy had developed, enough to make any effort at entertainment superfluous. There was now a decided inclination to laziness in the evening, and a preference for the billiard-room and its easy informality.

Hither Mrs. Rivett now brought her embroidery or knitting; and around her, within a radius more or less distant, the others gathered or circled in temporary orbits—and games were played and music made and youth flirted and age gossiped much as they did when she was a young girl in Mills Corners, and her husband taught in the red schoolhouse next door.

Sometimes Diana came and sat beside her and knitted a tie destined, she admitted, for nobody in particular; sometimes Edgerton drew his chair beside hers and told her of student life in Paris—watching always for her delightfully timid smile, the shy laugh that she sometimes ventured, the curiously pretty flush that came at times into her cheeks, making them and the faded eyes almost beautiful.

Once or twice it happened that Christine settled herself on a footstool on the other side of her mother to listen, too; and the little old lady experienced a furtive content with the situation as Edgerton and her daughter exchanged pleasantries and volleys of gay badinage across her knitting.

But listen as demurely as she might, feign inattentiveness and unconsciousness as she might, she could detect in neither her daughter nor in Edgerton any hint of a subtler understanding—any omen of anything for the future beyond a frank camaraderie and the undisguised pleasure in it. And she sighed sometimes—not understanding, not venturing even to admit to herself the desire that was beginning to establish itself in her gentle breast.

As for Edgerton and Christine, they were now on terms of intimacy almost careless. With Diana he was different.

The day of his bitter outbreak when rid-

ing with Diana, Edgerton, terribly ashamed of himself, had gone once more to her and admitted that her rebuke was a just one; that he was an ungrateful dog, disloyal to the hand that fed him, and not worthy of Diana's regard. And the girl had forgiven him very sweetly, not with much enthusiasm, for his rapidly advancing intimacy with Christine had begun to perplex her, nor could she exactly understand his apparently happy acquiescence in conditions lately so irritating.

Not that he neglected her; in his amiable way he was charming to her and to Silvette, was often with them; drove, rode, walked with them; and often, when the opportunity happened, met them in family conclave to discuss future prospects for business.

But his intimacy with Christine advanced very swiftly; so rapidly that Diana became fully aware of it only when it was already in complete flower. And she wondered a little—and, looking at the girl, wondered less. Also, knowing Edgerton less than she supposed she did, the wonder as to his motive began to trouble her.

Whatever Diana really thought of Edgerton, she did not think him unusually strong in character; was not absolutely convinced of his sincerity—was not any too sure of his motives. Yet to doubt him always hurt her, and to question his sincerity now made her ashamed of herself. But Christine Rivett was very, very rich, and the only thing she did not have was a name like Edgerton's to insure her future for all time. Thinking of this, the girl was ashamed to think it, and put it resolutely from her mind; but it returned at intervals—even when he was most charming to her sister and herself.

Meanwhile a silent but decisive little duel had been fought in her vicinity, and Jack Rivett definitely replaced Colonel Follis Curmew at Silvette's side; and that warrior, being unfamiliar with the fortunes of war, first sulked, then began to appear frequently in Diana's vicinity—sending out, as it were, pickets of observation and foraging parties, and finally appearing in superb force with warlike intentions not to be misunderstood, although Diana contrived entirely to misunderstand them.

"Do you know," she said to Silvette one night as they were preparing for bed, "I believe that he is actually falling in love with me."

The Turning Point

He was; but, nevertheless, Diana entirely misunderstood him.

And so the early summer days passed at Adriutha, and Edgerton, always prone to accommodate himself to circumstances, found it easier and easier to keep his pact with Mr. Rivett. Probably the lack of responsibility and the pleasant idleness had much to do with his becoming reconciled to his surroundings. Still, he really liked Jack Rivett and Christine. In prosperous days the chances would have been against his ever giving himself the opportunity of liking them. But chance had taken charge of his career for the moment; he had met them, and liked them—was inclined to like Rivett senior, too, and began to experience a certain tenderness toward his frail little hostess—something he had never noticed in himself since his mother's death many years ago.

For the others he had no particular feelings. He knew, without troubling himself to think about it, that Colonel Curmew was what his own friends would call a bounder; and the remaining guests were of no greater importance to him than strangers inclined to be civil.

As for Silvette and Diana, they were not only kindred, and so to be automatically cherished, but they also were very charming and delightful young girls; and Diana aroused his curiosity.

During the first days of their acquaintance, the circumstances of his encounter with Diana had inclined him to sentiment. Now that had been merged into a nice friendship—a friendship so frank and pleasant that, in his idea, it permitted privileges of an intimacy which at first perplexed and disturbed Diana, and which, presently, she began to resent silently without exactly knowing why.

What her ideas concerning Edgerton really were she herself had not entirely decided. She had been as vividly conscious of the charm of their first encounter as had he; being a woman, she still remembered it vividly, whereas, with him, it had dissolved into the mistiest of dream-tinted memories—charming, but vague. Too, she remembered his attitude toward her in those first three days in the studio—the golden magic of them, the little roof garden, the starlings, the sunset beyond the river. Under such circumstances, the things men

say and look men usually forget; but women remember longer.

Then she remembered, too, the first days of their arrival at Adriutha. There was nothing in particular to recall—a note or two from her to him, from him to her. Perhaps a something in his voice and eyes which, somehow, had died out since. Yet, had it been anything in particular? And, granting that it had, what had she done to encourage it?

She had fallen into the habit of thinking about these things in her bedroom while preparing for the night. She often thought, too, about this new friendship of his for Christine Rivett. It perplexed her, saddened, irritated her by turns, and it distressed her even to question his motives.

But Silvette said one evening, after they had undressed and the maid had left,

"Wouldn't it be odd if Jim married that girl?"

"Married—her?" repeated Diana, startled out of a reverie not entirely happy.

"He's becoming very attentive to her. She is pretty, of course," Silvette smiled.

"Why shouldn't he marry her if he finds that he cares for her?" asked Diana with some heat.

"I was merely surprised that he should care for her in that way. She is not his sort."

"Sort! sort! What does that matter!" said Diana hotly. "It never stopped a thoroughbred from mating. He can afford to love where he chooses, I fancy."

"Or marry what he chooses, anyway."

"Silvie! Do you imagine he'd do a thing like that—not loving her!"

"I don't know," said Silvette coolly; "he's a dear boy, and nice to us, but I don't credit him with superhuman qualities. And she inherits millions."

"It isn't in him to do it. And there are plenty of his own sort who would be glad enough—"

"Why do you become so animated, Di? Have you noticed any particular strength of character in Jim Edgerton?"

"Yes. He is as true as steel, underneath the amiable exterior of a drifter and dilettante. He has ideals. I am not one of them—I know that."

"Do you care particularly?"

"No—I don't know whether I do or not. I never seem to know what to say to him these days. We talk together like two men.

I'd like to know what he thinks about me—the kind of woman I am—compared to others in his own set. I'd like to know what he thinks about my gambling and cocktails and cigarettes, which you and I have *got* to stop! What he *really* thinks of our position in this house—in the world! I don't believe he thinks much of it."

"Does his position differ from ours?" asked Silvette gently. "Why are you so excited, little sister?"

"I'm not excited. Things—various matters have occurred to me—recently; and I've made up my mind that I don't like to see him here. This is no place for him, no position. He is capable of doing better things, more important things, nobler things. He slips into a life like this too easily; he is too easily reconciled, too quickly content."

Silvette seated herself on a rocking-chair and, leaning back, sat rocking and inspecting her sister, who stood by the bed, her brown locks clustering against her cheeks.

"There *is* something to Jim," Diana insisted. "He *can* do things—respectable, dignified things—and make his living. It humiliates me to see him here in such a capacity—"

"As ours?" added Silvette, smiling.

"Yes, as ours. He is a man, and it does not become him."

"We are respectively physician and lawyer, but our talents and fortunes lie in this profession."

Diana flushed. "If we were anything except the frivolous, ease-loving, and pleasure-craving little beasts that we are, we wouldn't be here."

"No; we'd starve, respectably, in our several offices. Do you want Jim to starve?"

"I don't know," said Diana, almost fiercely; "I'd rather see him in want, I think, than doing this kind of thing."

"I don't believe he will do it very long—on a salary," laughed Silvette. "Christine evidently adores him."

Diana was silent; her sister laughed, and rose, putting one arm around her.

"Don't be sentimental over Jim Edgerton," she said; "he is a lightweight, Di."

"You are wrong; and I am not sentimental."

"Well, I believe you did get over it; but you're a loyal and generous little thing, Di, and you're worrying over a man who is entirely capable of looking out for himself."

"That's what I want him to do."

"He's doing it very gracefully. Later, with equal and fetching grace, he'll let some wealthy girl do it for him."

"That would be contemptible; he isn't."

"Now, does the world so consider an advantageous marriage, little sister? Besides, that is exactly what we have planned for ourselves, isn't it?"

"When? What are *we*, anyway, compared to a man who *can* count in the world!" flashed out Diana, surprised at her own vehemence, aware that her sister was even more astonished and chagrined.

"What on earth are you saying?" she exclaimed. "Are you in love with that man?"

"No."

"One might infer as much."

"You may infer it if you choose."

"Di!"

"What?"

"Why do you speak to me that way?"

"Because—I don't—know."

She turned and moved toward the bed, encountered the soft, open arms of her sister. They closed around her; she laid her head on Silvette's shoulder.

"Darling! Little Di!" whispered Silvette in sorrowful consternation. "Has this really happened to you?"

"I don't know—I don't know. I am not happy; I don't understand. At moments I cannot believe it. He is not my ideal of a man; I am stronger in many ways—I am wiser than he. He is only a boy, Silvie—careless, ease-loving, with nothing but smatterings—nothing but the social experience of a man of his class behind him. Nothing real has ever happened to him in life. And, somehow, I know—I *know* that if it only did, he would become a man—a real man. I *know* it; I can't bear to see him waste his life—fall into easy ways of thinking—make no effort. I want him to strive; I want him to fight life. He ought to. The making of him is in a battle with circumstances. This life is ruin to him—this house, these people, any people who will employ him in such a capacity!" She caught her breath, almost in a sob. "I *have* cared for him—a little—from the very first. I am not—fitted for him—in many ways."

"Di!"

"I am *not*! I care for him unselfishly. I don't know why I should, but I do; and he ought not to marry me even if he—ever—wished to."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Join hands with me in spirit, and I'll try to lead you," she said. "Now, follow me, while we make our
bright brown eyes." "Christine," he thought, and started to speak. "Hush!" she



way through the throng of strange faces, treading a path silently, discreetly, avoiding this pretty girl with cautioned him; "for we mustn't speak yet—not until we're in the land of yesterday"

"You are talking wildly, darling! *You*—not good enough for *him*! What a silly—"

"Not good enough, I tell you!" repeated the girl fiercely. "I care too much for what he finds agreeable—all this ease and relaxation. I wish I were different. I wish I could arouse him; I'd do it. I'd do it somehow—I'd do it now if I could—"

She caught her breath, stood perfectly motionless a moment, then Silvette felt her tremble slightly. After a while she lifted her head from her sister's shoulder.

"I *am* going to do what I can for him," she said excitedly. "I am going to see what can be done to arouse the man in him. All he needs is the initial shock—a—a stinging one."

"Di! What are you going to do?"

Suddenly the girl's face grew radiant. "I know now," she said breathlessly.

"What?"

But Diana only kissed her sister, laughing, flushed, excited, and, extending her arm, turned off the light, plunging the room and her brilliant cheeks in darkness.

VII

FLOS VENERIS

EDGERTON and Christine, ensconced in the corners of a window-seat, and partly visible through the leaded panes, were too deeply absorbed in each other to be aware of the curious glances shot toward them from the tennis-court outside, where Silvette, Colonel Curnew, Mrs. Lorrimore, and Jack Rivett were playing, while Diana, perched aloft with her knitting in the umpire's seat, resolutely ignored the spectacle in the window, which was plainer to her than to anybody else.

Perfectly oblivious to any extraneous interest they aroused, sitting almost nose to nose and knee to knee in the deep recess, Christine and Edgerton remained in close consultation, preoccupied, possibly indifferent to view or comment. Christine bent forward, and drew a carnation through his buttonhole, saying:

"Anyway, you are a perfect dear, Jim Edgerton. Somehow or other, I haven't any blushes for what I've taken so many weeks to tell you. I never thought I could know anybody well enough to say such a thing to him, but you *are* different; there's nobody like you, Jim. Do you wonder I adore you?"

"You sweet little thing, I've a mind to kiss you for that!"

"I may let you at the psychological moment. *Do* you think me absolutely shameless?—but I've asked you that before about a dozen times. You *don't* think so, do you?"

"If other women displayed the common honesty and common sense that you display, there'd be a good deal less unhappiness in the world."

"But how *can* other women, when there is only one Jim Edgerton! Oh, I liked you so much—as soon as I saw you; and before I had known you a week, I was ready to tell you anything—and now I've done it!"

"It took several weeks before you came to the point," he said, laughing.

"I know, but, oh! it was such a terrible thing to do!—I don't even now understand how I ever came to tell you."

"You didn't; I extracted it, seeing that you were in pain."

She blushed. "Yes, it was pain. Not one of my own family suspected it. Father doesn't dream of such a thing; Jack doesn't, of course. As for dear little mother, you know what she thinks about you and me."

Edgerton smiled almost tenderly. "She is very nice to me," he said. "I almost wish I could verify her charming theory."

"Concerning *us*?"

"Certainly. As it is, I believe I'm more than half in love with you, anyway, Christine."

She blushed again, looking at him with her pretty, frank, brown eyes; and they both laughed happily.

"It's the first time in all my life that I've been of any use in the world," he said.

"You *did* ask father?" she inquired, still charmingly flushed; "didn't you?"

"I certainly did. He said, 'Is young Inwood such a particular friend of yours?' I said, 'He is!' He said, 'All right; ask my wife.' So I asked your mother, and she said, 'Oh, please, Mr. Edgerton, invite anybody you wish to.' So I wrote Billy Inwood and your bully little mother enclosed my letter in the sweetest note of her own; and now he has telegraphed—"

"Telegraphed?"

"I've just received the message."

He fished it out of his coat pocket, and handed it to her, and she read,

On my way. Bill.

"Is that all—" she asked, half laughing, half excited.

"He telegraphed your mother the substance of a moderate-sized letter. She's probably in her room now, reading it. She showed it to me in amazement, but I didn't have time to follow all his polite and grateful meanderings."

"I wish to see it!" said the girl excitedly.

"Go ahead; your mother has it. I was anxious to let you know how matters had turned out, first."

"You're a dear!" she repeated, and her voice was not any too steady. "I am happy; I am happier than I've been for—" She checked herself, and bent her head for a moment; he pretended to reread the telegram.

"It will be all right now," he observed.

"I wish I knew," she said under her breath.

"Don't you?"

She lifted her honest eyes to his.

"How can I know, Jim? I don't know how men are. It all happened over a year ago. I was no wiser than a schoolgirl. What experience had I—with such episodes—such conditions—or with anything?"

"You did act like a schoolgirl—to send him about his business," said Edgerton with a shrug.

"I wouldn't have if I hadn't—hadn't—"

"Cared for him?"

"Loved him," she said steadily.

"You're a corker, Christine!" he said in genuine admiration.

"Am I? Thank you, Jim."

"Yes, you are; and so is Billy Inwood—the real Billy. Young men like to chase about with married women. They love to delude themselves into the pleasing belief that they are sad dogs—"

"There was more to it than that," said the girl; "he went to Keno to see her. That is what confounded me."

"While she was getting her divorce?"

"Yes."

"Then you can bet that there was nothing in it, you little goose. Who was she, anyway?"

"A Mrs. Atherstane. Do you know her?"

"No," said Edgerton; "and you certainly did act like a schoolgirl."

"I know I did, and I was twenty. I asked him to come to Hot Springs; she requested him to go to Keno. He took his choice; he had a perfect right to. And then I wrote him that letter, dismissing him."

"Ought never to have done it, sweet-

ness," said Edgerton gravely. "There are no fetters to hold a man like absolute freedom. He was probably bound to her in various ways, innocently enough, of course; but she was probably lonely and in trouble and—noblesse oblige. I tell you a young man has to pay for sympathizing with an unhappily married woman! And she usually sees that he does."

Christine sat back, nursing her knees, eyes downcast. "He was right," she said. "She was his friend."

"Perhaps he was more right than you realize, Christine. When a man's man friend is battered and used up, the man still clings to him—anyway, until he borrows money; but when his woman friend becomes slightly the worse for wear, he is inclined to discard her as naively as he would a worn-out coat. That is the rule—romance to the contrary. Inwood proved the exception, that's all."

"Yes," said the girl in a low voice.

"He proved the exception to me, too," said Edgerton, smiling.

"To you, Jim?"

"Certainly; wanted to lend me money when I arrived in town on my uppers."

The girl smiled.

"Oh, he's all right," said Edgerton; "I've known him since he was six and I twelve."

"He—is—all—right," repeated Christine slowly; "but—am I, Jim?"

"You know you are—*kleine Ficherin!*"

"But I wrote him that wretched letter. If it hurt him as it hurt me—" She ceased abruptly, and turned her face toward the window.

"You were years younger, then."

"One year," tremulously.

"Years, sweetness. Do you think your father will ever stand for him?"

"He scarcely knows him. He did not understand why Mr. Inwood never came to Hot Springs, or why I never again saw him. Probably he supposes I lost interest."

"So your father believes that you are all over that affair, does he?"

"Yes; but he probably remembers that Mr. Inwood was to have come to Hot Springs, and didn't. Fathers usually remember such things, and sometimes ask why."

"Well, Christine," he said, smiling, "you'll have to fix it with your father; and I think you can."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there is much of your father in you—steel under the velvet skin of that pretty figure, or I miss my guess."

The girl said thoughtfully: "I am, perhaps, more like father than Jack is. That is not really what concerns me. Has Mr. Inwood changed—in appearance?"

"Within a year? No! Nor otherwise, I'll wager."

"Do you—think—"

"I don't know; I don't know, little girl. Men are protean creatures; God knows what incarnation they'll assume next! But if a woman really cares for a man, and if he isn't in love with anybody else, it *ought* to be a cinch—even if he had as many incarnations as Albert Chevallier!"

"Jim!"

"Well, I know my sex," he said; "the cleverest of them are boobs in the hands of yours."

"Jim! You are becoming horrid!"

"That means I'm becoming truthful. Hooray! I see Bill's happy finish." He picked up her soft little hand and kissed it. "Velvet and steel," he said—"the hand that rocks the world! Yes? No? Good-by, you little wretch! I'm going canoeing with my cousin Diana."

"Did you say that mother has that telegram?" she asked naively, sliding from the window-sill to the floor.

"Yes; and it's a mile long—a bally serial, Christine—to be continued this evening, I expect."

They clasped hands at the threshold; then she ran up-stairs, and he sauntered out to the tennis-court, where Diana still sat on her high perch knitting the silken tie, although below her the game had ended and the players had gone to the terrace for iced tea.

"Well, of all pretty monuments!" he exclaimed. "You have the other one on the Madison Square tower beaten to a froth!"

"Beware of my arrows," she said, smiling, as the wind blew her scarf into a silvery arc from her shoulders.

"Arrows? No, I'm wrong; you look like the Angel of the Central Park Fountain."

"I feel like the dickens," she said, folding her knitting and descending the steps.

"Headache?"

"No; I merely sat up too late, and I'm sleepy. It's perfectly horrid that you can't stop when you're winning. What did you wish me to do, Jim—canoe with you?"

"I thought you wanted to."

"Is *that* why you asked me?"

"I wanted to, also. Why do you always put me in wrong, Diana?"

"Jim, do I put you in wrong, as you call it?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, it's horrid of me. Forgive me. I do try to be such good friends with you, and somehow I don't succeed."

"You—we are good friends," he said; "you know perfectly well how I feel about you."

They had walked as far as the river's edge, where several green-hulled canvas canoes lay on the grass.

"Suppose we walk," she said: "shall we? I'm too lazy to paddle. I'm sleepy, Jim. A walk ought to wake me up."

"I know a ledge where you can take a cat-nap," he said. "Accept forty winks from me, and we'll paddle afterward."

So they strolled along the river path, fragrant with mint and vine and blossom; and presently the cool green of the woods enveloped them, and their feet pressed the moist, springy leaves of a forest path that led over little brooks and up a slope of young growth, all checkered with sun spots, to a vast overhanging ledge of rocks.

"Just look at that moss!" exclaimed Diana. "I believe I'll sit down on it this minute. Jim, do sit down. It's like velvet, and there's miles of it; and here is the most enchanting silver-birch tree for my back to rest on, and some wood lilies to look at. Isn't this heavenly!"

"Out of sight," he said lazily, stretching himself on the moss and glancing up at her. "Go ahead with your cat-nap. I'll time you half an hour."

After a moment he laughed, and her eyebrows went up in a silent question.

He said: "I never noticed it before. It's odd."

"Noticed what?"

"How funny they are in outline—your eyes, I mean."

"Thank you, Jim."

"Oh, they're most engaging eyes, Diana."

"More thanks, thank you!"

"I mean that they tip up a trifle—just a trifle, Japonette."

"They don't!"

"They do. Like a pretty Japanese girl's. Only yours are blue. They're *very* blue—unusually—like the sky—that sort of blue."

"Young man," she said with mock seriousness, "don't you know what comes of speculating in ladies' eyes?"

"Bankruptcy of the heart," he nodded.

"Then choose some safer and preferred stock, please."

He lay smiling up at her, watching the shades of expression varying in her youthful face—watching the delicate shape of her mouth, which had always fascinated him with its unspoiled purity.

"Do you know," he said, partly to himself, "that when I first set eyes on you, Japonette, I knew I had never seen anything half as beautiful."

"You didn't think so long," she returned, laughing. "Christine is goddess of beauty just now."

"I have always thought so," he repeated.

"Then—why don't you ever say it to me?"

His smile changed a little. "What would be the use of my telling you that you are beautiful?"

"Use?"

"What good would it do for me to become sentimental over your beauty?"

"Lots of good—to me, Jim. You can't tell a girl too often that she is pretty—when you really think so. And I almost believe you do think so." She glanced at him sideways, laughed a little, then her blue eyes wandered, and she leaned back, pensive, twisting a green oak-leaf between idle fingers.

"Do you know," he said after a moment, "that, just now, you are like Japonette again. I haven't seen you so like the real Japonette for a long while."

"How can I be Japonette again? I lack the sandals and butterfly sash and the peonies over my ears, Jim. And—that was about all you saw in Japonette, wasn't it?"

"Almost all. Her face was only a shadowy flower against the sunshine, and its enchantment turned the world to fairyland."

"Alas! the spell was temporary. The victim of my spells fled to the roof, and told me stories about starlings and—and children. But, somehow, I let him get away from me, and I don't know how to find him again."

Edgerton watched her. She had plaited a sash out of green oak-leaves and fitted it around her slender waist; and now, absently, she was placing in her hair, above each little close-set ear, a scarlet wood lily.

Presently she caught his eye, and made him a pretty gesture.

"You see, I am trying my best to return with you to yesterday. It is a long path—back over the hours and minutes to yesterday, back to a land of dreamy suns and forgotten skies, and unremembered thoughts. Shall I try to guide you?"

"Yes," he said, not smiling.

"We may lose our way among the phantoms," she warned him gaily; then became preternaturally solemn.

"Join hands with me in spirit, and I'll try to lead you," she said. "Now, follow me, while we make our way through the throng of strange faces, treading a path silently, discreetly, avoiding this pretty girl with her bright brown eyes."

"Christine," he thought, and started to speak.

"Hush!" she cautioned him; "for we mustn't speak yet—not until we're in the land of yesterday. And we are passing over the minutes and hours and days and weeks—and it's like treading on formless mist; so hold tightly to my hand, and follow me—through a golden ballroom, around a great gilded piano, then out into the June rain, Jim. Have you let go my hand?"

"No."

"Then we are very near the land of yesterday. I thought I heard a starling whistle. Surely! and there is the sunset over the river—and now we are in the house, Jim. And it is not sunset, after all; it is sunrise—the sunburst of Japan! And there, against it!"

"You!" he said in a voice not very firm.

"Hush! Those two figures we see are only phantoms. Let us stand here by the door and listen to what they might have said."

"They did say things!"

"Ah! but it is to what they might have said that we must try to listen. Be very silent now. Look at that girl in her silk and sandals and the flowers in her hair! Look at that young fellow, rooted to the floor, amazed at the apparition! Can you hear what he might have said to her in his astonishment?"

"He might have said: 'Your loveliness confounds me. You are the most beautiful vision I have ever dreamed.' What does she say, Japonette?"

"She says: 'For a moment I was afraid you'd filled your suit-cases with our silver; but you are so obviously nice that I am not alarmed any more. I'm merely ashamed to



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Silvette found Diana in her room alone on her knees beside the window, the brown locks clustering
"Nothing much," she said; "I've



against her pale and tear-stained face. "Diana!" she exclaimed softly. "What is the matter, child?"
only been very horrid to Jim"

be caught here in this theatrical dress.' What might *he* have said to that, Jim?"

"He might have said: 'Is it a heavenly possibility that you are real, and not a vision? Allah is merciful to the believer in dreams. Your name is Youth and Beauty; I will call you Japonette, but the high white gods have named you Diana.' And what does *she* say, Japonette?"

"She *might* have answered: 'O youth with the engaging smile, out of my breast you have charmed the winged heart, and it is fluttering there above you, restless, uncertain—just beyond your reach.' And what does—*might* he have answered, Jim?"

"He might have said: 'I love you, but my outward self does not know it yet—will not know it, even on the roof garden—even when the sun hangs low and the starlings pipe and all the west is a glory of gold and rose; and I shall never know it until you lead me back from to-morrow, through the magic path of days and hours, to the true world of yesterday.' What answer does she make, Diana?"

His voice had grown very unsteady; he lay there looking at her, the smile stamped on his lips. And her faint smile had become fixed, too.

"She made no answer," said Diana.

"She might have. Remember, all this is what they *might* have said."

"And did not. I don't know what she might have said." Suddenly she flung the green sash of leaves from her body, tore the scarlet wood lilies from her hair, and flung them away with a gay little laugh. "What an idle, silly pair we are!" she said. "I've had my nap. I'm awake, now."

"Was all that a dream?"

"You know it was. It began with a fable—which sent me off to sleep."

"It ended in truth—and an awakening—for one of us."

"Jim, you're not pretending to be serious, are you? Goodness!" she added impatiently; "can't I pretend with you, and not be misunderstood?"

He sat up, sprang to his feet, and began to pace the moss.

She, resting against the silver birch, watched him, already a little frightened, her heart beginning to beat high and fast.

Suddenly he came back and, resting on one knee, bent over beside her.

"Did you mean nothing of that? *Nothing?*"

"Nothing; why should you be silly enough to suppose—"

"I did suppose for a moment."

"Jim, you are not pretending to court me, are you?"

"Not pretending. No, I'm not doing it. How can a beggar think of such a thing as courtship?"

"Beggars court most ardently—sometimes," she said, laughing tremulously. "But it's not hearts they usually court."

He knelt there, thinking a moment, head bent. Then he looked up at her. "I have no reason to believe that you care for me," he said—"more than for any other man, I mean."

"You have no reason to believe so," she repeated, now thoroughly alarmed at what she'd done; and yet it was what she had deliberately set out to do. Her breath came unevenly. She strove to retain her composure, to recover the ground he seemed to have gained.

"Jim," she said, "you are too easily affected by your surroundings. A few trees, a summer sky, and a girl are destruction to you."

"You don't think that," he said quietly.

"I do, indeed. Witness my fate, and the plight of Christine."

He said, watching her, "Do you suppose that there is any sentimentality between Christine Rivett and me?"

"Oh, Jim! don't shuffle—"

"She is in love with another man," he said.

"Nonsense!" But a strange thrill shot through and through her, and, confused, she bent forward, looking him straight in the face.

"Diana! Diana!" he said under his breath, "did you care?"

"I?" she said, reddening. "Jim, I am not a baby. I thought—as everybody thought—but it was of no consequence—except that she is a sweet girl, and you are my friend."

She recovered herself with a little laugh—or would have, had his hand not closed on hers. She gave it a friendly and vigorous pressure, and attempted to drop it; but he placed the other hand over it, enclosing her slender fingers, which frightened her into pretense of unconsciousness.

Now she stood on the threshold. Now she was on the eve of that daybreak from which she had prayed that the shadows

might flee away; and she shrank from the coming light, afraid, while dawn threatened her with what, as yet, she had left undone. And even through the confused sense of expectancy and consternation ran a fierce flame of happiness. Then, unable to endure it longer, she flung the mask from her, facing the tempest she had sown.

"Let me go, Jim," she said in a colorless voice.

But he held her hand closely imprisoned, and the next moment her body. The rapid racket of her heart seemed to stifle her; she tried to speak—lay inert, crushed against his shoulder, dumb, scarlet, under his kiss.

"I love you," he said; "I've always loved you. I'm a blackguard to say it—penniless nobody that I am—without much chance to be anything else, apparently. But I say it for better or worse. I love you. You like me, but you think lightly of me. With sufficient reason, God knows. And I have no right to touch you—no right in decency or law, Diana."

She forced herself away from him, but, somehow, held his hands clasped convulsively in hers. "You—shouldn't have kissed me," she managed to say. "You mustn't do it again—ever."

He laid his face against their clasped hands; her own tightened.

"Nevertheless," he said, "I love you."

"You mustn't speak that way—" She dropped her flushed face; he lifted it, and kissed her again.

When he released her, she leaned back against the silver birch, head lowered, silent—and did not move her hands from the moss as he bent and kissed them, too.

When at last she found her voice, she spoke so low that he bent his head closer to listen.

"That is the one imprudence I have never before committed—contact with any man. You must not do it to me again. I don't know how to take it. I *can't* love you. You know that." She looked up at him. "Don't you know it?"

"Yes," he said stubbornly.

"You *do* know that I can't, don't you? And that you cannot really love me?"

"I suppose it ought to be that way; but it isn't."

And now the moment had come to make her desire a certainty—and finish what she had set herself to do—for this man's sake. She said:

"You *can't* care for me, Jim! What am I anyway? A shallow, pleasure-loving nobody, who sells her frivolous social gifts because it is pleasanter and easier to make a living that way than to exercise a decent profession. How can such a man as you really fall in love with such a woman?"

She rose to her feet and stood leaning against the tree; and he rose, too, releasing her fingers. She touched her hair, passed her hands slowly over her eyes, let them fall idly by her side; then, after a moment looked up at him faintly smiling.

"Melodrama is no use, is it?" she said. "You are not impressed by it; I can't act it. Life is less serious than the stage. Shall we come back together along the road to yesterday, and find our old, safe footing? And—shall I forgive you what you've done this summer day?"

"I want you to marry me," he said between compressed lips. "I'll make good, yet."

"What!" she exclaimed in apparent amazement. "You!"

"Will you marry me?"

How she forced the light laughter she never understood; and she saw her gaiety bring the blood to his face like a whip-lash.

"Marry! No, I won't marry you," she laughed. "Mercy on the man! Does he suppose I wish to marry a professional entertainer?—a generally useful gentleman—a big, strong, healthy, well-built, intelligent fellow too indolent to rouse himself and make a respectable living?—too self-indulgent to start in a manly career and fight the world—take it by the throat and shake a decent living out of its sinful old pockets?"

A deeper flush of astonishment and mortification swept his face, settling to the roots of his hair.

She did not seem to notice it or his silence. "Nonsense," she laughed; "a girl, with any humor, simply *couldn't* love such a man, even if she wanted to, Jim. Because, how can she respect him? You're a dear, generous fellow—nice to everybody, perfectly sweet to Silvette and to me, and I *do* like you—even *love* you, in a certain sense—and I didn't really mind being kissed any more than as though Silvette had done it. But I'm simply not fashioned to lose my head over a man who is hired by the month to be socially pleasant." She laughed again, and laid her hand carelessly on his arm; and under her touch she felt it was rigid and

The Turning Point

hard as iron. "You see, don't you?" she said sweetly. "You're not grown up yet, Jim. It takes more than you yet are to satisfy me."

He managed to force his voice out of his quivering throat. "You're right," he said. "I didn't know what I was talking about. You are worth trying for."

They turned away together; she slipped one hand confidently through his arm, leaning on him lightly as they walked.

"You're not hopelessly offended, are you, Jim?"

"No—good God, no."

"I'd love you if I could," she said soothingly, "but the instincts of mating with anything resembling servitude are wanting in me. Besides, two slaves are enough for one family—Silvette and I. You are not hurt or angry at my very horrid frankness?"

"No. What you said is all right." He lifted his eyes and looked his punishment squarely in the face; and her heart failed her, so that she turned her head swiftly, the tears stinging her throat.

They walked soberly on through the meadow up to the house. She gave him her hand at parting; then went leisurely to her room to dress for dinner.

And Silvette found her there alone on her knees beside the window, the brown locks clustering against her pale and tear-stained face.

"Diana!" she exclaimed softly. "What is the matter, child?"

"Nothing much," she said; "I've only been very horrid to Jim."

"I thought you were going to be kinder," said Silvette, astonished.

The girl got up wearily, keeping her face out of the flood of light from the electric brackets. "I have been; but he doesn't know it."

Her sister stood silent, looking at her with sorrowful eyes.

"Don't sympathize with me; I—I can't bear it, Silvie."

"No—if you don't wish it, dear. Shall I fix your bath? And—who do you suppose is down-stairs?"

Diana looked up inquiringly.

"The man you flirted with so outrageously at Keno!"

"Which?" asked Diana naively.

"Billy Inwood!"

The next instalment of "*The Turning Point*" will appear in the March issue.

Diana brightened a little. "At least," she said with sad satisfaction, "I can occupy my mind with him for a while. He got away before he was thoroughly disciplined. I believe there was another girl somewhere. I think I'll obliterate her—unless I approve of her. There's the making of a man in that boy, Silvette."

But she decided otherwise a few moments before dinner was announced, when Inwood made his appearance in the drawing-room and greeted his hostess. Then, catching sight of her, he came hastily toward her with both hands outstretched.

"Diana!" he exclaimed; "isn't this jolly! I'm terribly glad to see you again. And Silvette! Oh, this is simply too delightful! I—" Speech stopped, perhaps froze on his lips; then he turned fiery red as he stepped forward to greet Mrs. Wemyss. A year ago she had been a comparatively slim and pretty divorcée; to-day even the embarrassing opulence and prodigality of her charms had not altered the doll-like perfection of her features. He knew her instantly, and, in his brain, chaos menaced him.

"How do you do?" he said. "This is most delightful and surprising. Lilly—"

"Charming," murmured Mrs. Wemyss; and, under her smile, she lowered her voice: "I'm Lilly Wemyss; I've taken my maiden name. Don't forget, and call me Mrs. Atherstane."

He nodded, the fixed smile imprinted on his features; and it remained there as they stood in conversation until dinner was announced.

He took in Christine. The girl's arm rested lightly as a feather on his sleeve. During dinner she talked to him pleasantly, but without animation; and, somehow, all seemed to go wrong with him, for he found scarcely anything to say to Christine—anything that was not trite and banal. And his haunted eyes reverted again and again to Mrs. Wemyss.

"Oh, Lord!" he thought, "what a horrible mess; and is Lilly going to expect me to—to—"

But his scared wits could speculate no further, and he sat beside Christine, worried, unhappy, penitent, too miserable to enjoy the moment to which he had looked forward so impetuously all day long—a moment which, two days ago, he dared not believe would ever again come into his life.

Smoke Bellew

Would you be willing to pay a thousand dollars for a potato—and let the seller pick it out in the dark? The lure of chance that guides strong men into the North gold-country led Smoke and Shorty up a snow-covered trail to the adventure of their lives—and they paid a thousand dollars for one potato—raw. Why? That's the story. Read it. It is the real Jack London type, the kind you can't afford to miss—and won't forget

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

The Mistake of Creation

WHOA!" Smoke yelled at the dogs, throwing his weight back on the gee-pole to bring the sled to a halt.

"What's eatin' you now?" Shorty complained. "They ain't no water under that footing."

"No; but look at that trail cutting out to the right," Smoke answered. "I thought nobody was wintering in this section."

The dogs, on the moment they stopped, dropped in the snow and began biting out the particles of ice from between their toes. This ice had been water five minutes before. The animals had broken through a skein of ice, snow-powdered, which had hidden the spring water that oozed out of the bank and pooled on top of the three-foot winter crust of Nordbeska River.

"First I heard of anybody up the Nordbeska," Shorty said, staring at the all but obliterated track, covered by two feet of snow, that left the bed of the river at right angles and entered the mouth of a small stream flowing from the left. "Mebbe they're hunters and pulled their freight long ago."

Smoke, scooping the light snow away with mitten hands, paused to consider, scooped again, and again paused. "No," he decided. "There's been travel both ways, but the last travel was up that creek. Whoever they are, they're there now. There's been no travel for weeks. Now what's been keeping them there all the time? That's what I want to know."

"And what I want to know is where we're going to camp to-night," Shorty said, staring disconsolately at the sky-line in the southwest, where the mid-afternoon twilight was darkening into night.

"Let's follow the track up the creek," was Smoke's suggestion. "There's plenty of dead timber. We can camp any time."

"Sure, we can camp any time, but we got to travel most of the time if we ain't goin' to starve, an' we got to travel in the right direction."

"We're going to find something up that creek," Smoke went on.

"But look at the grub! look at them dogs!" Shorty cried. "Look at—oh, hell, all right. You will have your will."

"It won't make the trip a day longer," Smoke urged. "Possibly no more than a mile longer."

"Men has died for as little as a mile," Shorty retorted, shaking his head with lugubrious resignation. "Come on for trouble. Get up, you poor sore-foots, you—get up! Haw! You Bright! Haw!"

The lead-dog obeyed, and the whole team strained weakly into the soft snow.

"Whoa!" Shorty yelled. "It's pack trail."

Smoke pulled his snow-shoes from under the sled-lashings, bound them to his mocassined feet, and went to the fore to press and pack the light surface for the dogs.

It was heavy work. Dogs and men had been for days on short rations, and few and limited were the reserves of energy they could call upon. Though they followed the creek bed, so pronounced was its fall that they toiled on a stiff and unrelenting up-grade. The high rocky walls quickly drew near together, so that their way led up the bottom of a narrow gorge. The long lingering twilight, blocked by the high mountains, was no more than semi-darkness.

"It's a trap," Shorty said. "The whole look of it is rotten. It's a hole in the ground. It's the stampin'-ground of trouble."

Smoke made no reply, and for half an hour they toiled on in silence that was again broken by Shorty.

"She's a-workin'," he grumbled. "She's sure a-workin', an' I'll tell you if you're minded to hear an' listen."

"Go on," Smoke answered.

"Well, she tells me, plain an' simple, that we ain't never goin' to get out of this hole in the ground in days an' days. We're goin' to find trouble an' be stuck in here a long time an' then some."

"Does she say anything about grub?" Smoke queried unsympathetically. "For we haven't grub for days and days and days and then some."

"Nope. Nary whisper about grub. I guess we'll manage to make out. But I tell you one thing, Smoke, straight an' flat. I'll eat any dog in the team exceptin' Bright. I got to draw the line on Bright. I just couldn't scoff him."

"Cheer up," Smoke girded. "My hunch is working overtime. She tells me there'll be no dogs eaten, and, whether it's moose or caribou or quail on toast, we'll all fatten up."

Shorty snorted his unutterable disgust, and silence obtained for another quarter of an hour.

"There's the beginning of your trouble," Smoke said, halting on his snow-shoes and staring at an object that lay on one side of the old trail.

Shorty left the gee-pole and joined him, and together they gazed down on the body of a man beside the trail.

"Well fed," said Smoke.

"Look at them lips," said Shorty.

"Stiff as a poker," said Smoke, lifting an arm, that, without moving, moved the whole body.

"Pick 'm up an' drop 'm and he'd break to pieces," was Shorty's comment.

The man lay on his side, solidly frozen. From the fact that no snow powdered him, it was patent that he had lain there but a short time.

"There was a general fall of snow three days back," said Shorty.

Smoke nodded, bending over the corpse, twisting it half up to face them, and pointing to a bullet wound in the temple. He glanced to the side and tilted his head at a revolver that lay on top of the snow.

A hundred yards farther on they came upon a second body that lay face downward

in the trail. "Two things are pretty clear," Smoke said. "They're fat. That means no famine. They've not struck it rich, else they wouldn't have committed suicide."

"If they did," Shorty objected.

"They certainly did. There are no tracks besides their own, and each is powder-burned." Smoke dragged the corpse to one side and with the toe of his moccasin nosed a revolver out of the snow into which it had been pressed by the body. "That's what did the work. I told you we'd find something."

"From the looks of it we ain't started yet. Now what'd two fat geezers want to kill themselves for?"

"When we find that out we'll have found the rest of your trouble," Smoke answered. "Come on. It's blowing dark."

Quite dark it was when Smoke's snow-shoe tripped him over a body. He fell across a sled, on which lay another body. And when he had dug the snow out of his neck and struck a match, he and Shorty glimpsed a third body, wrapped in blankets, lying beside a partially dug grave. Also, ere the match flickered out, they caught sight of half a dozen additional graves.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "Suicide Camp. All fed up. I reckon they're all dead."

"No—peep at that." Smoke was looking farther along at a dim glimmer of light. "And there's another light—and a third one there. Come on. Let's hike."

No more corpses delayed them, and in several minutes, over a hard-packed trail, they were in the camp.

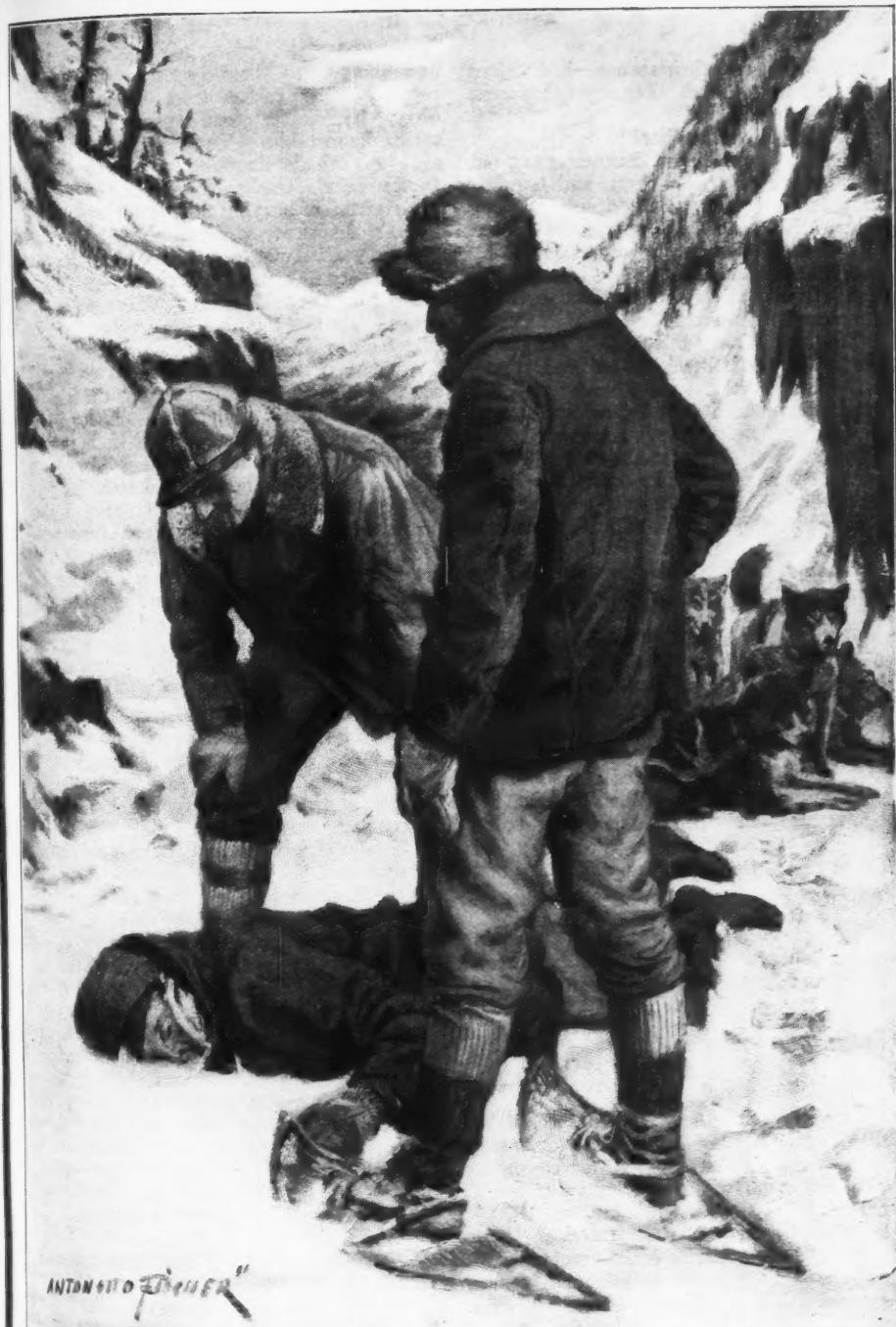
"It's a city," Shorty whispered. "There must be twenty cabins. An' not a dog. Ain't that funny!"

"And that explains it," Smoke whispered back excitedly. "It's the Laura Sibley outfit. Don't you remember? Came up the Yukon last fall on the *Port Townsend Number Six*. Went right by Dawson without stopping. The steamer must have landed them at the mouth of the creek."

"Sure. I remember. They was Mormons."

"No—vegetarians." Smoke grinned in the darkness. "They won't eat meat, and they won't work dogs."

"It's all the same. I knowed they was something funny about 'em. Had the all-wise steer to the yellow. That Laura Sibley was goin' to take 'em right to the spot where they'd all be millionaires."



MAX W. ARTHUR OTTO FISCHER

"Pick 'm up an' drop 'm and he'd break to pieces," was Shorty's comment. The man lay on his side, solidly frozen. From the fact that no snow powdered him, it was patent that he had lain there but a short time

"Yes; she was their seeress—had visions and that sort of stuff. I thought they went up the Nordensjold."

"Huh! Listen to that!"

Shorty's hand in the darkness went out warningly to Smoke's chest, and together they listened to a groan, deep and long drawn, that came from one of the cabins. Ere it could die away it was taken up by another cabin, and another—a vast suspiration of human misery. The effect was monstrous and nightmarish.

"B-r-r-r," Shorty shivered. "It's gettin' me goin'. Let's break in an' find what's eatin' 'em."

Smoke knocked at a lighted cabin, and was followed in by Shorty in answer to the "Come in" of the voice they heard groaning. It was a simple log cabin, the walls moss-chinked, the earth floor covered with sawdust and shavings. The light was a kerosene-lamp, and they could make out four bunks, three of which were occupied by men who ceased from groaning in order to stare.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded of one whose blankets could not hide his broad shoulders and massively muscled body, but whose eyes were pain-racked and whose cheeks were hollow. "Smallpox? What is it?"

In reply, the man pointed at his mouth, spreading black and swollen lips in the effort; and Smoke recoiled at the sight.

"Scurvy," he muttered to Shorty; and the man confirmed the diagnosis with a nod of the head.

"Plenty of grub?" Shorty asked.

"Yep," was the answer from a man in another bunk. "Help yourself. There's slathers of it. The cabin next on the other side is empty. Cache is right alongside. Wade into it."

II

In every cabin they visited that night they found a similar situation. Scurvy had smitten the whole camp. A dozen women were in the party, though the two men did not see all of them. Originally there had been ninety-three men and women. But ten had died, and two had recently disappeared. Smoke told of finding the two, and expressed surprise that none had gone that short distance down the trail to find out for themselves. What particularly struck him

and Shorty was the helplessness of these people. Their cabins were littered and dirty. The dishes stood unwashed on the rough plank tables. There was no mutual aid. A cabin's troubles were its own troubles, and already they had ceased from the exertion of burying their dead.

"It's almost weird," Smoke confided to Shorty. "I've met shirkers and loafers, but I never met so many all at one time. You heard what they said. They've never done a tap. I'll bet they haven't washed their own faces. No wonder they got scurvy."

"But vegetarians hadn't ought to get scurvy," Shorty contended. "It's the salt-meat-eaters that's supposed to fall for it. And they don't eat meat, salt or fresh, raw or cooked, or any other way."

Smoke shook his head. "I know. And it's vegetable diet that cures scurvy. No drugs will do it. Vegetables, especially potatoes, are the only dope. But don't forget one thing, Shorty: we are not up against a theory but a condition. The fact is these grass-eaters have all got scurvy."

"Must be contagious."

"No; that the doctors do know. Scurvy is not a germ disease. It can't be caught. It's generated. As near as I can get it, it's due to an impoverished condition of the blood. Its cause is not something they've got, but something they haven't got. A man gets scurvy for lack of certain chemicals in his blood, and those chemicals don't come out of powders and bottles, but do come out of vegetables."

"An' these people eats nothin' but grass," Shorty groaned. "And they've got it up to their ears. That proves you're all wrong, Smoke. You're spelvin' a theory, but this condition sure knocks the spots out a your theory. Scurvy's catching, an' that's why they've all got it, an' rotten bad at that. You an' me'll get it, too, if we hang around this diggin'. B-r-r-r!—I can feel the bugs crawlin' into my system right now."

Smoke laughed skeptically, and knocked on a cabin door. "I suppose we'll find the same old thing," he said. "Come on. We've got to get a line on the situation."

"What do you want?" came a woman's sharp voice.

"We want to see you," Smoke answered.

"Who are you?"

"Two doctors from Dawson," Shorty blurted in, with a levity that brought a punch in the short ribs from Smoke's elbow.

"Don't want to see any doctors," the woman said, in tones crisp and staccato with pain and irritation. "Go away. Good night. We don't believe in doctors."

Smoke pulled the latch, shoved the door open, and entered, turning up the low-flamed kerosene-lamp so that he could see. In four bunks four women ceased from groaning and sighing to stare at the intruders. Two were young, thin-faced creatures, the third was an elderly and very stout woman, and the fourth, the one whom Smoke identified by her voice, was the thinnest, frailest specimen of the human race he had ever seen. As he quickly learned, she was Laura Sibley, the seeress and professional clairvoyant who had organized the expedition in Los Angeles and led it to this death-camp on the Nordbeska. The conversation that ensued was acrimonious. Laura Sibley did not believe in doctors. Also, to add to her purgatory, she had well-nigh ceased to believe in herself.

"Why didn't you send out for help?" Smoke asked, when she paused, breathless and exhausted, from her initial tirade. "There's a camp at Stewart River, and eighteen days' travel would fetch Dawson from here."

"Why didn't Amos Wentworth go?" she demanded, with a wrath that bordered on hysteria.

"Don't know the gentleman," Smoke countered. "What's he been doing?"

"Nothing. Except that he's the only one that hasn't caught the scurvy. And why hasn't he caught the scurvy? I'll tell you. No, I won't." The thin lips compressed so tightly that through the emaciated transparency of them Smoke was almost convinced he could see the teeth and the roots of the teeth. "And what would have been the use? Don't I know? I'm not a fool. Our caches are filled with every kind of fruit juice and preserved vegetables. We are better situated than any other camp in Alaska to fight scurvy. There is no prepared vegetable, fruit, and nut food we haven't, and in plenty."

"She's got you there, Smoke," Shorty exulted. "And it's a condition, not a theory. You say vegetables cures. Here's the vegetables, and where's the cure?"

"There's no explanation I can see," Smoke acknowledged. "Yet there is no camp in Alaska like this. I've seen scurvy—a sprinkling of cases here and there; but

I never saw a whole camp with it, nor did I ever see such terrible cases. Which is neither here nor there, Shorty. We've got to do what we can for these people, but first we've got to make camp and take care of the dogs. We'll see you in the morning, er—Mrs. Sibley."

"*Miss Sibley*," she bridled. "And now, young man, if you come fooling around this cabin with any doctor stuff I'll fill you full of birdshot."

"This divine seeress is a sweet one," Smoke chuckled, as he and Shorty felt their way back through the darkness to the empty cabin next the one they had first entered.

It was evident that two men had lived until recently in the cabin, and the partners wondered if they weren't the two suicides down the trail. Together they overhauled the cache and found it filled with an undreamed-of variety of canned, powdered, dried, evaporated, condensed, and desiccated foods.

"What in the name of reason do they want to go and get scurvy for?" Shorty demanded, brandishing to the light packages of egg-powder and Italian mushrooms. "And look at that! And that!" He tossed out cans of tomatoes and corn and bottles of stuffed olives. "And the divine seeress got the scurvy, too. What d'ye make of it?"

"Seeress," Smoke corrected.

"Steeress," Shorty reiterated. "Didn't she steer 'em here to this hole in the ground?"

III

NEXT morning, after daylight, Smoke encountered a man carrying a heavy sled-load of firewood. He was a little man, clean-looking and spry, who walked briskly despite the load. Smoke experienced an immediate dislike.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing," the little man answered.

"I know that," Smoke said. "That's why I asked you. You're Amos Wentworth. Now why under the sun haven't you the scurvy like all the rest?"

"Because I've exercised," came the quick reply. "There wasn't any need for any of them to get it if they'd only got out and done something. What did they do? Growled and kicked and groused at the cold, the long nights, the hardships, the aches and pains and everything else. They

loafed in their beds until they swelled up and couldn't leave them, that's all. Look at me. I've worked. Come into my cabin."

Smoke followed him in.

"Squint around. Clean as a whistle, eh? You bet. Everything shipshape. I wouldn't keep those chips and shavings on the floor except for the warmth, but they're clean chips and shavings. You ought to see the floor in some of the shacks. Pig-pens. As for me, I haven't eaten a meal off an unwashed dish. No, sir. It meant work, and I've worked, and I haven't the scurvy. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"You've hit the nail on the head," Smoke admitted. "But I see you've only one bunk. Why so unsociable?"

"Because I like to be. It's easier to clean up for one than two, that's why. The lazy blanket-loafers! Do you think that I could have stood one around? No wonder they got scurvy."

It was very convincing, but Smoke could not rid himself of his dislike of the man.

"What's Laura Sibley got it in for you for?" he asked abruptly.

Amos Wentworth shot a quick look at him. "She's a crank," was the reply. "So are we all cranks, for that matter. But Heaven save me from the crank that won't wash the dishes that he eats off of, and that's what this crowd of cranks are like."

A few minutes later, Smoke was talking with Laura Sibley. Supported by a stick in either hand, she had paused in hobbling by his cabin.

"What have you got it in for Wentworth for?" he asked, apropos of nothing in the conversation and with a suddenness that caught her off her guard.

Her green eyes flashed bitterly, her emaciated face for the second was convulsed with rage, and her sore lips writhed on the verge of unconsidered speech. But only a splutter of gasping, unintelligible sounds issued forth, and then, by a terrible effort, she controlled herself.

"Because he's healthy," she panted. "Because he hasn't the scurvy. Because he is supremely selfish. Because he won't lift a hand to help anybody else. Because he'd let us rot and die, as he is letting us rot and die, without lifting a finger to fetch us a pail of water or a load of firewood. That's the kind of a brute he is. But let him beware! That's all. Let him beware!"

Still panting and gasping, she hobbled on her way, and five minutes afterward, coming out of the cabin to feed the dogs, Smoke saw her entering Amos Wentworth's cabin.

"Something rotten here, Shorty, something rotten," he said, shaking his head ominously, as his partner came to the door to empty a pan of dish-water.

"Sure," was the cheerful rejoinder. "An' you an' me'll be catchin' it yet. You see."

"I don't mean the scurvy."

"Oh, sure, if you mean the divine steeress. She'd rob a corpse. She's the hungriest lookin' female I ever seen."

IV

"EXERCISE has kept you and me in condition, Shorty. It's kept Wentworth in condition. You see what lack of exercise has done for the rest. Now it's up to us to prescribe exercise for these hospital wrecks. It will be your job to see that they get it. I appoint you chief nurse."

"What? Me?" Shorty shouted. "I resign."

"No, you don't. I'll be able assistant, because it isn't going to be any soft snap. We've got to make them hustle. First thing, they'll have to bury their dead. The strongest for the burial squad; then the next strongest on the firewood squad (they've been lying in their blankets to save wood); and so on down the line. And spruce-tea. Mustn't forget that. All the sour-doughs swear by it. These people have never even heard of it."

"We sure got our cut out for us," Shorty grinned. "First thing we know we'll be full of lead."

"And that's our first job," Smoke said. "Come on."

In the next hour, each of the twenty-odd cabins was raided. All ammunition and every rifle, shotgun, and revolver was confiscated.

"Come on, you invalids," was Shorty's method. "Shootin'-irons—fork 'em over. We need 'em."

"Who says so?" was the query at the first cabin.

"Two doctors from Dawson," was Shorty's answer. "An' what they say goes. Come on. Shell out ammunition, too."

"What do you want them for?"

"To stand off a war-party of canned beef comin' down the canyon. And I'm givin'

you fair warnin' of a spruce-tea invasion. Come across."

And this was only the beginning of the day. Persuading, bullying, and, at times, by main strength, men were dragged from their bunks and forced to dress. Smoke selected the mildest cases for the burial squad. Another squad was told off to supply the wood by which the graves were burned down into the frozen muck and gravel. Still another squad had to chop firewood and impartially supply every cabin. Those who were too weak for outdoor work were put to cleaning and scrubbing the cabins and washing clothes. One squad brought in many loads of spruce-boughs, and every stove was used for the brewing of spruce-tea.

But no matter what face Smoke and Shorty put on it, the situation was grim and serious. At least thirty fearful and impossible cases could not be taken from the beds,

as the two men, with nausea and horror, learned; while one, a woman, died in Laura Sibley's cabin. Yet strong measures were necessary.

"I don't like to wallop a sick man," Shorty explained, his fist doubled menacingly. "But I'd wallop his block off if it'd make him well. And what all you lazy bums needs is a wallopin'. Come on! Out of that an' into them duds of yours, double quick, or I'll sure muss up the front of your face."

All the gangs groaned, and sighed, and wept, the tears streaming and freezing down their cheeks as they toiled; and it was patent that their agony was real. The situation was desperate, and Smoke's prescription was heroic.

When the work-gangs came in at noon, they found decently cooked dinners awaiting them, prepared by the weaker members of their cabins under the tutelage and drive of Smoke and Shorty.

"That'll do," Smoke said at three in the afternoon. "Knock off. Go to your bunks. You may be feeling rotten now, but you'll be the better for it to-morrow. Of course it hurts to get well, but

•I'm going to get you well."

"Too late," Amos Wentworth sneered pallidly at Smoke's efforts. "They ought to have started in that way last fall."

"Come along with me," Smoke answered. "Pick up those two pails. You're not ailing."

From cabin to cabin the three men went, dosing every man and woman with a full pint of spruce-tea. Nor was it easy.

"You might as well learn at the start that we mean business," Smoke stated to the first obdurate, who lay on his back, groaning through set teeth. "Stand by, Shorty." Smoke caught the patient by the nose and tapped the solar-plexus section so as to make the mouth gasp open. "Now, Shorty! Down she goes!"



He was a little man, clean-looking and spry, who walked briskly despite the load. Smoke experienced an immediate dislike

And down it went, accompanied with unavoidable splutterings and stranglings.

"Next time you'll take it easier," Smoke assured the victim, reaching for the nose of the man in the adjoining bunk.

"I'd sooner take castor oil," was Shorty's private confidence, ere he downed his own portion. "Great jumpin' Methuselem!" was his entirely public proclamation the moment after he had swallowed the bitter dose. "It's a pint long, but hogshead strong."

"We're covering this spruce-tea route four times a day, and there are eighty of you to be dosed each time," Smoke informed Laura Sibley. "So we've no time to fool. Will you take it or must I hold your nose?" His thumb and forefinger hovered eloquently above her. "It's vegetable, so you needn't have any qualms."

"Qualms!" Shorty snorted. "No, sure, certainly not. It's the deliciousest dope!"

Laura Sibley hesitated. She gulped her apprehension.

"Well?" Smoke demanded peremptorily.

"I'll — I'll take it," she quavered.

"Hurry up!"

That night, exhausted as by no hard day of trail, Smoke and Shorty crawled into their blankets.

"I'm fairly sick with it," Smoke confessed. "The way they suffer is awful. But exercise is the only remedy I can think of, and it must be given a thorough trial. I wish we had a sack of raw potatoes."

"Sparkins he can't wash no more dishes," Shorty said. "It hurts him so he sweats his pain. I seen him sweat it. I had to put him back in the bunk, he was that helpless."

"If only we had raw potatoes," Smoke went on. "The vital, essential something is missing from that prepared stuff. The life has been evaporated out of it."

"An' if that young fellow Jones in the Brownlow cabin don't croak before morning I miss my guess."

"For Heaven's sake be cheerful," Smoke chided.

"We got to bury him, ain't we?" came the indignant snort. "I tell you that boy's something awful—"

"Shut up," Smoke said.

And after several more indignant snorts, the heavy breathing of sleep arose from Shorty's bunk.

V

In the morning, not only was Jones dead, but one of the stronger men who had worked on the firewood squad was found to have hanged himself. A nightmare procession of days set in. For a week, steeling himself to the task, Smoke enforced the exercise and the spruce-tea. And one by one, and in twos and threes, he was compelled to knock off the workers. As he was learning, exercise was the last thing in the world for scurvy patients. The diminishing burial squad was kept steadily at work, and a surplus half-dozen graves were always burned down and waiting.

"You couldn't have selected a worse place for a camp," Smoke told Laura Sibley. "Look at it—at the bottom of a narrow gorge, running east and west. The noon sun doesn't rise above the top of the wall. You can't have had sunlight for several months."

"But how was I to know?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see why not, if you could lead a hundred fools to a gold-mine."

She glared malevolently at him and hobbled on. Several minutes afterward, coming back from a trip to where a squad of groaning patients was gathering spruce-boughs, Smoke saw the seeress entering Amos Wentworth's cabin, and followed after her. At the door he could hear her voice, whimpering and pleading.

"Just for me," she was begging, as Smoke entered. "I won't tell a soul."

Both glanced guiltily at the intruder, and Smoke was certain that he was on the edge of something, he knew not what, and he cursed himself for not having eavesdropped.

"Out with it," he commanded harshly. "What is it?"

"What is what?" Amos Wentworth asked sullenly. And Smoke could not name what was what.

VI

GRIMMER and grimmer grew the situation. In that dark hole of a canyon, where sunlight never penetrated, the horrible death-list mounted up. Each day, in apprehension, Smoke and Shorty examined each other's mouths for the whitening of the gums and mucous membranes—the invariable first symptom of the disease.

"I've quit," Shorty announced one evening. "I've been thinkin' it over, an' I quit. I can make a go at slave-drivin', but cripple-drivin's too much for my stomach. They go from bad to worse. They ain't twenty men I can drive to work. I told Jackson this afternoon he could take to his bunk. He was gettin' ready to suicide. I could see it stickin' out all over him. Exercise ain't no good."

"I've made up my mind to the same thing," Smoke answered. "We'll knock off all but about a dozen. They'll have to lend a hand. We can relay them. And we'll keep up the spruce-tea."

"It ain't no good."

"I'm about ready to agree with that, too, but at any rate it doesn't hurt them."

"Another suicide," was Shorty's news the following morning. "That Phillips is the one. I seen it comin' for days."

"We're up against the real thing," Smoke groaned. "What would you suggest, Shorty?"

"Who? Me? I ain't got no suggestions. The thing's got to run its course."

"But that means they'll all die," Smoke protested.

"Except Wentworth," Shorty snarled; for he had quickly come to share his partner's dislike for that individual.

The everlasting miracle of Wentworth's immunity perplexed Smoke. Why should he alone not have developed scurvy? Why did Laura Sibley hate him, and at the same time whine and snivel and beg from him? What was it she begged from him and that he would not give?

On several occasions Smoke made it a point to drop into Wentworth's cabin at meal-time. But one thing did he note that was suspicious, and that was Wentworth's suspicion of him. Next he tried sounding out Laura Sibley.



A few minutes later, Smoke was talking with Laura Sibley.

Supported by a stick in either hand, she had paused in hobbling by his cabin

"Raw potatoes would cure everybody here," he remarked to the seeress. "I know it. I've seen it work before."

The flare of conviction in her eyes, followed by bitterness and hatred, told him the scent was warm.

"Why didn't you bring in a supply of fresh potatoes on the steamer?" he asked.

"We did. But coming up the river we sold them all out at a bargain at Fort Yukon. We had plenty of the evaporated kinds, and we knew they'd keep better. They wouldn't even freeze."

Smoke groaned. "And you sold them all?" he asked.

"Yes. How were we to know?"

"Now mightn't there have been a couple of odd sacks left?—accidentally, you know, mislaid on the steamer?"

She shook her head, as he thought, a trifle belatedly, then added, "We never found any."

"But mightn't there?" he persisted.

"How do I know?" she rasped angrily. "I didn't have charge of the commissary."

"And Amos Wentworth did," he jumped to the conclusion. "Very good. Now what is your private opinion—just between us two. Do you think Wentworth has any raw potatoes stored away somewhere?"

"No; certainly not. Why should he?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

Struggle as he would with her, Smoke could not bring her to admit the possibility.

VII

"WENTWORTH's a swine," was Shorty's verdict, when Smoke told his suspicions.

"And so is Laura Sibley," Smoke added. "She believes he has the potatoes, and is keeping it quiet and trying to get him to share with her."

"An' he won't come across, eh?" Shorty cursed frail human nature with one of his best flights, and caught his breath. "They both got their feet in the trough. May God rot them dead with scurvy for their reward, that's all I got to say, except I'm goin' right up now an' knock Wentworth's block off."

But Smoke stood out for diplomacy. That night, when the camp groaned and slept, or groaned and did not sleep, he went to Wentworth's unlighted cabin.

"Listen to me, Wentworth," he said. "I've got a thousand dollars in dust right here in this sack. I'm a rich man in this country, and I can afford it. I think I'm getting touched. Put a raw potato in my hand and the dust is yours. Here, heft it."

And Smoke thrilled when Amos Wentworth put out his hand in the darkness and hefted the gold. Smoke heard him fumble in the blankets, and then felt pressed into his hand, not the heavy gold-sack, but the unmistakable potato, the size of a hen's egg, warm from contact with the other's body.

Smoke did not wait till morning. He and Shorty were expecting at any time the deaths of their worst two cases, and to this cabin the partners went. Grated and mashed up in a cup, skin, and clinging specks of earth, and all, was the thousand-dollar

potato—a thick fluid, that they fed, several drops at a time, into the frightful orifices that had once been mouths. Shift by shift, through the long night, Smoke and Shorty relieved each other at administering the potato juice, rubbing it into the poor swollen gums where loose teeth rattled together and compelling the swallowing of every drop of the precious elixir.

By evening of the next day the change for the better in the two patients was miraculous and almost unbelievable. They were no longer the worst cases. In forty-eight hours, with the exhaustion of the potato, they were temporarily out of danger, though far from being cured.

"I'll tell you what 'll do," Smoke said to Wentworth. "I've got holdings in this country, and my paper is good anywhere. I'll give you five hundred dollars a potato up to fifty thousand dollars' worth. That's one hundred potatoes."

"Was that all the dust you had?" Wentworth queried.

"Shorty and I scraped up all we had. But, straight, he and I are worth several millions between us."

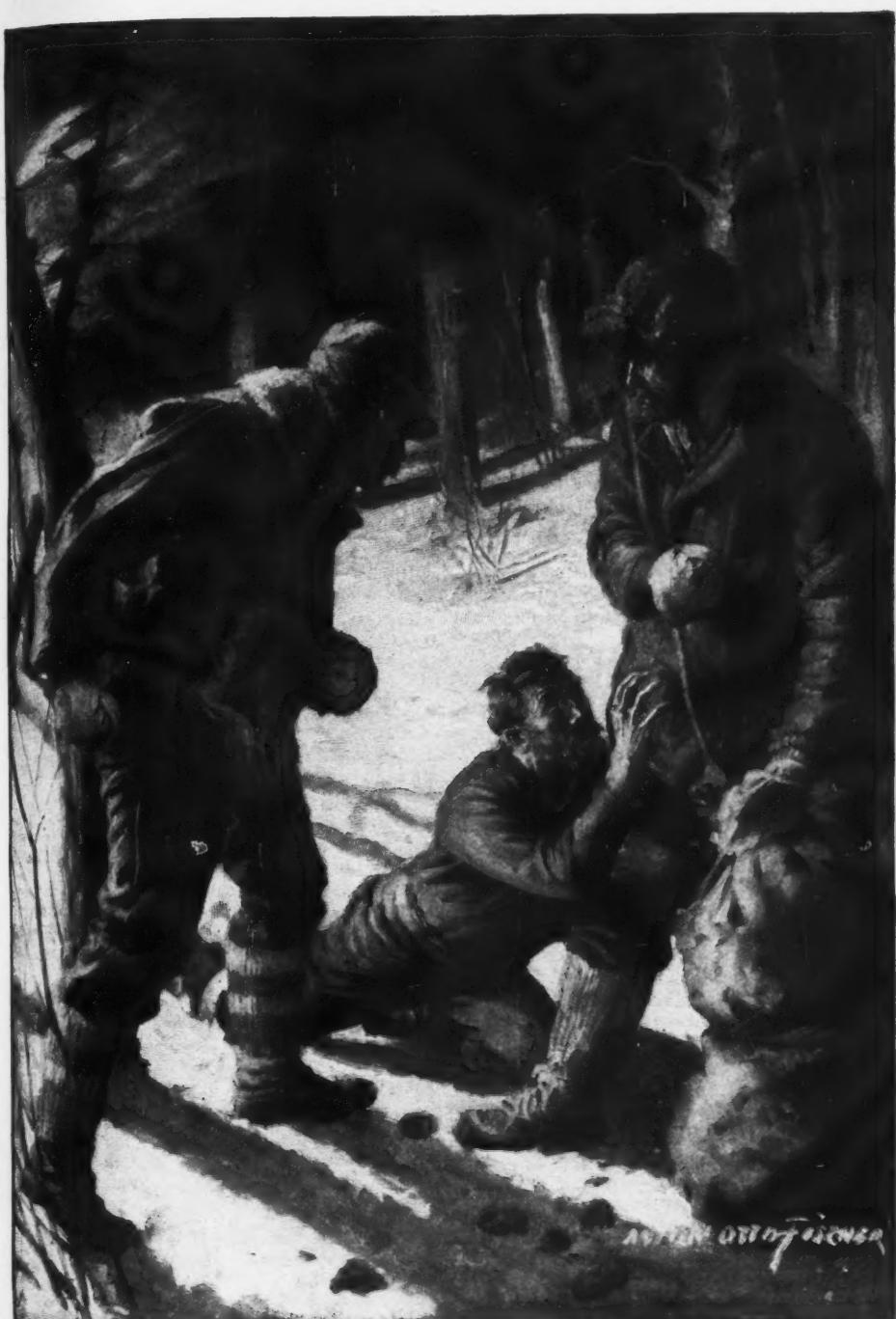
"I haven't any potatoes," Wentworth said finally. "Wish I had. That potato I gave you was the only one. I'd been saving it all the winter for fear I'd get the scurvy. I only sold it so as to be able to buy a passage out of the country when the river opens."

Despite the cessation of potato-juice, the two treated cases continued to improve through the third day. The untreated cases went from bad to worse. On the fourth morning, three horrible corpses were buried. Shorty went through the ordeal, then turned to Smoke.

"You've tried your way. Now it's me for mine."

He headed straight for Wentworth's cabin. What occurred there, Shorty never told. He emerged with knuckles skinned and bruised, and not only did Wentworth's face bear all the marks of a bad beating, but for a long time he carried his head, twisted and sidling, on a stiff neck. This phenomenon was accounted for by a row of four finger-marks, black and blue, on one side of the windpipe and by a single black-and-blue mark on the other side.

Next, Smoke and Shorty together invaded Wentworth's cabin, throwing him out in the snow while they turned the



DRAWN BY ARTHUR OTTO FIEDLER

Smoke felt his knees clasped by Wentworth's arms as the man turned a ghastly face upward. "Give me a dozen, only a dozen—half a dozen—and you can have the rest," he squalled

interior upside down. Laura Sibley hobbled in and frantically joined them in the search.

"You don't get none, old girl, not if we find a ton," Shorty assured her.

But she was no more disappointed than they. Though the very floor was dug up, they discovered nothing.

"I'm for roastin' him over a slow fire an' make 'm cough up," Shorty proposed earnestly.

Smoke shook his head reluctantly.

"It's murder," Shorty held on. "He's murderin' all them poor geezers just as much as if he knocked their brains out with an ax, only worse."

Another day passed, during which they kept a steady watch on Wentworth's movements. Several times, when he started out, water-bucket in hand, for the creek, they casually approached the cabin, and each time he hurried back without the water.

"They're cached right there in his cabin," Shorty said. "As sure as God made little apples, they are. But where? We sure overhauled it plenty." He stood up and pulled on his mittens. "I'm goin' to find 'em if I have to pull the blame shack down a log at a time."

He glanced at Smoke, who, with an intent, absent face, had not heard him.

"What's eatin' you?" Shorty demanded wrathfully. "Don't tell me you've gone an' got the scurvy!"

"Just trying to remember something, Shorty."

"What?"

"I don't know. That's the trouble. But it has a bearing, if only I could remember it."

"Now you look here, Smoke; don't you go an' get bug-house," Shorty pleaded. "Think of me! Let your think-slats rip. Come on an' help me pull that shack down. I'd set her afire, if it wa'n't for roastin' them spuds."

"That'sit!" Smoke exploded, as he sprang to his feet. "Just what I was trying to remember. Where's that kerosene-can? I'm with you, Shorty. The potatoes are ours."

"What's the game?"

"Watch me, that's all," Smoke baffled. "I always told you, Shorty, that a deficient acquaintance with literature was a handicap, even in the Klondike. Now what we're going to do came out of a book. I read it when I was a kid, and it will work. Come on."

Several minutes later, under a pale-gleaming, greenish aurora borealis, the

two men crept up to Amos Wentworth's cabin. Carefully and noiselessly they poured kerosene over the logs, extra-drenching the door-frame and windowsash. Then the match was applied, and they watched the flaming oil gather headway. They drew back beyond the growing light and waited.

They saw Wentworth rush out, stare wildly at the conflagration, and plunge back into the cabin. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he emerged, this time slowly, half doubled over, his shoulders burdened by a sack heavy and unmistakable. Smoke and Shorty sprang at him like a pair of famished wolves. They hit him right and left, at the same instant. He crumpled down under the weight of the sack, which Smoke pressed over with his hands to make sure. Then he felt his knees clasped by Wentworth's arms as the man turned a ghastly face upward.

"Give me a dozen, only a dozen—half a dozen—and you can have the rest," he squalled. He bared his teeth and, with mad rage, half inclined his head to bite Smoke's leg, then he changed his mind and fell to pleading. "Just half a dozen," he wailed. "Just half a dozen. I was going to turn them over to you—to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow. That was my idea. They're life! They're life! Just half a dozen!"

"Where's the other sack?" Smoke bluffed.

"I ate it up," was the reply, unimpeachably honest. "That sack's all that's left. Give me a few. You can have the rest."

"Ate 'em up!" Shorty screamed. "A whole sack! An' them geezers dyin' for want of 'em! This for you! An' this! An' this! An' this! You swine! You hog!"

The first kick tore Wentworth away from his embrace of Smoke's knees. The second kick turned him over in the snow. But Shorty went on kicking.

"Watch out for your toes," was Smoke's only interference.

"Sure; I'm usin' the heel," Shorty answered. "Watch me. I'll cave his ribs in. I'll kick his jaw off. Take that! An' that! Wisht I could give you the boot instead of the moccasin. You swine!"

VIII

THERE was no sleep in camp that night. Hour after hour Smoke and Shorty went

the rounds, doling the life-renewing potato-juice, a quarter of a spoonful at a dose, into the poor ruined mouths of the population. And through the following day, while one slept the other kept up the work.

There were no more deaths. The most awful cases began to mend with an immediacy that was startling. By the third day, men who had not been off their backs for weeks crawled out of their bunks and tottered around on crutches. And on that day, the sun, two months then on its journey into northern declination, peeped cheerfully over the crest of the canyon for the first time.

"Nary a potato," Shorty told the whining, begging Wentworth. "You ain't even touched with scurvy. You got outside a whole sack, an' you're loaded against scurvy for twenty years. Knowin' you, I've come to understand God. I always wondered why he let Satan live. Now I know. He let him live just as I let you live. But it's a cryin' shame, just the same."

"A word of advice," Smoke told Wentworth. "These men are getting well fast; Shorty and I are leaving in a week, and there will be nobody to protect you when these men go after you. There's the trail. Dawson's eighteen days' travel."

"Pull your freight, Amos," Shorty supplemented, "or what I done to you won't



What occurred in Wentworth's cabin Shorty never told

be a circumstance to what them convalescents'll do to you."

"Gentlemen, I beg of you, listen to me," Wentworth whined. "I'm a stranger in this country. I don't know its ways. I don't know the trail. Let me travel with you. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll let me travel with you."

"Sure," Smoke grinned maliciously. "If Shorty agrees."

"Who? Me?" Shorty stiffened for a supreme effort. "I ain't nobody. Woodticks ain't got nothin' on me when it comes to humility.

I'm a worm, a maggot, brother to the pollywog an' child of the blow-fly. I ain't afraid or ashamed of nothin' that creeps or crawls or stinks. But travel with that mistake of creation! Go 'way, man. I ain't proud, but you turn my stomach."

And Amos

Wentworth went away, alone, dragging a sled loaded with provisions sufficient to last him to Dawson. A mile down the trail Shorty overhauled him.

"Come here to you," was Shorty's greeting. "Come across. Fork over. Cough up."

"I don't understand," Wentworth quavered, shivering from recollection of the two beat-

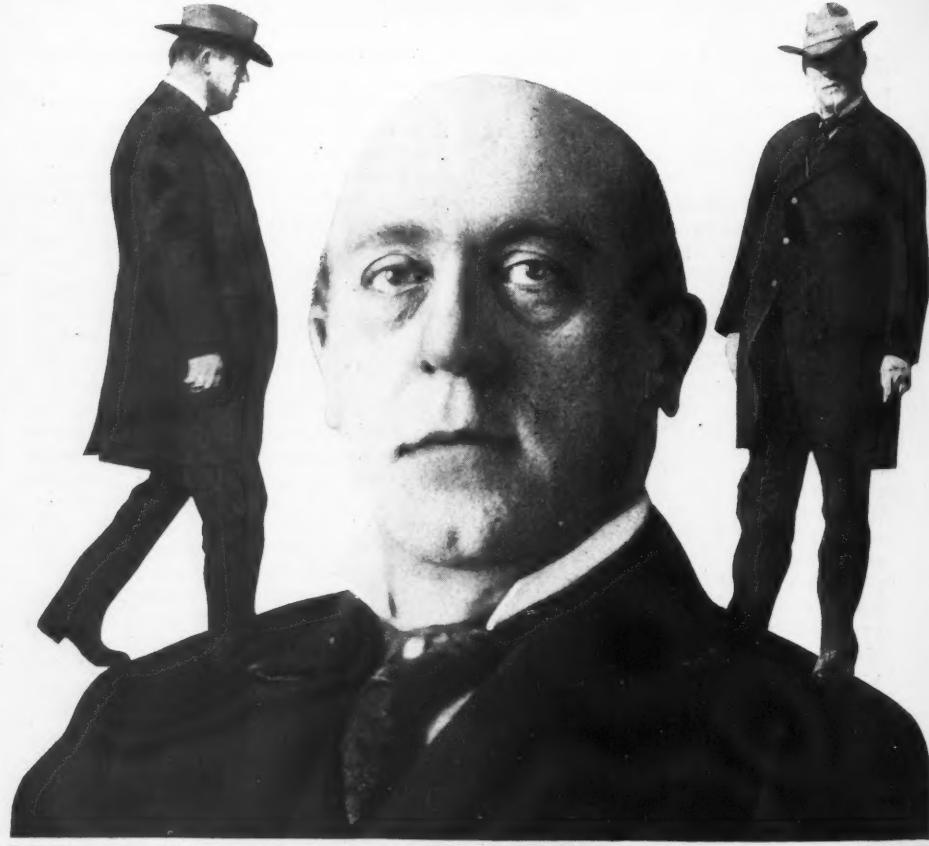
ings, hand and foot, he had already received from Shorty.

"That thousand dollars, d'ye understand that? That thousand dollars gold Smoke bought that measly potato with. Come through."

And Amos Wentworth passed the gold-sack over.

"Hope a skunk bites you an' you get howlin' hydrophobia," were the terms of Shorty's farewell.

The next Smoke Bellew story, "*A Flutter in Eggs*," will appear in the March issue.



(C) HARRIS-EWING

"He is in all things a homespun, Abe Lincoln, Kentucky-born American, who goes seeking what's best in others, while developing what's best in himself."

Ollie James of Kentucky

By Alfred Henry Lewis

THREE are more reasons than one for writing of Mr. Ollie M. James. Mr. Bryan has spoken of him for the presidency. Mr. James himself, speaking of the presidency, has mentioned Mr. Clark, and commended that great gavelist to what Democrats will attend as delegates their next year's party convention. As though this were not enough, now comes Blue Grass prophecy saying that Mr. James is to succeed Mr. Paynter as Kentucky's next senator. Mr. James would be pardoned were he to take

off his hat to himself. He who, at the age of forty, finds himself not only listened to when he talks of a presidency, but named for that high office himself; who, with ten years of House service behind him, is declared for as the next senator by the common voice of his people, may surely be regarded as having made a record.

Six feet six inches tall, weight two hundred and sixty pounds, considered from the House gallery, Mr. James is an imposing spectacle. Well built, shoulders squared, good eyes, good nose, good mouth,

a jaw that tells of iron resolution, the impression he creates is altogether in his favor. Smooth of face, thoughtfully full of forehead, there is that in the atmosphere of Mr. James which never fails to enlist one's notice. You may not know who he is, but you know he is somebody. Even his profound baldness might be said to assist. For as to that matter of hair, Mr. James must be listed among the utterly bald. His scalp has been, indeed, most grimly weeded. There is a thin-sown fringe even with the ears which still holds the field like some forlorn hope of the capillary. But that is the hirsute most and best that can be said for Mr. James.

HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

There have been men in both Senate and House who, to get there, had to leave home and change their names. Mr. James comes to Congress from the place where he was born. Crittenden was his cradle county, Marion the town. He grew up in Marion, married Miss Ruth Thomas in Marion, and in Marion he dwells to-day.

James, *père*, practised law. It is to his mother, however, that our Mr. James owes most. It was she who endowed him with those qualities which have brought him to the public front. No man was ever great who hadn't a great mother. A great man may get along very well with an ordinary father, but a great mother is indispensable. No great mother, no great man. To know the mothers of a country is to know its sons.

Those—and their number is not few—who remember the school days of Mr. James, when "Ollie," as a name, came nearer being the rightful sentimental thing than it does now, describe him as a sturdy, barefoot, freckled child, whose most noticeable feature was a wire-stiff shock of hair. Also, as accounting for Mr. James's congressional career, it is said he came one day across a crumpled copy of the *Congressional Record*. He had arrived at no farther than the unripe age of twelve. None the less, he read and reread the report of the speeches, devouring them as though every word were a roast apple. It is the Crittenden County feeling that it was this early perusal of the *Congressional Record* which fixed the James heart upon a life of legislation.

The James instinct for oratory came early to the surface. It was that awful day when the selectmen "visit" the school. There

sat the visiting three, looking as wise as a trio of beavers. It behooved the teacher to make proffer only of his best and brightest, and boy James was called upon to "speak a piece." As unabashed as though he had spent his life upon the rostrum, he came forward. Without preface or preliminary, he cut loose a cataract of verbosity if not of eloquence. While no one had any notion of what the youthful lecturer was talking about—or why—the fluent vivacity of his utterance, to say naught of the long words stuck here and there like cloves in a Christmas ham, carried selectmen and teacher off their mental feet. Here indeed was a sucking Cicero!

It was learned later that boy James had but given them one of those feverish bursts contained in his crumpled copy of the *Congressional Record*. When one of the visiting selectmen asked boy James where he got his gift of oratory, that ready child replied, "Oh, dad's a lawyer, you know, and I reckon I take after dad."

That schoolboy threat of eloquence, Mr. James has greatly carried out. The House has none stronger as an orator than is he. And he knows how to work every sympathetic organ-stop of rhetoric. With a voice like the booming of a bell, he can be soft, plausible, and convincing. Or, beak and talon, he can attack like the swoop of a hawk. Again, he becomes prodigious sour in a pucker-faced way—sharp, caustic, scorching. His real power, however, lies in his superb honesty, and his belief in the truth of what he says. Believing what he said has saved many a poor talker. Faith, even in oneself, is as contagious as a fever.

Emerging from school, young James, still in his teens, gave himself over to the stern study of the law. With the ripened glories of such worthies as Hawkins, Hale, Coke, Kent, and Marshall beckoning and alluring him, he passed his student period in his father's law office. In due time admitted—he was twenty years old—he plunged, making no great splash, into the pool of local litigation, and went swimming quietly but doggedly in the wake of a practice.

JAMES, VERBAL TERROR OF THE HOUSE

Mr. James was thirty-one years old when he first came to Congress. Mr. Wheeler, his predecessor from the First Kentucky District, had sent a cold wave along the spinal column of the Republicans by what he said concerning their appropriation of

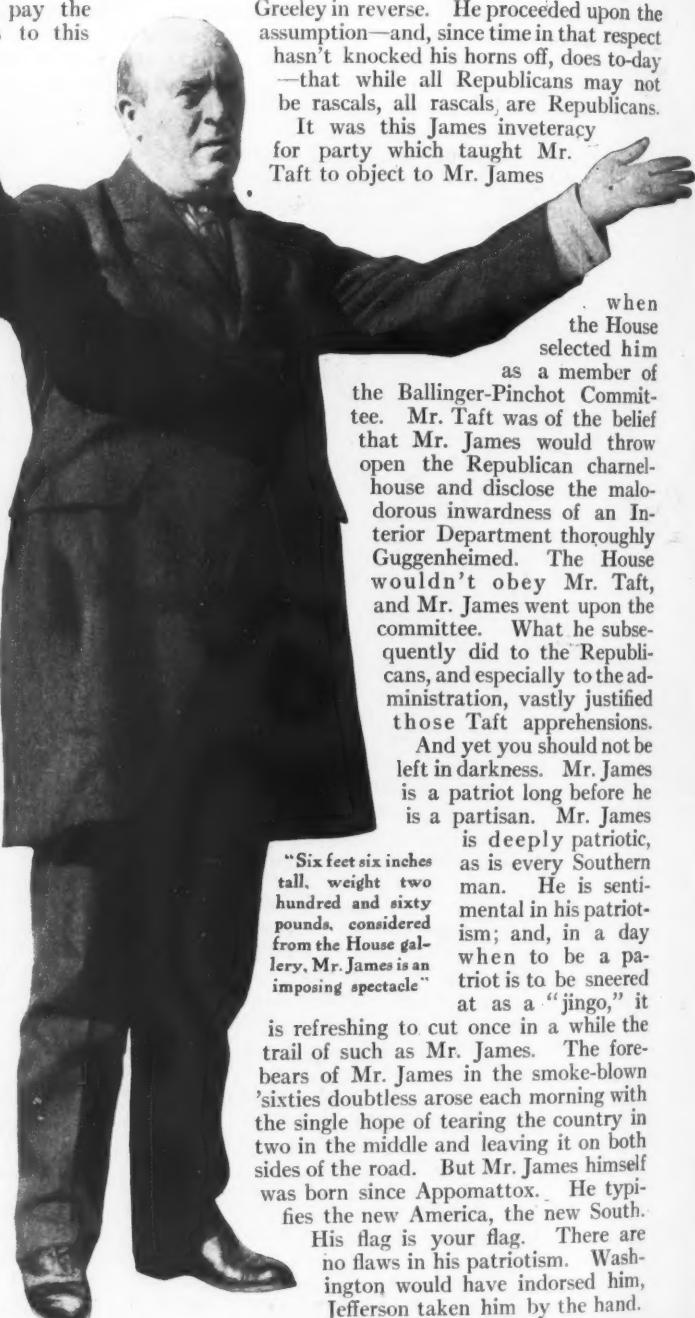
Ollie James of Kentucky

public money to pay the junketing expenses to this country of the German Prince Henry. The Republicans hoped that the Democracy of Mr. James hadn't been baked quite so hard, hadn't remained quite so long in the kiln, as had the Democracy of Mr. Wheeler. Like the black-leg gambler, they confessed that they cheated, but they didn't like to be told of it. It was unclubby; and, moreover, it left a bad taste in the House majority's mouth. They looked for softer and more velvet-footed methods from Mr. James.

The House majority was disappointed. The vituperative Mr. Wheeler was to Mr. James as are windlestraws to steel. Mr. James showed himself the unflinching partisan in every House attitude he assumed. The late Horace Greeley once remarked that, while he wouldn't say all Democrats were horse-thieves, he would say all horse-thieves were Democrats. Mr. James proved a Blue Grass Horace

Greeley in reverse. He proceeded upon the assumption—and, since time in that respect hasn't knocked his horns off, does to-day—that while all Republicans may not be rascals, all rascals are Republicans.

It was this James inveteracy for party which taught Mr. Taft to object to Mr. James



when the House selected him as a member of the Ballinger-Pinchot Committee. Mr. Taft was of the belief that Mr. James would throw open the Republican charnel-house and disclose the malodorous inwardness of an Interior Department thoroughly Guggenheimized. The House wouldn't obey Mr. Taft, and Mr. James went upon the committee. What he subsequently did to the Republicans, and especially to the administration, vastly justified those Taft apprehensions.

And yet you should not be left in darkness. Mr. James is a patriot long before he is a partisan. Mr. James is deeply patriotic, as is every Southern man. He is sentimental in his patriotism; and, in a day when to be a patriot is to be sneered at as a "jingo," it

"Six feet six inches tall, weight two hundred and sixty pounds, considered from the House gallery, Mr. James is an imposing spectacle"

is refreshing to cut once in a while the trail of such as Mr. James. The forebears of Mr. James in the smoke-blown 'sixties doubtless arose each morning with the single hope of tearing the country in two in the middle and leaving it on both sides of the road. But Mr. James himself was born since Appomattox. He typifies the new America, the new South.

His flag is your flag. There are no flaws in his patriotism. Washington would have indorsed him, Jefferson taken him by the hand.

No sooner was Mr. James admitted to the law than—after a sacred Kentucky custom—he was admitted to politics. He acted as chairman of his state delegation to the National Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1896; and again in Denver in 1908.

He was the attorney for Governor Goebel during the contest which culminated in Goebel's assassination.

When Mr. James appeared in Congress, he seemed clumsy and uncurred, an impression which was fostered by his giant height and shoulder-breadth. But he soon began to find himself, being distinguished by both industry and brains. Congress is a good place to loaf. It is a better place to work. There is, than Congress, no arena of human endeavor where loafing is so little punished or labor pays such tall returns. Mr. James, vibrant of the energy which goes with perfect health, worked like a Corliss engine. At once he began taking rank in House affairs. He made himself a valuable and a valued member, discharging his honest trust with an intelligence as far-reaching and as luminous as a flashlight. To-day, no one than he, in either House or Senate, knows more about the details of the public machinery. He knows where every dollar comes from, and why. And he knows its destination. This full and elaborate knowledge, coupled with his integrity, causes his colleagues

at a pinch to turn to him for figures and statistics. He is a House ready-reference. Thus trusted, Mr. James never fails nor plays tricks with his statements. Long before you get to his party feeling, you will get to his honesty.

Being mentally as sure footed as a goat, and as certain of his facts as of his feet, Mr.

James was not slow in gathering House repute as a bad man to interrupt. He never failed to make good his place. Did some daring Republican come upon the field, he fitted some fact like a rock into the sling of his rhetoric, and bowled him over.

It was a case of David and Goliath, only Goliath had the sling. Did the enemy oppose some twelve-foot wall of politics, such as the doctrine of protection,

Mr. James beat it as flat as a field of turnips with the battering-ram of his logic. The Republicans began to fear him before the end of his first term, while the Democrats, realizing in him a natural captain, came joyfully to his back with their support.

Mr. James has humor, which he makes instantly effective. During the tariff debates he was showing how the rich, by manhandling tariffs in their making, had so shortened the public doubletree on the poor man's side, so lengthened it upon their own, that the poor were pulling comparatively nine-tenths of the load of government. This simile surprised Mr. Fitzgerald into a protest, which disclosed him to be not so much the member from Brooklyn as the satchel-carrier for a ring of rich men.



"Good eyes, good nose, good mouth, a jaw that tells of iron resolution, the impression he creates is altogether in his favor"

Ollie James of Kentucky

Mr. Fitzgerald instantly regretted his interference, and caught himself before he had proceeded a verbal foot. But he was in sight for a moment—long enough, as sporting folk would say, “to tip his hand.”

The sudden advance, and the equally sudden retreat, of Mr. Fitzgerald, so jolted the House sense of humor that a general laugh arose. Mr. James led the laughter. Mr. Fitzgerald—he said—should have kept quiet. If the incident recalled anything, it was the story told of the negro chicken-thief, who—caught off his guard, as was Mr. Fitzgerald—gave himself most guilelessly away.

“NOBODY BUT US CHICKENS, BOSS”

“It was a dark night,” explained Mr. James, “and the farmer, hearing a noise in the henhouse, strolled out to the rear porch arrayed in a shirt and a shotgun. ‘Come out of that hen-coop!’ cried the farmer, as he cocked his gun for action; ‘come out, you black scoundrel!’ No answer. ‘Come out,’ reiterated the farmer, ‘or I’ll shoot!’ No answer. ‘Who’s in there?’ at last demanded the farmer, made uncertain by the silence. ‘Nobody but us chickens, boss,’ was the chattered response. And so with the gentleman from Brooklyn,” concluded Mr. James. “His interruption, Mr. Speaker, is so obviously of the ‘nobody-but-us-chickens’ kind that it fixes him in his proper character before the eyes of this House.”

Taken in the sense personal, there is than Mr. James no one in Washington more pleasantly easy of access. Anyone can get to him, for, like all big men, he owns but one manner and one door. There are no narrownesses, no intolerances; his ground plan was laid out on live-and-let-live lines. Being a Kentuckian, he believes in the race-horse. Being a Kentuckian, he does not disbelieve in the distillery. He has been known to taste whiskey and bet money. But since he tasted in moderation, and always lost his money, finding moral fault with him upon these grounds is obviously out of the question.

And at that, Mr. James will tell you that he is not a reformer. He is in all things a homespun, Abe Lincoln, Kentucky-born American, who goes seeking what’s best in others while developing what’s best in himself. A reformer—so expounds Mr. James—is one who, careless of the beam in his own eye, goes always looking for the mote in his neighbor’s, and insists upon it as his

heaven-imposed duty to collar that neighbor and drag him—whether he will or no—to an oculist the moment he locates the mote. Mr. James is not of that reformer’s household, and prefers to have it so understood.

Speaking of whiskey, the confidence felt by his people in Mr. James was never more splendidly evinced than when, with Colonel Watterson, he was selected by popular clamor to decide a twenty-thousand-dollar wager as to what constituted a mint julep. Colonel Watterson, in a spirit of courtesy, invited Mr. James to speak first. Thereupon, Mr. James unbuckled in the following formula:

“Take a silver cup,” said Mr. James—“solid silver, mind you—and place therein a lump of sugar. Cover the lump of sugar with three leaves of mint, arranged as nearly as may be in an isosceles triangle. Fill the glass with cracked ice, and agitate with a silver spoon—solid silver, mind you!—until the mint has been thoroughly bruised, and the outside of the glass exhibits a beautiful frost. Then add the best whiskey obtainable, even if you have to borrow it. If a friend is with you, add enough whiskey for two drinks. If you are alone, add enough for four.”

Colonel Watterson, having heard, declared his complete agreement with the above, and offered to sign and seal the same. The closing thought, he said, peculiarly appealed to him.

BIG ENOUGH FOR THE WHITE HOUSE

The Kentucky delegation to the Democracy’s next presidential convention should offer the name of Mr. James. Should they fail in this, they will have failed in their duty not only to their state but to the nation. Mr. James, himself, has already said “No.” But his reasons were not good reasons, and his “No” should be disregarded.

Mr. James’s candidate is Mr. Clark, whom he earnestly believes to be of that true sound wood from which great Presidents are carved. “The Clark record,” said Mr. James, “shows that the Democrats have found a man worthy of party confidence. Champ Clark is sound, he is aggressive, he is a Democrat of the old school and a man upon whom all factions could unite.”

All of which, and more, is true of Mr. Clark. Still, all and more would be equally true were it said of Mr. James. Mr. Clark

and Mr. James are both good men, both White House size, and the Democracy ought to thank the political heavens on all fours for possessing them. And yet, what does it all come to but an argument for bringing both names before a convention? To say that both are good men is to give no reason why but one should find convention presentation. When it comes to picking a President, so far as raw material is



Ollie M. James at the age of five. He worked all day for an itinerant photographer, carrying water and helping erect the tent, and the tintype reproduced here was his pay.—At fifteen (right), when he was a page in the Kentucky Legislature.—At eighteen, just pluming himself for the law and politics



concerned, the country can't have too much of a good thing.

Mr. James would make an ideal President. Nor need one hesitate over the nursery fact that he was born south of the Ohio River. His being "Southern" won't hurt him. That word "Southern" has been a specter before which a frightened Democracy has been flying for over forty years. Face it, and it will fade away. Also, in

the name of the nation, if not of the Democracy, it is time that sectional ghost were laid.

Well, space gives warning. Let us trust that honest worth will multiply in the high places of the land. Honesty? Diogenes would have to travel no farther than Mr. James, were he in these days to come renewing his celebrated search. The big Kentuckian, while modern, is no less a type



(C) HARRIS-EWING

Ollie M. James, Kentucky Congressman and possible Presidential timber

of the men who were. He would match that elder hour when every man could tell the truth and shoot a gun—and did. Never to flinch, never to lie, and whether knocking up their hind-sights upon a Cambridge-Concord occasion, to the end that Britons be potted, or killing Pakenham with Jackson at New Orleans, always and ever the cornerstone of the Republic.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

When Wallingford had quite finished with the famous tea, and had eaten every last crumb of his cakes,
Miss Harriet arose and passed the tray for his tea-things

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

A few days ago one of our readers was good enough to say in detail what his opinion was of each feature in the January issue. There were some kicks—little ones; some bouquets—big ones. But at the top of the Wallingford story was this: "Wallingford always good." And that seems to be pretty nearly the universal verdict. The fact is Wallingford is good—the most human, lovable old rascal that ever walked on paper. And with his side-partner Blackie he gives you about as much shrewdness and humor as you can find in modern fiction. This month "Toad" comes back, and "Toad"—well, read the story and see what Wallingford and Blackie think of him

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

THAT," observed Blackie Daw with careful analysis, "was the distinct and unmistakable sound of a wallop."

"It's Jesse James in trouble again," agreed Wallingford with a trace of a frown, as he arose from his comfortable chair in the headquarters of the Tarryville reform party. "That bandit will get the place pinched yet. This is the fourth political fight he's had in the three days since we've hired him, but it's the first one he's pulled off in the office itself."

"Squints is full of the reform spirit," admired Blackie. "I am strong for his sturdy Americanism. Hear that, would you! They've gone to the mat!"

Throwing open the door, they were delighted to discover a highly active bundle of two boys on the floor, a fact which they discovered by counting the legs, in occasional seconds of repose. Presently the bundle came to rest, with one boy sitting on top, and breathlessly requesting the other to "holler 'nough!'" The victor wore a very much soiled blue uniform, highly scuffed and muddied boots, and a shock of towed sandy hair; and, except for his brilliantly blue eyes, his countenance was mostly composed of dirt scrambled with orange freckles.

"Why, hello, Toad!" greeted Blackie, extending a friendly hand, while Wallingford, surveying the mêlée with chuckling surprise, reached his hand automatically in his pocket. He always had an impulse to give Toad Jessop money.

"I can't let go to shake hands till this kid hollers 'nough," regretted Toad, who was thorough in all his undertakings. "Holler 'nough?"

"No!" aspirated the boy on the floor with a mighty lurch, and the tussle began again.

It became necessary, in the interests of humanity, to "split out" the contestants, for the office-boy, who was variously known to Blackie as Jesse James, and Squints, and Legs, and any other name which came handy, had earnestly assured them, on the day of his hiring, that he had never been licked in his life and never intended to be; and they believed him.

"Now, what's it all about?" demanded Wallingford, holding Toad, while Blackie performed a like service for Squints.

"Does that kid belong here?" inquired Squints, feeling of his lip and looking critically at his finger.

"Of course he does," replied Blackie. "He's the adopted son of Mr. Wallingford and myself."

"Then I resign," promptly decided Squints. "I dare him outside."

Toad made a lunge, but Wallingford had grabbed him in time.

"The resignation is not accepted," declared Wallingford firmly. "Now, Toad, tell us what the rumpus was about."

"Well, I come to the door and said I wanted to see Mr. Wallingford," explained Toad. "He asked me what for. I told him it was none of his business. He told me, 'Get out, you hobo!' Then I pasted him."

"Naturally," agreed Blackie. "I have

The New Adventures of Wallingford

two tickets for a musical-comedy matinée this afternoon. I think it's the funniest show in town. Would you boys like to go?"

Toad and Squints looked at each other a moment, and then grinned sheepishly.

"I can't leave my job," protested Squints. "There's a kid tryin' to stick a Regular Ticket poster on the door."

"I'll tie my new bulldog to the knob, and he'll be there when we come back," offered Wallingford. "Just now, Jesse James, I think you'd better run down to the corner and get three or four sandwiches and some apples and bananas for Toad. He's hungry."

"I'm starved," Toad replied to this safe guess. "All I had for breakfast was some coffee and sinkers and a hamburger steak and some German fried and some bread and butter at a railroad hash-house; and it took my last two bits."

Wallingford looked Toad over critically, from head to foot, and was prepared for the worst as he led the way into the office.

"You've run away from school," he sternly charged, seating Toad in the big swivel chair, and making ready to do his duty in the way of stern conversation. "If you had been fired, Major Skillen would have written me to that effect, and instructed me to send money for your return ticket."

"Major Skillen ain't there any more," explained Toad, singularly at ease and apparently conscience-free. "The rheumatism got him away last year, and he sold out to Old Polecat."

"Major Poole," severely corrected Wallingford. "I remember now."

"Polecat," firmly insisted Toad. "He was a barber, and he wears smelly stuff all the time. He licks the boys for nothing at all; if you tear your clothes, or break a window, or play hooky, or fight, or anything. He feeds us on nothing but beans, and not enough of *them*. He's cut out baseball, and football, and hockey, and shinny, and marbles, because it spoils our clothes. We got to have our hair cut every Saturday, and be manicured twice a week. We got to shine our shoes three times a day, and put on a fresh collar for dinner. Smell me!"

Both Wallingford and Blackie smelled the sleeve he indignantly held up to them. There was no question but that Toad's very clothes were redolent of the unmistakable perfume of a barber shop.

"This," declared Blackie, aghast at the

indignity, "is an outrage. I suppose you even have dancing lessons."

"Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday," complained Toad; then his face reddened, and tears sprang to his eyes. "Half of us have to play girl!"

Wallingford nearly choked. "Did you play girl?" he asked, with a superhuman accomplishment of gravity.

"Once," gulped Toad. "I licked the boy that was dancin' with me, before we got outside. I been in bad ever since."

Wallingford nodded sympathetically. "How did you come to leave so suddenly that you couldn't write for money?" he asked.

"Old Polecat locked me up," stated Toad, immediately straightening up with snapping eyes. "I joined the sixth grade town football team on Saturdays, and wanted to let my hair grow. I ducked the haircutting three weeks, and Old Polecat licked me. I told him I was goana run away from school. He licked me again, and asked me if I was still goana run away. I told him yes, and that when I got home I was goana have you go up there and put him out o' business."

"Then he licked you again," grinned Blackie. "Did it hurt?"

"Naw, not much," scorned Toad. "I got a few welts on my legs yet; but I didn't cry."

Wallingford, looking into his eyes, glanced hastily out the window, from motives of delicacy. "How did you get away?" he inquired.

"Old Polecat threw me in my room, and bumped my head on the wash-stand, and nailed my windows shut; but before he had the door locked, I busted the window with my water-pitcher and jumped out, and hit 'er up through the woods to the railroad, and hid till night, and hopped a fast freight, and come home. Are you goin' back with me?"

Wallingford looked at him in deep perplexity, and finally turned to Blackie. "I'll be jiggered if I know what we ought to do," he puzzled.

"Make good!" blurted Blackie, who was fully as indignant as Toad. "It's my opinion that Old Polecat is too good a barber to waste in a military school."

The postman came in with a letter for Wallingford. He opened it, and read Major Poole's account of Toad Jessop's crimes.

"We'll go right over to the house and

wash up," he announced, passing the letter to Blackie with a gesture of anger. "We'll take the next train, and investigate Major Poole. I think he needs it."

"We'll bring you back his scalp, Toad," promised Blackie, patting his adopted half-son affectionately on the shoulder.

"I'm goin' along," insisted Toad indignantly. "I want to see it done."

II

MAJOR POOLE, sitting in a somber dark office, and in a stiff oak chair, and at a heavy oak desk, all sizes and sizes too big for him, proved to be a skinny little man, with his scanty, snow-white hair parted in the middle and plastered to his skull, with his snow-white mustache and goatee brilliantined to needle points, and with a carefully cold-creamed professional smile, which weakened when he saw Toad's stern backers.

"Well," said Wallingford, when the formalities of introduction had been dispensed of; "now that I have you both together I want to get at the bottom of things; and I may as well tell you, to begin with, that the boy doesn't lie."

"No," granted the major, in a squeaky little voice. "Young Jessop is very truthful; I must admit that; but he is not amenable to discipline."

"Not to an overdose of it," agreed Wallingford. "I wouldn't want him to be. To my mind,

there's too much discipline in your school anyhow."

"I was a soldier in the Civil War, sir," explained Major Poole proudly, squaring his shoulders; "and I got my practice in discipline in the finest army in the world."

"I've looked you up, and you were a sutler," dryly corrected Wallingford. "You got your practice disciplining mules."

"There's not much difference," defended the major with a laugh.

"Not when you beat them," retorted Blackie, bristling. "I can lick any man who finds it necessary to give frequent lickings to boys. If we had known you had that habit, we would have taken this boy home long ago."

"I think that has been happening," surmised Wallingford. "I notice that you do not seem to have as large an attendance as Major Skillen had, when I was here a year ago."

"No," admitted the major sadly. "The business is falling off, and if the city builds its school I'm a goner. I wish I had never gotten into it."

"You don't belong in it," charged Toad, who had been glaring defiance all this while. "You only took this school so you could lick boys, and a lot of 'em squealed at home

and was
took out.
Now you
lick fifty
boys as
much as
you used to



"Polecat," firmly insisted
Toad. "Smell me"

a hundred; an' it makes too much for each boy. You're goana be put out of the business."

"I wish I could, gentlemen," half groaned the major, appealing to his two older accusers. "My old comrade Skillen seemed to make a living out of this school, but I can't do it. I don't seem to understand boys very well."

"He's a old bachelor," explained Toad vindictively.

"That may be the reason," assented the major wearily. "You probably will not believe that I am not cruel, but the boys keep me continually aggravated with their disorder and untidiness."

"Of course they do," interposed Blackie. "They need dirt. They need to roll around in the grass, and get covered with mud, and tear their clothes on barbed wire. This boy never wore but one suspender up to the time we got him. I don't know just what else we'll do, Major Poole, but I do know that I wouldn't punish Toad by keeping him in this school a minute longer, under your management."

"Toad was quite right," said Wallingford, rising. "You are not fitted to have charge of boys, and we can't leave this one here. What's the matter, Toad?"

"I don't want to go," protested that youngster, visibly distressed. "I like my gang, and the teachers are all right. I don't like to study, but I suppose I got to have arithmetic and history and geography when I grow up. I might as well get 'em here as any place, and I got a gang together that can lick twice its weight in town boys."

"I don't see how we can take your gang along," laughed Wallingford.

"Don't do it," urged Toad. "Put Old Polecat out of the business, and let us stay here. I promised the gang that's what you'd do."

Wallingford sat down again. "How much will you take for your school?" he inquired.

"Well, you carry my mortgage, and square off my debts, and give me five thousand dollars, and I'll step right out," offered the major hopefully.

"How much do you owe?" asked Wallingford.

Silently the major produced his books and a bundle of bills. "Here's every cent," he stated.

Wallingford, with a practised eye, ran

over the books and the bills, and, satisfied, produced his check-book. "Here's your five thousand," said he. "We'll go right down-town and look after the deed and the mortgage. You will, of course, Major, keep charge of the school until I have found some one else to take your place."

"Not for me!" jubilated Major Poole, who had already thrown off his military coat and replaced it by a Grand Army serge with brass buttons, which, with a wide-brimmed Grand Army hat, he had taken from a cupboard. He now slipped the check into his pocket. "I'll have a new barber shop rented and chairs ordered before night, and in a week I'll be wearing a white coat and saying, 'Next'!"

"Peace be with you," wished Blackie, trying on the trim military cap which he picked up from the desk. "Let him go, Jim. I'll run the school for a few days. Toad—"

Toad, who had been watching him with shining eyes up to this very second, was not there now. He had vanished, and a frantic cheering, which shook the windows in a moment more, told that he had vanished into the dining-hall.

III

"DIDN'T you say something about the city being about to build a school?" asked Wallingford in the president's office of the Boomville Bank, where they had gone to arrange about the mortgage.

"Yes, but I don't think you need worry about that," replied Major Poole with a smile. "Do you think so, Jameson?"

Mr. Jameson also smiled, and shook his head. "I scarcely think so," he agreed. "The city's project for building a military school is our local incubus. We're pledged to build one, since General Smithson died three years ago. He left the city a magnificent plot of ground for the purpose, and the city accepted the gift, with all the attached conditions. If the school isn't built on it in twenty-five years the property reverts to the heirs; but the city has many better things it could do with two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"I'm glad to hear that," replied Wallingford; "for I have a school on my hands of which I shall want to dispose, and the city's project might interfere."

"We had hoped that you might remain

with us and take charge of the school," suggested Mr. Jameson politely.

"No, thank you," repudiated Wallingford. "I leave educational matters entirely to my friend Mr. Daw, who is now in charge of the school, and he is too busy to serve for other than a purely philanthropic reason. I suppose General Smithson was a very wealthy man," he added, always eager for information about heirs, they being a highly profitable division of humanity.

"Not extremely so, but rather well-to-do," replied the banker. "His two daughters keep their affairs very much to themselves, but I know that they have lost a great deal of money in local investments since the general's death."

"Oh, well, the reversion of the property in twenty-two years will be a handy thing for the third generation," observed Wallingford carelessly.

"I don't think there'll be any third generation," surmised Jameson. "The two Misses Smithson are quite elderly. Frankly, as an earnest member of the Boomville Chamber of Commerce, I wish they had their land."

"I see," chuckled Wallingford. "It not being public property until the city makes good, it is not exempt from taxation."

"Not only that," agreed Jameson, "but the tract is so tied up that it's worthless. The B. G. & T. Railroad, which is coming through in the spring, would establish its shops here if it could find a suitable location, and the Smithson Military Academy tract is the only one which would fill the bill."

"Why don't the city release its option so the tract can be bought up for the railroad company?" Wallingford inquired.

"It can't let go," Jameson informed him with a worried brow. "The land is available for military academy purposes only, and when it accepted the gift, the city pledged itself to the building of a military school on the grounds. It now has a twenty-five-thousand-dollar fund, which has been tied up and cannot be touched for any other purpose."

Wallingford laughed. "You talk as if you needed the money," he taunted.

"We do," acknowledged the banker with a wry smile. "Boomville seems, at last, on the point of deserving its name. We now have two railroads and a third one coming, a traction line, and a number of factories which cost us money to get here. We want

the shops of this new railroad, and then the Chamber of Commerce figures that it can sit still and collect the profits a while."

"It will cost you a lot of money to get the railroad shops," guessed Wallingford, intensely interested.

"Not very much," responded the banker. "We have to give them a right of way through the city, which can be engineered for twenty-five thousand dollars. The railroad company only asks that we find a good location for its shops. I imagine that it would pay as high as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the land; but there's no use in talking about it. The company won't have any location we've offered it."

"That's why you wish the Smithson heirs had their property," summed up Wallingford.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," urged the fidgety Major Poole; "but I have to go. I'm afraid somebody might grab that vacant store-room I have my eye on. I want to hire a sign-painter to put, 'You're next!' on the windows in big gold letters."

IV

WALLINGFORD, having been to the recorder's office and the probate court and two or three other county offices, went out to call on the Misses Smithson, and threw those worthy ladies into a state of profound consternation. In the first place, he came out in the Spangle Hotel's dark green limousine, and he bore with him a gigantic bouquet of roses.

"It is presumption, I know, for a stranger to offer you these flowers," said J. Rufus glibly; "but my excuse must be that my father was a warm admirer of General Smithson, and you must consider these roses merely as a tribute to the family of that gallant soldier."

Miss Harriet Smithson bowed graciously. She was a self-possessed spinster, with lines both of care and of gentleness on her waxen-white face, and she wore upon the heavy black silk dress, which was brown at the seams, a soft fichu of yellow old lace, which had been mended, and remedied, and mended again, with infinite labor.

"We can have nothing but gratitude for so pretty a remembrance," she returned, and Wallingford wished, quite uncomfortably, somehow, that her voice had not been quite so weak. It seemed to lack food.

Miss Martha Smithson had not yet spoken. She had her own waxen-white face buried in the extravagant mass of pink roses, and when she looked up, a faintly delicate touch of their beautiful color was in her cheeks. She was a trifle younger than Harriet.

"Your father was a soldier, too, I am sure," she remarked, her gaze straying reverently to the big oil painting of firm old General Smithson over the mantelpiece.

Wallingford wished that he could wipe his neck. He had never felt more uncomfortable in his life. Everything in this room, except the ladies, had been old, and massive, and rich when he was a nameless kid, and, somehow, the very furniture, worn as it was, made him ashamed of himself, a feeling he resented.

"Under General Smithson," he promptly lied.

Miss Harriet and Miss Martha hesitated.

"I am sure you will have some tea," offered Miss Martha, after a slight pause and an infinitesimal glance at her sister.

"I scarcely think so," hastily refused Wallingford, with an intuition of the truth about food. "It is so soon after luncheon."

"Oh, you must have some of our famous tea," urged Miss Harriet, ringing an old-fashioned bell-cord at the side of the portières. "It is supplied to us by an old friend of father's in China, and he sends us so much more than we can use that we are constantly compelled to give it away to our friends."

"We can't help bragging about it," laughed Miss Martha, who had once been extremely pretty, and who was still very nice and restful to look upon. "It is so nearly priceless."

Wallingford felt suddenly angry. Confound it, why couldn't they bring themselves to sell it! That's why their fool friend sent them such an over-supply. And why didn't they sell this big place? An old negro came to the door, his curly hair as white as silver wires, and his long-tailed blue coat hanging about him as loosely as if it had been on a broomstick.

"Some tea, Absalom," ordered Miss Harriet gently; "some tea and—and some cakes."

"Yessum," said old Absalom, looking at her steadily; then he glanced at Wallingford; then he looked back at his mistress. "Yessum," he repeated, and went away.

J. Rufus could feel those cakes choking him in advance; yet he knew that he had to eat them. This proud poverty had to be handled delicately; and he had fat hands!

"My call is not a purely social one," he stated, "but I intend to enjoy your tea, nevertheless. I came partly on business."

Miss Harriet's lips deadened in a faint bluish pallor. Business could only mean something unexpected to pay.

"Then we might get that over before the tea comes," she observed, with a lightness which was the absolute pinnacle of bravery.

"I think that we can," guessed Wallingford pleasantly. "I'd like to secure a second option on the land which your father presented to the city."

The bluish tint left Miss Harriet's lips, and Miss Martha, completing a suspended breath which had been cut in half, buried her face in the roses again.

"A second option?" faltered Miss Harriet. "I don't quite understand. That property was set aside for the building of a military academy. It was our father's dearest wish."

"I know," returned Wallingford. "The city, however, may not build this academy, and I want to secure from you the privilege of purchasing the land, in case the city finds a way to relinquish its option."

"Oh, we couldn't sell you any such absurd thing as that," refused Miss Harriet, a certain momentary flicker dying out of her eyes. "We'd be cheating you."

That idea hit Wallingford in his funny spot, but he could not have laughed, even if he had been alone. "Please don't worry about me," he begged. "I'm turning gray-haired, and I never have been accused of cheating myself."

"Let me understand," puzzled Miss Harriet, looking at Miss Martha for aid in her perplexity. "You want us to say that, if the city does not live up to the conditions of my father's gift and the property reverts to us, we will sell it to you?"

"That's it exactly," agreed Wallingford.

Miss Harriet pursed up her lips. She was a business woman now! "I suppose you would wish us to put that in writing," she cautiously suggested.

"Of course," corroborated Wallingford.

"Then, I should think," went on Miss Harriet triumphantly, "that the price you would pay should be mentioned."



Wallingford went out to call on the Misses Smithson, and threw those worthy ladies into a state of profound consternation

"The price," Wallingford hesitated, changing his mind again, "would be a hundred thousand dollars."

Miss Harriet and Miss Martha looked at each other with gasping astonishment. A hundred thousand dollars!

"Of course," went on Wallingford, "I should pay you for the option itself. For that option I am willing to pay you, in cash, immediately, five thousand dollars."

Miss Harriet swallowed. "Let me understand," she said, becoming again the keen and shrewd business woman. "You mean that you would pay us something in advance for the privilege of having the first opportunity to buy this property, at a hun-

dred thousand dollars, in case the city, before its twenty-two more years are up, does not build its military school?"

Miss Martha gazed at her sister admiringly.

"You have a death grip on the idea," commanded Wallingford, sincerely pleased with her clarity.

For a moment there was absolute silence, while the two sisters fought back their swimming senses. The color was high in Miss Martha's transparent cheeks, and her eyes were glistering. She suddenly arose.

"You will pardon me a moment, I am sure," she said with beautiful repression.

"It seems to me that Absalom is very long about the tea," and bowing gracefully to Wallingford, she turned her back and hurried from the room. Twice her shoulders started to heave, but she held them firm.

Her sister Harriet gazed after her with much concern. "I do not suppose it would seem rude, since this part of your call is so purely a business matter, if I were to follow my sister and consult with her alone," she suggested.

"Certainly not," Wallingford smilingly assured her, glad to be rid of them for a moment; for emotional business was uncomfortable.

They came back just ahead of Absalom and the tea, and, if their eyes were a trifle suspicious as to color, Wallingford hoped that he betrayed no sign of noticing it.

"We have decided to accept your offer," announced Miss Harriet, with an almost imperceptible touch of Miss Martha's hand as they sat down.

"Very well," returned Wallingford. "Shall we go to your lawyer's or to mine to draw up the agreement?"

"To none of them, if you please," stated Miss Harriet icily. "We had a lawyer, and he lost us a great deal of money; so if you would just as lief draw up a clean and clear agreement which anyone can understand, and will be satisfied with having some honest friends of ours witness it, we shall be much better pleased."

"So shall I," chuckled Wallingford, and they led him into the library, where, at a huge and much carved old mahogany secretary, full of odd little compartments and

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secret drawers, Wallingford drew up an agreement so simple and straightforward that both Miss Harriet and Miss Martha were delighted with it. They signed it immediately, and thereupon Wallingford, who was always prepared for such emergencies as this, paid them the five thousand dollars in cash, making an energetic bet with himself that they would die of want if they had to wait three days for his check to be put through for collection.

It was a happy party which drank the famous Chinese tea after that important ceremony, and Wallingford, in the big, high-ceilinged drawing-room, sat, with the fragile little china platter in one big hand and the fragile little china cup in the other, feeling as much out of place as Toad when he had to play girl; but glad, somehow, that he was there, nevertheless. The ladies were particularly animated, and chattered with a gaiety they had not exhibited for years. There was a pretty flush in their cheeks and a sparkle in their eyes. Youth had touched them for a moment again with his magic wand, which makes the blood run fast.

When Wallingford had quite finished with the famous tea, and had eaten every last crumb of his cakes, Miss Harriet, who had been waiting with splendidly concealed impatience, arose and passed the tray for his tea-things.

"It will only take us a moment or two to put on our wraps," she suggested. "We shall go at once with you to the witnesses of whom we spoke, and have our agreement signed, so that you will be protected in case anything happens to us. You have made us very rich now, you know, and we are likely to fall victims to mad dissipation."

"We can have a week in the city for the opera, maybe, can't we, Harriet?" ventured Miss Martha hopefully.

"You may have anything you want, I think," promised Wallingford, "for really, I believe that I shall have the pleasure of realizing your father's school for you, and of paying you that hundred thousand dollars besides."

"Our trip to Europe!" gasped Martha. "Paris, and gowns, and the blue ocean! Really, do you believe it can be true, Mr. Wallingford?"

"The most likely thing in the world," he assured them, smiling at her enthusiasm. "By the way, you'll understand that this

transaction of ours is absolutely confidential."

"Certainly," hesitated Miss Harriet. "If you wish it, you must have an excellent reason, I know."

He almost blushed. "I have," he replied.

V

WALLINGFORD, who had quite deliberately kept out of the way until he had a plan of action formed, rolled up to the Skillen Military Academy in the hired limousine, and found the first class in marbles digging holes in the dirt with its knees, two football elevens, grimed from head to foot, taking their initial practice on the campus, a wrestling match in progress in the middle of the lawn, a batter, for the impromptu senior prep nine, driving a ball through a dormitory window, and a board of grievances, Toad Jessop presiding, sitting in grave judgment on an argument between Slimmy Browne and Duck-waddle Morley, as to whose father was the more popular man, Duck-waddle winning, by a bloody nose, just as Wallingford came up.

In the office, Wallingford found Blackie standing gracefully at his desk, surrounded by a group of grinning instructors, and propounding his theory of elementary education.

"In addition," he was announcing, "every boy's hair is his own. On and after this date, beans will be served only twice a week, and sandwiches, pie, doughnuts, and apples shall be constantly standing on the sideboard in the main hall, with nobody watching. In case of a fight, the boy who is the most out of breath shall be allowed to explain first. A batting average shall take equal rank with a score in geography. A pupil in arithmetic shall have a proper grade for the answer, no matter how he gets it. I have decided that a certain amount of instruction will not hurt the boys, and it's up to you gentlemen to administer the same with as little pain as possible."

He paused, bowed to J. Rufus, and sat down.

"Gentlemen, the first board of education meeting is dismissed, with a recommendation that the balance of the time until Saturday night be made a continuous field meet, to make up for lost time. There will be no further classes until Monday."

The instructors, one and all, with the

exception of the professor of grammar, who was an enemy to mankind by the very nature of his calling, approved of that suggestion, and, being lusty young fellows themselves and working on small salaries, spread out, like a fan, as they left the door, to explain a few football tricks and the finer points of baseball practice.

"Well, Blackie, where are the reporters?" asked Wallingford, energetically pulling off his overcoat, for he had much work to do.

"Locked up in a little room down the hall with a tableful of sandwiches, an empty, leather-topped desk, and a pair of dice, and they don't know that the time is passing," replied Blackie. "You will find the place by the smoke rolling through the keyhole."

Wallingford looked at his watch. "There is no rush about them, then. This is the quiet hour, when the morning-paper men have plenty of time and the evening papers are off the press, and I can take a little rest. Toad's got us into a desperate gamble, Blackie. I'm in our expenses, and forty-five thousand on this place, and five thousand for an option on another piece of land, and I'm not sure that I see daylight yet. All I want is to come out whole."

Toad Jessop came bounding in, with a piece of note-paper folded into a triangle, on which was scribbled the name of Principal Daw.

"This dropped out of the history class-room just now," he said. Blackie opened and read the note. "It's all off, Jim," he announced. "You'll have to make up your mind right away what to tell these boys. The losers want out."

"Send them some money," suggested

Wallingford. "I have to smoke about an inch more of this cigar, and think."

Fifteen minutes later he went back to the door of the history class-room, and knocked, listening interestedly to the educational address within while he waited. The monologue, in the voice of that eminent pedagogue, Horace G. Daw, was as follows:

"Oh, you feebly dice! Huh! Come on, nice little feebly! Huh! A three and a two, now, for your friend Horace! Huh! A three and a two or a four and a one; I'm easy to please! Huh! There she rolls, boys! Get a piece of paper and add 'em up! Fade it, gentlemen! It's all there for the covering, and all velvet! Who takes this six bits that's left over? You're the grand little sport, Fatty, and I hope I break you. All ready now, and watch 'em closely. Huh! A natural! The gentlemen who are broke again will kindly edge back from the desk, and let the live members split up this assortment of currency for my sixth consecutive pass."

The door was opened by a youth of the exact shape and dimensions of a beanpole, who was surmounted by a felt mushroom hat, pale eyes, and a brave smile.

"Mr. Wallingford," he guessed. "Step right in, if you have anything."



The monologue was in the voice of that eminent pedagogue, Horace G. Daw

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"The city editor has just called up," observed Wallingford softly, as he stepped inside the smoke-dimmed room.

"What city editor?" demanded six breathlessly interested voices.

"I couldn't catch the name of the paper," chuckled Wallingford, and led them back into the principal's office, where the air was clearer and the light better, and gave them a splendid story. His father, Hiram Wallingford, had been a lifelong friend and admirer of that brave and gallant soldier, the late General Smithson. His father had, just previous to his recent demise, learned of the General's desire to have a military academy named in his honor, and, to carry out the wishes of both brave warriors, Wallingford had now purchased the old Skillen Military Academy, intended to endow it with a twenty-five-thousand-dollar dormitory, rename it the General Smithson Memorial Military Academy, and present it to the city of Boomville, as the tribute of one dead soldier to another. This, the dearest wish of his heart, accomplished—

Wallingford pressed a handkerchief to his eyes. The reporters, deterred by professional delicacy, refrained from asking him any more questions about the lately deceased Hiram Wallingford as soon as they were convinced that this big, strong man was too much overcome by his intense emotions to answer them. Some of them even withdrew and left him alone with his grief, and waited outside the door, for fear he should go out the back way. They were still there when, an hour later, Wallingford went out to his limousine, but he choked up again the moment he saw them, and did not unchoke until he was safely on the train and headed for the offices of the B. G. & T. Railroad. He might make a better bargain than he had hoped.

VI

BOOMVILLE rang with the philanthropy of J. Rufus Wallingford and his magnificent gift to the city; but the Chamber of Commerce, which also embraced all the Progressive party members of the city council, held a hasty and a worried meeting. The consensus of opinion therein expressed was that J. Rufus Wallingford, undoubtedly generous and emotional as he was in his philanthropy, had brought into town with him a huge bundle of festering gall; for he

had saddled the city, already groaning with a burden of obligation and taxation by means of one General Smithson Military Academy, with another one, which might turn out a costly institution to keep up.

President Jameson, of the Boomville Bank, allowed them to exhaust their storm of just indignation before he arose to pour oil on the troubled waters. "I am in receipt of a letter from our friend Wallingford, which will explain itself, I think," he observed, holding in his hands the document in question. "The envelope was addressed to me, but the contents was addressed to the Chamber of Commerce and to the City Council of Boomville, and it runs as follows: 'Gentlemen: In urging your acceptance of my gift of the General Smithson Memorial Military Academy to the city of Boomville, I desire to call your attention to the following facts. First, my only desire in carrying out the wishes of my father, Hiram Wallingford, was that your city should have a Smithson Academy at once, and I could not afford to donate the two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars necessary to build and endow such an academy according to the terms and conditions of General Smithson's bequest. However, should the city, at any time, comply with those conditions, and build the new academy on the General Smithson property, I have no objection to your transferring the name to the new school, and to your selling the old property for any purpose you see fit. Secondly, in case the city does not care to build the new academy, it can permit the General Smithson tract to revert immediately to the heirs, and can invest the Smithson Academy fund, which cannot be used for other purposes, in the tract of woods now adjoining the old Skillen Academy, thus making that school preserve fully as valuable for the purpose, if not more so, as the Smithson property. How this is possible will be seen by an examination of General Smithson's will, his deed of gift, and the pledge of acceptance which the city signed through its mayor and council. These documents in conjunction, by their peculiar wording, only require that the city possess, control, and operate an institution to be known as the General Smithson Memorial Military Academy, and do not stipulate, specifically, that such an academy must be located on the General Smithson ground; although they do state, specifically, that the city cannot utilize the



"A hundred thousand!" protested Jameson. "Why, Wallingford will sell it to the railroad company for half as much again! You should never do business with strangers!"

property for any other purpose.' Gentlemen, I have looked over the bequest, the deed, and the pledge. Mr. Wallingford was shrewder than ourselves."

A thoughtful silence followed the reading of this important communication, and then the pretty light of day began to dawn.

"Why, this man Wallingford is a public benefactor!" stated old Peter Packington, whose specialty was real estate first mortgages. "He has shown us how to let go of the quarter-of-a-million-dollar Smithson Academy load."

"Better than that," supplemented L. G. Wheeler, whose specialty was suburban subdivisions, and who was consequently a factory-boomer. "He has shown us how to let the property revert to the heirs so it will be available for the B. G. & T. shops."

"That is a matter for the city council," immediately urged Samuel Hicks, who made bricks, and hoped to sell a few millions of

them to the new railroad. "There is a meeting to-night, Cushman."

William Cushman, who was the proprietor of branch grocery stores wherever there were workmen's cottages, nodded his head emphatically.

"We'll put it right through," he promised, and the other members of the city council then present, they representing the majority, cheered him for the statement.

"Move we adjourn!" shouted Peter Packington, suddenly remembering an important engagement.

Peter Packington, who had his automobile right outside the door, was the very first member of the Chamber of Commerce to call on the Misses Smithson.

"I've come to bring you some splendid news," he told the two flushed and happy ladies, who were already beginning to pack for Europe and Paris and gowns.

"We're becoming used to such pleasant

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surprises," returned Miss Harriet, repressing a certain trace of iciness. "We could stand more, I am sure, however."

"I think I can arrange, to-night, to have the property your father left the city revert to you," he beamingly suggested. "In that case, I should like the first opportunity to purchase the tract."

"We have so many friends working to that end, it seems," she replied, wishing that she could be sweeter. "Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Cushman have both telephoned a like message. How much do *you* offer?"

Mr. Packington considered carefully and immediately raised his bid. "Eighty-five thousand," he offered with a wince. He had figured on securing the land for possibly fifty; but, if both Wheeler and Cushman had been after it, an offer of that size would be useless.

"I thank you," said Miss Harriet, rising and smiling sadly at her sister Martha, who had an increasing pink glow in her cheeks.

"Am I to understand that that price is satisfactory?" asked Packington, trying to read Miss Harriet's inscrutable countenance.

"No," replied Miss Harriet, leading the way to the door. "We shall make no announcement concerning the property until we know that it is ours."

Mr. Packington cleared his throat. "I might be able to raise that bid a trifle," he suggested hopefully.

"We do not care to discuss it at the present moment," she coolly informed him.

Last of all came Mr. Jameson, of the Boomville Bank; but this was at nine o'clock that night. Both Miss Harriet and Miss Martha were sorry to see him, for, while they had not counted him at any time as their particular friend, their particular friends of the old régime having mostly died or become very poor, they had always looked upon him as trustworthy.

"I've come to bring you some good news," he began, beaming upon them.

Miss Martha had been biting her lips. "How much do you offer us?" she inquired, altogether too sweetly.

"Offer you! Why, great Scott, girls, I wouldn't buy that property from you at any price, because it would be absurd in me to buy it unless I expected to make a profit, and I don't want it from General Smithson's daughters. I came out expressly to warn you not to sell it to any one. The

new railroad company will give you at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it."

Miss Martha was almost crying apologetically, but Miss Harriet helped her make him understand that he had started the way all of them had.

"I don't blame you a minute," he said, laughing away Martha's poignant distress. "I am very glad to learn, too, that you did not sell to any of them."

"We could not," Miss Harriet explained. "I believe there's no reason for further secrecy now, is there, Martha?"

"I think not," agreed Martha; "especially with an old friend like Mr. Jameson; besides Mr. Wallingford said that he only asked for discretion until everything was settled."

"Wallingford!" repeated Jameson. "Did you sell to him?"

Their beaming faces told him that they had. "For how much?"

Miss Harriet and Miss Martha looked at each other smilingly.

"For a hundred thousand dollars. We telegraphed him as soon as we heard the news this afternoon, and have had an answer from him. He is coming to-morrow to bring us the money and to get a deed for the property."

"A hundred thousand!" protested Jameson. "Why, he will sell it to the railroad company for half as much again! You should never do business with strangers!"

That admonition was too much for the gentle Miss Harriet. "I am angry," she said. "All this day, people we have known for years have been trying to buy our property for less than the stranger offered us. Moreover, had it not been for Mr. Wallingford, nothing would have been done about either that property or our father's military academy for twenty-two years to come, by which time both my sister and myself would have been dead, I hope. If Mr. Wallingford, after buying the school property, makes a profit of twenty-five thousand dollars for himself, as I understand from his telegram that he has, both my sister Martha and I, who have discussed the matter thoroughly, only wish that it was more! Besides," and she waved her hand in the general direction of the huge bouquet of pink roses, now widely blown and withering in their third day; "besides, Mr. Wallingford's father was a friend of General Smithson's!"

The next story of "*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*" will appear in the March issue.

Admiral Schley's Own Story

By Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If you have not been reading this story of Admiral Schley's, begin now. It is history; it reads like romance. For nearly fifty years Admiral Schley, while winning his way to chief command, had a stirring share in nearly all the great naval exploits of the time in all parts of the world. In this instalment he tells of his service under Farragut, of his thrilling part as a sea-fighter during the Civil War and in the Far East. The whole story gives you a splendid insight into the training and character of the man who crowned his career as the "Hero of Santiago."

BY the summer of 1862, when I received my commission as lieutenant, I had seen some fighting and had shared in it, but those experiences were nothing in comparison to what came after. The equipment of the navy in the sixties was admirably adapted to increase the risks of war. The officers and men on a battleship or gunboat of that period were under much greater exposure to the fire of the enemy than in the magnificent modern warriors of the sea. Protection of life was not a feature of naval construction in the "ninety-day" gunboats of the United States navy. Compared to the sea-monsters of the present day, they were at best slow, stubborn, impudent little sea-dogs, usually overloaded with guns, and difficult to manage. They were wonderfully effective, however.

My first experience on one of them, the *Winona*, as executive officer, was a test of

a good many qualities that are required in naval service. I reported to her commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton, under orders from Admiral Farragut, on September 13, 1862, off Mobile Bay.

The characteristics of the *Winona* were so unique, and she was such a daring coquette on blockade duty, that I

remember her vividly. She belonged to the class known in those days as ninety-day gunboats, from the fact that they were built in that number of days. Her displacement was about five hundred tons. Her battery consisted of one eleven-inch Dahlgren gun on a pivot carriage forward, one twenty-pounder Parrott rifle on her topgallant forecastle, two short thirty-twos in her waist, and two twenty-four-pounder howitzers on her quarter-deck. She was a marvel as a sea-acrobat. I don't believe she ever had an equal, and certainly no superior, as a roller. In a scarcely noticeable swell, I have known her to make twenty complete rolls from side to side, in a minute. The sea was like a tight rope

to her, and she was forever trying to keep her balance. A sea-gull flying over her mast-head, or a tarpon swimming under her bottom, seemed quite enough to set her in motion.

And yet, small and tremulous in her conduct as she was, the little *Winona* was destined to keep her officers and crew in the line of fire with unceasing energy. To be attached to Admiral Farragut's fleet at that time meant incessant bombardment and blockade duty, night and day. The wonder

Admiral Schley and the service sword which he wore throughout his career—from midshipman to admiral



to many of us who survived active service in the Civil War is how we escaped the fate of our comrades. I have seen men shattered by cannon shot and bullet within elbow distance of me. There are hair-breadth escapes in battle that mystify one's sense of the divine order of things. Danger was the common lot of us all, and it became second nature to expect it.

ACTIVE SERVICE UNDER FARRAGUT

Admiral Farragut soon assigned the *Winona* to service in the Mississippi River, where it was hoped the mud and the smooth water would keep her from rolling. So, in October, she took her station in the river on patrol duty between New Orleans and Baton Rouge. A sailor's sixth sense, I suppose, may be described as his instinct for navigation, and that was the only reliable advantage I had in navigating the *Winona* on her river work. The vigilance required to avoid surprises from the land forces of our opponents was trying. Night and day we were on the lookout against guerrilla attacks at favorable points along the river bank, and very often against fierce assaults from artillery and infantry forces combined, at well-chosen places. I remember vividly my first engagement in actual battle on the *Winona*. Early in December, 1862, the ironclad *Essex* and the *Winona* were sent to make a reconnaissance of some batteries reported to be erected on the bluffs around Port Hudson, and in performing this duty both vessels advanced to a point near Profit Island, just a short distance below the forts, where they anchored for the night. Our custom was to shift our anchorage, after dark, a quarter of a mile or so above or below the station taken by daylight. Our captain, being new to this river-patrol service, was of the opinion that this precaution was unnecessary, however, and therefore this ordinary discretion was neglected. He learned differently before sunrise the next day.

During the night a company of infantry, with a battery of artillery, crossed over from Port Hudson, and under cover of the levee took position abreast of the *Winona*. At the first break of dawn a terrific fire was suddenly opened upon our ship, but as we were always cleared for action it required only a few seconds to reply just as vigorously. Our chain was slipped quickly in order to maneuver for position, but the

pilot, demoralized by the sudden assault, could not be found. As I did not know the river I jumped to the lead to get a cast. At that moment, master's mate David Vincent came to the gangway and said,

"Mr. Schley, you have enough to do without casting the lead, sir."

I replied: "Thank you, Mr. Vincent. Give me the soundings quickly."

I then stepped aside to make room for Mr. Vincent. Almost instantly a six-pound shot came crashing through the side of the ship, striking him in the back between the hips. He fell backward to the deck and died a few minutes afterward. It was a close call for me, and shocked me greatly.

THE SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON

In a few minutes the ship took ground on the point of Profit Island. This was a bad fix, as it brought us into perfect target range of our opponents' fire. But the chief engineer was instantly ordered to raise steam to the limit of safe pressure in the boiler and then open her out wide astern. In a few minutes the ship glided off and afloat. Then came our turn at the bat! We moved over near the shore, and for twenty-five minutes the place which the battery and troops occupied was so warmed up by us as to be uninhabitable. We got a good many scars, but when the enemy retreated they were hurt a great deal more than we were. This was the real beginning of the siege of Port Hudson, which lasted, with an almost continuous assault of our guns, until July 9, 1863, when the Port surrendered. There were many desperate assaults by land and river. No respite was given those inside the works day or night during the siege. Bombardments were kept up by the two forces very often day and night with but little intermission. The way the gallant defenders stood out against this furious pounding won great admiration for them among us. No set of men ever were truer to duty than the heroic band inside the fort. When the place finally surrendered, the garrison was granted the honors of war, and well were the brave fellows deserving of this consideration.

I saw much of Admiral Farragut during this siege. He was a man of medium stature, pleasing manners and address, and always accessible to anyone having business to do with him. He was never known to cut down the amount of shot or shell on



DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN GLEESON

At Port Hudson Lieutenant Schley escaped death by a few seconds. The pilot was missing, and Schley, as executive officer, was preparing to cast the lead when a seaman protested and took his place. Almost instantly a solid shot crashed through the ship, killing the seaman at Schley's side.

Admiral Schley's Own Story

requisitions submitted for his approval, though he always reduced those submitted for other supplies. Everyone under his command was inspired in their duty by his untiring perseverance, his never-failing presence in every emergency, and his superb daring. Under fire he was the incarnation of courage. Nothing ever disturbed his poise or self-command, either in action or when planning for battle. He was my ideal of a great commander-in-chief, and few in the world's war history have measured up to his standard, in my humble opinion. The commander of the land forces, General N. P. Banks, was also a brave fighter. If he had enjoyed the advantage of a military education he would have won great fame in the field. To conduct campaigns and fight battles one must be educated to war. His investment of Port Hudson and the assaults he made against it were magnificent exhibitions of courage on the part of his officers and men. The sacrifice of so many lives in useless assaults on batteries that were impregnable to infantry attacks, however, indicated his lack of military judgment. He had the soldierly qualities of courage and aggressiveness, but he lacked the maxim which General Forrest of the Confederacy used to plead to excuse his success, which was, "Always get there fustest with the mostest men."

A TRIBUTE TO MY WIFE

After the surrender of Port Hudson on July 9, 1863, the *Richmond*, to which I was then attached, was ordered north for repairs. Her hull and spars were pretty well cut up after two years of almost continuous fighting. She reached New York in August of that year, and her officers and crew were detached for a short spell of rest among friends and with their families. I availed myself of this opportunity to marry my lifelong sweetheart, the love of my young life. Under God's providence, we are still spared* with unabated affection after forty-six years of happy life together. As the years increase and we grow older, our lives are lived over again in the delight and comfort of our children and our grandchildren.

In September I was ordered to the navy-yard in Washington on temporary ordnance duty pending repairs to the *Richmond*. In December I was detached and ordered to the *Wateree*, a steam-gunboat known in that day as a double-ender, from the fact that

both ends were alike, with a separate rudder. Her two side wheels were amidships. My experiences on her must be registered as among the real hardships of my naval life.

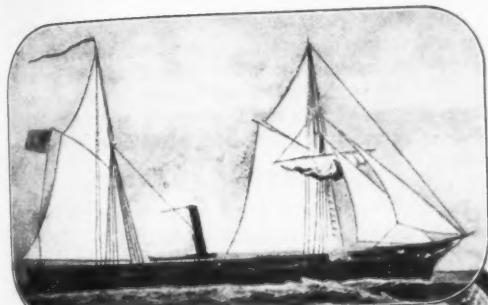
THE WATREE "A BEAST AT SEA"

We sailed from Hampton Roads for the Pacific in March of 1864. Her first leg to St. Thomas showed that, whatever else she may have been, the *Wateree* was a veritable beast at sea. She was uncomfortable, wet, and slow, and so far as I could make out she had but one valuable quality in her favor—she did float. The seas of Hatteras played havoc with her guards and rails, and why her wheel-houses did not go by the board was because the gale let up on the other side of the Gulf Stream. It was a bit of good luck. From St. Thomas to Bahia, Brazil, thence to Montevideo, Uruguay, the seas were smooth, but after that, to the Strait of Magellan, we were in regions where we might expect anything, and we were not disappointed. We reached that part of the globe in the beginning of winter, which was the very worst season possible for a vessel of the *Wateree*'s class. With short days, long nights, and a limited capacity in her coal-bunkers added to the bad weather so common in that season, she had trouble in making her way to Valparaiso. It was only the captain's fine seamanship and the fact that the *Wateree*'s hull was of iron, that kept her from disaster. In all my experiences in the navy she was the most uncomfortable, unsuitable, and unseaworthy vessel in bad weather I ever served in.

During one of our visits to Callao, the harbor of which was usually crowded with ships coming to obtain permission to take guano from the Chincha Islands, a number of vessels anchored quite near the *Wateree*. In getting under way, I found great difficulty in working the ship clear of those crowded about. The wind was fresh from the southeast, and she refused to answer her helm. I resorted to every expedient possible, with the sails to aid, but to little purpose. If the jib was set she "luffed into the wind." If the mainsail was set she would "keep away." One of the old quartermasters at the wheel, Robert Frost, observing the difficulty, came to my side and said,

"This vessel, Mr. Schley, is one of the only successes that the government ever built." A little curious to ascertain his reasons for the remark, I said,

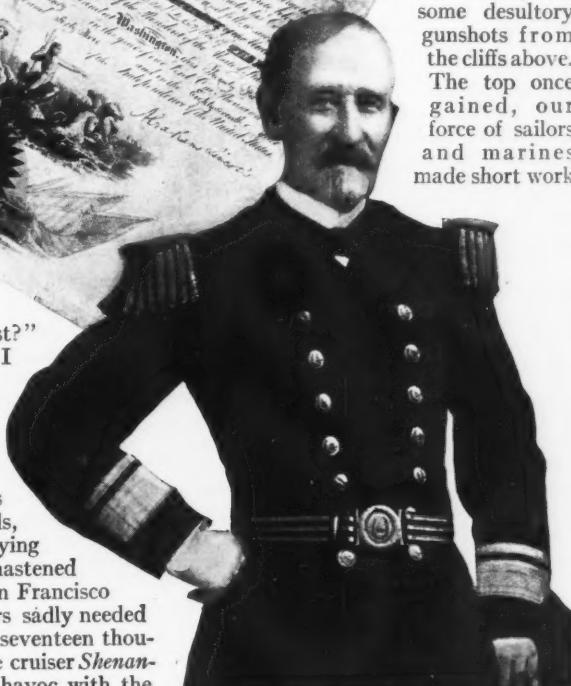
* Admiral Schley died in New York, October 2, 1911.



The "Winona," on which Lieutenant Schley served as executive officer in 1862. It was upon this vessel that he had his narrow escape from death in a battle at Port Hudson.



Facsimile of the commission as lieutenant conferred upon W. S. Schley in 1862. It bears the signatures of Abraham Lincoln and Gideon Welles, secretary of the navy.



"Full of honor and years"—Admiral Schley shortly before his death

cover. There were a large number of merchant-vessels waiting at the Chincha Islands for guano, and this was a tempting bait for the *Shenandoah*. So, as soon as her docking and repairs were completed at Mare Island, the *Wateree* hastened south.

While at anchor off these islands an insurrection occurred among the Chinese coolies. It was in the dead of night. This fact made the ascent of a narrow stairway leading from the quay to the top of the island, at least one hundred feet, rather difficult, under a bombardment of rocks and stones, with some desultory gunshots from the cliffs above. The top once gained, our force of sailors and marines made short work

"Why do you think so, Frost?"

His smiling, sailor-like reply I have never forgotten, because it was so true in this instance.

"Why, sir, she was built not to turn round, and I'll be dog-goned if she will, sir."

In July, almost four months after leaving Hampton Roads, we reached Valparaiso. Hurrying a few necessary repairs, we hastened to Panama, Acapulco, and San Francisco to make the extensive repairs sadly needed after her long cruise of nearly seventeen thousand miles. The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah* was reported playing havoc with the whaling-fleet in the North Pacific, but several other vessels had been sent to run her to

of the opposition by driving the Chinamen back at the point of the bayonet into a large godown, where they were held until a Peruvian force arrived in the morning from Pisco, on the mainland opposite, when our command withdrew to the ship.

Quiet being restored in that part of the world, the *Wateree* returned to Panama, where I received orders to return to the United States. So ended my cruise of two years and four months, one of the most uncomfortable experiences of my career. When the tidal wave of a friendly earthquake at Arica, Peru, in 1868, washed the *Wateree* inland about a mile and left her there, I was among those who felt that earthquakes did some good occasionally.

“CLEARED FOR ACTION”

At Lima I had a personal experience with an earthquake which was not enjoyable. So violent was the movement of the earth that the pitcher and basin on the wash-stand in my room were thrown to the floor and smashed. When my bed began to twist uneasily and the floor timbers commenced to groan, I jumped up, and ran to the street, where I found most of the population upon their knees in an attitude of prayer. Although I felt that the time for prayer had passed, out of respect for those who still believed it would be efficacious, I went down on my knees myself. A few feet ahead of me was Lieutenant George B. Livingston, one of the *Wateree*’s officers, also on his knees. He discovered me almost at the same moment that I did him.

“Are you saying your prayers, Schley?” he asked.

I replied that I thought it was too late, but was “cleared for action” all the same. After the ominous rumbling sounds that always accompany these disturbances had ceased, I returned to my room and to sleep, only to be started out again about daylight when another more violent quake shook some of the ceilings to the floor, and appeared to lift the hotel bodily upward.

On reaching home, I was ordered to the Naval Academy, commanded by Admiral D. D. Porter, a very distinguished officer of the Mexican and Civil wars, who had won enviable distinction on the Western rivers and at Fort Fisher while commanding the North Atlantic fleet. It was my first service under his command, and almost, the first time I had met the admiral, whose

strong personality was very attractive to the young officers at that time, especially to those who believed, as he did, that in war “the only way to make omelets is to break eggs.” Admiral Porter’s whole professional career was in obedience to this maxim.

I WIN MY PROMOTION

In July, 1866, I was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-commander. My first service, for a year under this commission, was at the Naval Academy. Then for two years I served under Admiral John L. Worden, who had won unfading fame in command of the *Monitor* in her never-to-be-forgotten fight with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads in March, 1862. During that term of duty I made two practice cruises as a watch and division officer, the first in the old sloop of war *Dale*, and the second in the old sloop of war *Macedonian*. Both these cruises were to Europe, touching at the points of Cherbourg and Spithead. During our stay at these ports advantage was taken of their proximity to Paris and London to indulge in a short visit to each. While in Paris I was fortunate in seeing a very notable gathering about the Arc de Triomphe of the crowned heads of Europe, who had been invited by Napoleon III to visit the Paris exposition. In the group were Alexander of Russia, King William of Prussia, Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Queen Isabella of Spain, Oscar of Sweden, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, then known as Plon-Plon, Emperor Napoleon himself, and several of the minor princes of Europe.

While at Cherbourg, during the same visit, the imperial yacht came into the harbor with the Empress Eugénie on board, and great was the demonstration in her honor by the French and foreign warships in port. I had the honor to meet her when she visited the flagship, *Franklin*. The empress was at the very height of her personal beauty and charm, and I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

In 1869 I was detached from the Academy and ordered to the steam-corvette *Benicia*, then fitting out at Portsmouth for service in China and Japan, as her executive officer. From the rumors then afloat regarding this duty, we who had been favored by these orders felt ourselves in luck. At least we felt sure that the cruise would not be monotonous. Nor was it.

In February we were ordered to join the fleet assembled at Portland, Maine, under command of Admiral Farragut, to receive the British ironclad *Monarch*, bearing home the remains of George Peabody, under escort of the U. S. S. *Plymouth*. Mr. Peabody had died in England. The significant element of this incident of service to me and to my fellow officers was a realization that this would probably be the last time we should see Admiral Farragut alive. His greetings to his former officers were cordial and affectionate. I felt then, as I saw him in broken health, that our great captain himself suspected that it was the last parade he would attend, and that to those of us who were bound to the furthestmost parts of the

globe it was his last farewell. And so it proved. He died in August of 1870 at Portsmouth, mourned by the nation his services had done so much to exalt.

In March, the *Benicia* was ordered to the China station, my second cruise to



Admiral Farragut's fleet passing the batteries at Port Hudson early in '63.—Gen. N. P. Banks (top), who, aided by the fleet, besieged and captured Port Hudson, July 9, 1863



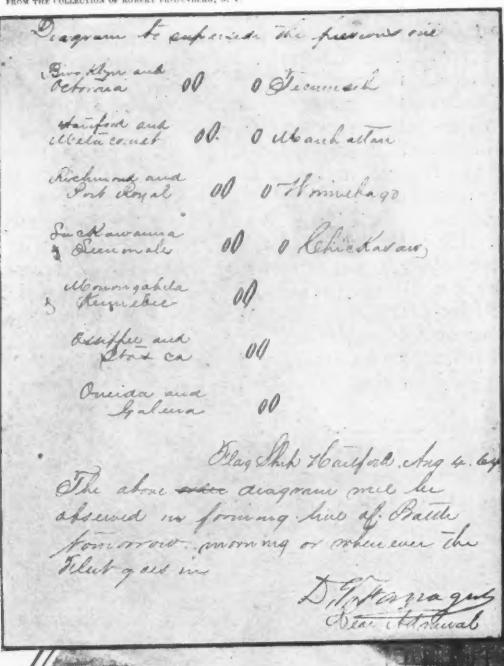
Portrait from the McBride Collection

General Forrest, Confederate cavalry leader, whose formula for winning battles was, "Get there first with the mostest men"

the land of the rising sun. Our orders included a stop at Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town, our commander being under orders to inquire, in South Africa, into the conditions existing in the Orange Free State. Application had been made to our government, by the authorities there, for recognition by us as a sovereign state. The port of Natal was our obvious destination to secure this information, but it so happened that the President of the Orange Free State was on a visit to Cape

Admiral Schley's Own Story

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT FRONBERG, N. Y.



FROM AN OLD PRINT

Facsimile of Admiral Farragut's diagram, never before published, giving the order in which his ships were to pass the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay.—Farragut's great battle, and victory, August 5, 1864, which closed Mobile Bay to the Confederacy

Town, when we reached there. He was equipped with all the information our government needed to justify its subsequent action in according this recognition to a friendly state.

Arriving at Singapore on July 29, 1870,

we fell in with the *Delaware*, bearing the flag of Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, then in command of our naval forces in the Far East, and here we heard for the first time of the Franco-German War. The first clashes had taken place along the border. The Emperor Napoleon had gone to the front with the Prince Imperial to join the French army under Marshal Mac-Mahon.

The shadow of this great impending war in Europe had spread over the East, and we who were on duty in the China seas were chiefly interested in the news that a massacre of many French nuns had occurred at Tien-Tsin, in north China, and that a general feeling of insecurity existed among all resident



FROM THE LIBRARY COLLECTION
Admiral Farragut, who, says Admiral Schley, "was my ideal of a great commander-in-chief"



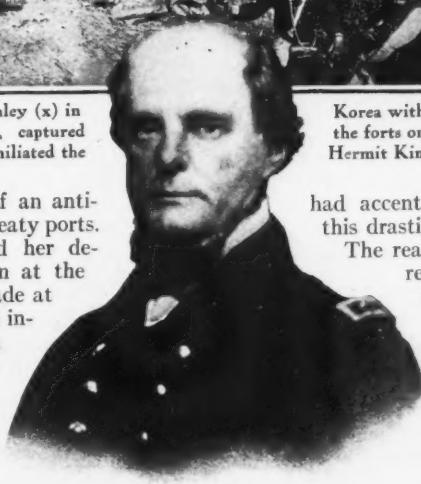
Lieutenant-Commander Schley (x) in hand-to-hand fight, captured humiliated the

foreigners, by reason of an anti-foreign feeling in the treaty ports. The *Benicia* hastened her departure for her station at the north. Calls were made at Swatow and Amoy, to investigate the feeling in those ports. We arrived at Shanghai late in August, and it was while we were there that we heard of the disastrous defeat of the French at Sedan.

It was with undisguised relief that the foreign residents of Shanghai welcomed a vessel of such power as the *Benicia*. Many of the foreign missionaries had fled hither from the interior, owing to the changed demeanor and unrest among the Chinese in the fields where they were laboring.

In September Admiral Rodgers joined us in the flagship *Colorado*, a powerful steam-frigate of fifty guns, and assumed command. Rumors that had been indefinite before we sailed from home now became more pronounced. The squadron was to have active service in Korean waters very soon. The troublesome agitation among the Chinese

Korea with the troops who, in a fierce fight on the Salée River and Hermit Kingdom



FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION

Admiral Rodgers, who commanded the expedition which punished the Koreans for the burning of the "General Sherman" and the massacre of her crew

had accentuated the necessity of this drastic action in Korea.

The reasons had been officially recorded by our government some years before, after the American schooner, *General Sherman*, had been wantonly destroyed in Korean waters and her captain and crew massacred. The slaughter of the crew and the burning of the vessel, for no other reason than that she had visited the Korean waters,

were well known throughout the Orient. The action taken by Korea against the *General Sherman* was so unprovoked and so unjustified that no nation could maintain its influence, or even its self-respect, unless it demanded an apology and indemnity, especially at a time when the hostile feeling of a large class in China was being outwardly manifested toward all foreigners.

As soon, therefore, as the excitement then prevailing in China had been allayed and assurances had been received from the Chinese authorities that all foreigners would be protected, Admiral Rodgers commenced

preparations for the squadron to proceed to Korea, the following year, 1871. Our squadron was assembled at Nagasaki in May, 1871. Accompanying the admiral on board his flagship were our minister plenipotentiary to China, the Hon. Frederick F. Low, two secretaries of legation, Mr. Drew and Mr. Cowles, and two Chinese interpreters. This signified that our visit to Korea would be unfriendly only if the Koreans forced such an issue upon the squadron, or were haughtily aggressive in their reception of us.

AVENGING THE GENERAL SHERMAN

Admiral Rodgers exhausted every peaceful means to negotiate with the Koreans in order to ascertain whether they could justify their destruction of the *General Sherman* a few years before, and the murder of her crew. But the emperor of Korea refused to give official recognition to the squadron's visit, saying that, if we were hungry, we could be supplied with food, providing we would leave Korean waters immediately, but that if we had come to change their customs we should find it difficult to overthrow the prejudices of 4000 years; that a people calling themselves French had once undertaken this, and we were respectfully referred to them for the details of what happened then.

As the forts guarding the approaches on the Salée River had fired upon a scouting party of our expedition which had been given permission to survey the river above in search of a safe anchorage for the squadron, and as this hostile act was not disavowed but endorsed by the Korean authorities as being in accord with the rules of the Korean Empire, which were to challenge anyone attempting to pass their gates, there was no honorable recourse left to us but to proceed against the offenders with all the force at hand. This Admiral Rodgers did at once, with his characteristic determination and daring. He directed a well-organized expedition composed of land and sea forces under the immediate command of Commander Homer C. Blake, with that splendid sailor Commander Lewis A. Kimberly in command of the forces to operate on land against the forts, which were several in number, defending the river above. This expedition, consisting of six hundred officers, blue-jackets, and marines, was landed on Saturday, June 10, 1871. The men were towed in small boats to the scene of action

by the gunboat *Palos*, escorted by the gunboat *Monocacy*, and landed directly under the lower fort, in the face of considerable opposition from the defenders. When the enemy had been driven from this position, it was near sundown, and too late for further operations that day in a country totally unknown to us and utterly devoid of military charts. Our troops were bivouacked for the night in readiness for battle on a plateau back of the lower fort, with their flanks covered by the guns of the *Monocacy* and the *Palos*. A strong skirmish line of marines under Captain McLane Tilton, was thrown out to guard a causeway leading from the plateau and fort across a morass.

As the first streaks of light appeared in the east, we broke camp and advanced to attack a second fort about a half-mile or more up the river. This attack was made from the rear, and so complete was the surprise that the enemy precipitately abandoned the fort, leaving their morning meal stewing in their camp-kettles. All their guns were disabled and dismounted, all buildings used as storehouses or quarters for troops were destroyed, all magazines for powder were blown up.

THE ATTACK ON THE SALÉE FORTS

It was Sunday morning, June 11, 1871. The weather was fine and clear, the sky almost cloudless, but the heat was stifling. A little beyond, in the elbow of the river, lay the citadel on elevated ground, with two or three forts below it, along the river front. To reach these it was necessary to turn inward across a morass to gain the higher ground above the river bottom. Much of this route had to be cleared by the sappers and miners in order to allow the movement, in columns of fours, that had to be made. If the enemy had actively contested this line of march in that formation it might have cost us many lives. Fortunately, their forces were not met until the bend of the river leading to the citadel had been reached. Here the right of our line, under Lieutenant-Commander Casey, was deployed and thrown forward to the attack.

The enemy's line was driven back successfully, and a prominent hill was seized, which cut the enemy's forces in two, and left both their wings virtually in the air. This position occupied by us, the enemy could neither advance to the relief of their citadel nor cut off our retreat if we were



DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN CAMERON

"Hastening to Lieutenant McKee, I was promptly assailed by one of the Koreans, who made a savage lunge at me with his lance, but succeeded only in pinning my coat-sleeve to the body of my coat. Gripping the handle of his lance with my left hand, I held him at bay until a well-aimed pistol-shot ended his career"

defeated in our assault upon it. Securing this point of vantage, and leaving Lieutenant-Commander Wheeler behind to hold it at all hazards, the main column, under Lieutenant-Commander Casey and myself, was advanced to assault the citadel.

The river forts were now abandoned by their defenders, who fled to the citadel for a final stand. The rifle-pits in our front were cleared at the point of the bayonet, and many battle-flags were captured. Gaining a position protected by the crest of a hill, the column was halted for rest, to fill canteens and cartridge-boxes for the work ahead.

By this time the citadel was filled with troops, who set up a weird chant, to encourage themselves, no doubt. Our men were enthusiastic and encouraged by the thought that "barking dogs rarely bite." They were ready and anxious for the fray.

Across a ravine about eighty feet deep lay the citadel, which had been bombarded by the guns of the *Monocacy* for an hour with splendid effect, until signaled to cease firing. Before ordering the assault, a position to the left and front of our own, cutting off the enemy's retreat up the river, was seized and occupied by Lieutenant-Commander Cassell with forty men and one section of artillery. Our troops being rested, the order to charge was given at 12.40 P. M. As our column appeared over the top of the hill, the enemy in the citadel opened fire upon us with jingals, which poured out a veritable hail of bullets. Onward down the ravine our column advanced at double-quick, under this galling fire, and up the opposite side with an enthusiasm and fearlessness characteristic of American seamen and marines.

MY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT WITH A KOREAN

With better arms, and cooler command, the enemy ought to have made havoc in our ranks, so entirely were we exposed to their musketry. There began at once a desperate hand-to-hand fight which lasted until about 1.30 P. M. when the enemy were driven from the citadel. Our assault was savagely contested by the Koreans, who stood their ground until driven away at the point of the bayonet.

At the beginning of the fight, Lieutenant Hugh W. McKee was mortally wounded, and fell at my side, on the parapet. In falling, he fell almost upon me, but in the smoke and din of battle I did not realize that he was wounded, but thought he had

stumbled until I saw him a few moments later lying on his back inside the citadel. Two Koreans were about to despatch him with long lances. Hastening to him, I was promptly assailed by one of these Koreans, who made a savage lunge at me with his lance, but succeeded only in pinning my coat-sleeve to the body of my coat. Gripping the handle of his lance with my left hand, I held him at bay until a well-aimed pistol-shot ended his career.

By this time, our officers and men had all gained the interior of the citadel, and the situation for us was well in hand. The enemy, seeing their flanks turned, their rear threatened, and their front driven back by our desperate bayonet charge, fell back and scattered in great confusion.

WE WIN A COMPLETE VICTORY

The rout then began in earnest. Their abandonment of the citadel, and their flight to the rear toward the causeway leading up the river, were universal. Many were killed in this retreat; others, in their demoralization, jumped over the cliffs to the rocks below, along the river front. Those who escaped this fate rushed blindly into the ground swept by Cassell's battery and riflemen, and most of these were killed in the hail of shot and bullets.

The enemy's force in Wheeler's front, seeing their comrades in the citadel overwhelmed and routed, fled precipitately, throwing away their arms, ammunition, armor covering—everything, in fact, which impeded rapid flight. With the enemy in the citadel utterly annihilated, and the force in Wheeler's front in full retreat, our victory was complete.

Our forces were then drawn together in the citadel. The dead were buried, the wounded cared for, the guns in the forts were disabled and dismounted, the magazines were blown up, and the grounds tidied up a bit. The expedition then settled down into bivouac for the night, with a strong picket-line on the hill on the opposite side of the ravines. Needless to say, there was no alarm or disturbance during the night, as the enemy were too demoralized to venture within sight or gunshot of our lines.

On the following Monday morning, the duty of our expedition having been fulfilled to the letter, and the insult to the flag avenged, we returned to our ships in tow of the *Monocacy*.

The next instalment of "*Admiral Schley's Own Story*" will appear in the March issue.

The Price She Paid

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR AND AGAINST LOVE

By David Graham Phillips

Author of "The Hungry Heart," "The Husband's Story," "The Grain of Dust," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Mildred Gower is the only daughter of an apparently rich man who died before he expected to and left his wife and daughter less than they had been used to spending in a year. When the family take stock of their resources they are appalled, and the decision is made for Mildred that, to reduce the drain upon their small amount of cash, she must marry. Instead, her mother, who continues to act rich, marries—a fortune-hunter who, fortunately, has a small but sure income. Angered by the way he has foisted himself, Presbury makes life miserable for the two women, especially Mildred, whom he declares he will not support. He insists that she get out and support herself, but she, brought up in luxury, can scarcely even dress herself. Her soul is filled with terror as she realizes that, in the matter of earning bread, there is only a step between herself and the women who ply an unnamable calling. Then the situation is saved by Presbury, who announces that he has met in town an old acquaintance, now a millionaire, who invited the family to Thanksgiving dinner. When he announces also that the man is looking for a wife, his intention is apparent—he expects Mildred to become a candidate, which she does. Presbury paints a most undesirable picture of General William Siddall, but Mildred declares she will marry him if she can. At the dinner, which is richly offensive, in his blatantly offensive mansion, the general's attitude toward Mildred is that of the connoisseur toward an art object, and she exhibits her charms as unfeelingly as he appraises them, while the mother fawns upon him. He lets it be known that he is willing to go on "if the goods are up to the sample." The weeks that he is investigating the history of the "goods" are made miserable to Mildred by bickerings at home; Presbury continually girding at her, so that even after the general at a second dinner has announced his readiness to "go on" she flares up and declares that unless he quits insulting her and the general she will give up and sell herself in the fashion not approved by society. Thereafter all goes smoothly, and the excitement of getting ready to marry a lavish lover carries her up to and through a magnificently gorgeous wedding.

Mildred now begins to pay the price of the riches she enjoys. She soon finds that she is a wife in name only. Her spirit rebels at this, and she decides to leave her husband. On board ship she meets Stanley Baird, a former suitor, who, after every other plan of livelihood has been abandoned, offers to finance a career for her in grand opera. Her first days in New York show her what it will cost to be free, especially when she can get no lodgings except in a boarding-house where no questions are asked and the couples "seem to be married." Baird calls upon her there, advises her to leave, renews his offer of assistance, and is met on leaving by the general, who has trailed her from Paris. She refuses to return to him, but since he has found her retreat she readily acquiesces in the plans which Baird's agent proposes to her.

As there was no reason for delay and many reasons against it, Mildred went at once to the address on the card Jennings had left. She found Mrs. Howell Brindley installed in a plain, comfortable apartment in Fifty-ninth Street, overlooking the park and high enough to make the noise of the traffic endurable. A Swedish maid, prepossessingly white and clean, ushered her into the little drawing-room, which was furnished with more simplicity and individual taste than is usual anywhere in New York, cursed of the mania for useless and tasteless showiness. There were no messy draperies no fussy statuettes, vases, gilt boxes, and the like. Mildred awaited the entrance of Mrs. Brindley hopefully.

She was not disappointed. Presently in came a quietly dressed, frank-looking woman of a young forty—a woman who had by no means lost her physical freshness, but had gained charm of another and more enduring kind. As she came forward with extended but not overeager hand she said,

"I was expecting you, Mrs. Siddall—that is, Miss Stevens."

"Mr. Jennings did not say when I was to come. If I am disturbing you—"

Mrs. Brindley hastened to assure her that her visit was quite convenient. "I must have some one to share the expense of this apartment with me, and I want the matter settled. Mr. Jennings has explained about you to me, and now that I've seen you—" here she smiled charmingly—"I am ready to say that it is for you to say."

Mildred did not know how to begin. She looked at Mrs. Brindley with appeal in her troubled young eyes.

"You no doubt wish to know something about me," said Mrs. Brindley. "My husband was a composer—a friend of Mr. Jennings. He died two years ago. I am here in New York to teach the piano. What the lessons will bring, with my small income, will enable me to live—if I can find some one to help out at the expenses here. As I understand it, you are willing to pay forty dollars a week, I to run the house, pay all

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the bills, and so on—all, of course, if you wish to come here."

Mildred made a not very successful attempt to conceal her embarrassment.

"Perhaps you would like to look at the apartment?" suggested Mrs. Brindley.

"Thank you, yes," said Mildred.

The tour of the apartment—two bed-rooms, dining-room, kitchen, sitting-room, large bath-room, drawing-room—took only a few minutes, but Mildred and Mrs. Brindley contrived to become much better acquainted. Said Mildred, when they were in the drawing-room again:

"It's most attractive—just what I should like. What—how much did Mr. Jennings say?"

"Forty dollars a week." She colored slightly and spoke with the nervousness of one not in the habit of discussing money matters. "I do not see how I could make it less. That is the fair share of the—"

"Oh, I think that is most reasonable," interrupted Mildred. "And I wish to come."

Mrs. Brindley gave an almost childlike sigh of relief and smiled radiantly. "Then it's settled," said she. "I've been so nervous about it." She looked at Mildred with friendly understanding. "I think you and I are somewhat alike about practical things. You've not had much experience, either, have you? I judge so from the fact that Mr. Jennings is looking after everything for you."

"I've had no experience at all," said Mildred. "That is why I'm hesitating. I'm wondering if I can afford to pay so much."

Mrs. Brindley laughed. "Mr. Jennings wished to fix it at sixty a week, but I insisted that forty was enough," said she.

Mildred colored high with embarrassment. How much did Mrs. Brindley know?—or how little? She stammered,

"Well, if Mr. Jennings says it is all right, I'll come."

"You'll let me know to-morrow? You can telephone Mr. Jennings."

"Yes, I'll let you know to-morrow. I'm almost sure I'll come. In fact, I'm quite sure. And—I think we shall get on well together."

"We can help each other," said Mrs. Brindley. "I don't care for anything in the world but music."

"I want to be that way," said Mildred. "I shall be that way."

"It's the only sure happiness—to care for something, for some *thing*," said Mrs. Brindley. "People die, or disappoint one, or become estranged. But when one centers on some kind of work, it gives pleasure always—more and more pleasure."

"I am so afraid I haven't voice enough, or of the right kind," said Mildred. "Mr. Jennings is going to try me on Saturday. Really I've no right to settle anything until he has given his opinion."

Mrs. Brindley smiled with her eyes only, and Mildred wondered.

"If he should say that I wouldn't do," she went on, "I'd not know which way to turn."

"But he'll not say that," said Mrs. Brindley. "You can sing, can't you? You have sung?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you'll be accepted by him. And it will take him a long time to find out whether you'll do for a professional."

"I'm afraid I sing very badly."

"That will not matter. You'll sing better than at least half of Jennings's pupils."

"Then he doesn't take only those worth while?"

Mrs. Brindley looked amused. "How would he live if he did that? It's a teacher's business to teach. Learning—that's the pupil's lookout. If teachers taught only those who could and would learn, how would they live?"

"Then I'll not know whether I'll do!" exclaimed Mildred.

"You'll have to find out for yourself," said Mrs. Brindley. "No one can tell you. Anyone's opinion might be wrong. For example, I've known Jennings, who is a very good judge, to be wrong—both ways." Hesitatingly: "Why not sing for me? I'd like to hear."

"Would you tell me what you honestly thought?" said Mildred.

Mrs. Brindley laughingly shook her head.

Mildred liked her honesty. "Then it'd be useless to sing for you," said she. "I'm not vain about my voice. I'd simply like to make a living by it, if I could. I'll even confess that there are many things I care for more than for music. Does that prove that I can never sing professionally?"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Brindley assured her. "It'd be strange if a girl of your age cared exclusively for music. The passion comes with the work, with progress, success. And



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"If you work intelligently and persistently you will sing, and sing well," said Mrs. Brindley. "That's a big if—as you'll discover in a year or so."

some of the greatest—that is, the most famous and best paid singers never care much about music, except as a vanity, and never understand it. A singer means a person born with a certain shape of mouth and throat, a certain kind of vocal chords. The rest may be natural or acquired. It's the instrument that makes the singer, not brains or temperament."

"Do let me sing for you," said Mildred. "I think it will help me."

Between them they chose a little French song—"Chanson d'Antonine"—and Mrs. Brindley insisted on her playing her own accompaniment. "I wish to listen," said she, "and I can't if I play."

Mildred was surprised at her own freedom from nervousness. She sang neither better nor worse than usual—sang in the clear and pleasant soprano which she flattered herself was not unmusical. When she finished she said:

"That's about as I usually sing. What do you think?"

Mrs. Brindley reflected before she replied: "I believe it's worth trying. If I were

you, I should keep on trying, no matter what anyone said."

Mildred was instantly depressed. "You think Mr. Jennings may reject me?" she asked.

"I know he will not," replied Mrs. Brindley. "Not as long as you can pay for the lessons. But I was thinking of the real thing—of whether you could win out as a singer."

"And you don't think I can?" said Mildred.

"On the contrary, I believe you can," replied Mrs. Brindley. "A singer means so much besides singing. The singing is the smallest part of it. You'll understand when you get to work. I couldn't explain now. But I can say that you ought to go ahead."

Mildred, who had her share of vanity, had hoped for some enthusiasm. Mrs. Brindley's judicial tone was a severe blow. She felt a little resentful, began to cast about for vanity-consoling reasons for Mrs. Brindley's restraint. "She means well," she said to herself, "but she's probably just a tiny bit jealous. She's not so young as she once

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was, and she hasn't the faintest hope of ever being anything more than a piano-teacher."

Mrs. Brindley showed that she had more than an inkling of Mildred's frame of mind by going on to say in a gentle, candid way: "I want to help you. So I shall be careful not to encourage you to believe too much in what you have. That would prevent you from getting what you need. You must remember, you are no longer a drawing-room singer, but a candidate for the profession. That's a very different thing."

Mildred saw that she was mistaken, that Mrs. Brindley was honest and frank and had doubtless told her the exact truth. But her vanity remained sore. Never before had anyone said any less of her singing than that it was wonderful, marvelous, equal to a great deal that passed for fine in grand opera. She had known that this was exaggeration, but she had not known how grossly exaggerated. Thus, this her first experience of the professional attitude was galling. Only her unusual good sense saved her from being angry with Mrs. Brindley. And it was that same good sense that moved her presently to try to laugh at herself. With a brave attempt to smile gaily she said:

"You don't realize how you've taken me down. I had no idea I was so conceited about my singing. I can't truthfully say I like your frankness, but there's a part of me that's grateful to you for it, and when I get over feeling hurt, I'll be grateful through and through."

Mrs. Brindley's face lighted up beautifully. "You'll *do!*" she cried. "I'm sure you'll do. I've been waiting and watching to see how you would take my criticism. That's the test—how they take criticism. If they don't take it at all, they'll not go very far, no matter how talented they are. If they take it as you've taken it, there's hope—great hope. Now, I'm not afraid to tell you that you sang splendidly for an amateur—that you surprised me."

"Don't spoil it all," said Mildred. "You were right; I can't sing."

"Not for grand opera, not for comic opera even," replied Mrs. Brindley. "But you will sing, and sing well, in one or the other, if you work."

"You really mean that?" said Mildred.

"If you work intelligently and persistently," said Mrs. Brindley. "That's a big if—as you'll discover in a year or so."

"You'll see," said Mildred confidently. "Why, I've nothing else to do, and no other hope."

Mrs. Brindley's smile had a certain sadness in it. She said,

"It's the biggest if in all this world."

V

AT Mrs. Belloc's Mildred found a telephone message from Jennings awaiting her; he would call at a quarter-past eight and would detain Miss Stevens only a moment. And at eight fifteen exactly he rang the bell. This time Mildred was prepared; she refused to be disconcerted by his abrupt manner and by his long sharp nose that seemed to warn away, to threaten away, even to thrust away any glance seeking to investigate the rest of his face or his personality. She looked at him candidly, calmly, and seeingly. Seeingly. With eyes that saw as they had never seen before. Perhaps from the death of her father, certainly from the beginning of Siddall's courtship, Mildred had been waking up. There is a part of our nature—the active and aggressive part—that sleeps all our lives long or becomes atrophied if we lead lives of ease and secure dependence. It is the important part of us, too—the part that determines character. The thing that completed the awakening of Mildred was her acquaintance with Mrs. Belloc. That positive and finely poised lady fascinated her, influenced her powerfully—gave her just what she needed at the particular moment. The vital moments in life are not the crises over which shallow people linger, but are the moments where we met and absorbed the ideas that enabled us to weather these crises. The acquaintance with Mrs. Belloc was one of those vital moments; for Mrs. Belloc's personality—her look and manner, what she said and the way she said it—was a proffer to Mildred of invaluable lessons which her awakening character eagerly absorbed.

She saw Jennings as he was. She decided that he was of common origin, that his vanity was colossal and aquiver throughout with sensitiveness; that he belonged to the familiar type of New Yorker who succeeds by bluffing. Also, she saw or felt a certain sexlessness or indifference to sex—and this she later understood. Men whose occupation compels them constantly to deal with women go to one extreme or the other—



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Mildred, waiting where the screen of bushes was securely thick, saw the taxi that had followed them flash by—in pursuit of Mrs. Belloc alone

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DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Miss Bristow switched from tears to fury. "You brute! You beast!" she shrieked

either become acutely sensitive to women as women or become utterly indifferent, unless their highly discriminative taste is appealed to—which cannot happen often. Jennings, teaching only women because only women spending money they had not earned and could not earn would tolerate his terms and his methods, had, as much through necessity as through inclination, gone to the extreme of lack of interest in all matters of sex. One look at him and the woman who had come with the idea of offering herself in full or part payment for lessons drooped in instinctive discouragement.

Jennings hastened to explain to Mildred that she need not hesitate about closing with Mrs. Brindley. "Your lessons are arranged for," said he. "There has been put in the Plaza Trust Company to your credit the sum of five thousand dollars. This gives you about a hundred dollars a week for your board and other personal expenses. If that is not enough, you will let me know. But I estimated that it would be enough. I do not think it wise for young women entering upon the preparations for a serious career to have too much money."

"It is more than enough," murmured the girl. "I know nothing about those things, but it seems to me—"

"You can use as little of it as you like," interrupted Jennings, rising.

Mildred felt as though she had been caught and exposed in a hypocritical protest. Jennings was holding out something toward her. She took it, and he went on:

"That's your check-book. The bank will send you statements of your account, and will notify you when any further sums are added. Now, I have nothing more to do with your affairs—except, of course, the artistic side—your development as a singer. You've not forgotten your appointment?"

"No," said Mildred, like a primary school child before a formidable teacher.

"Be prompt, please. I make no reductions for lessons wholly or partly missed. The half-hour I shall assign to you belongs to you. If you do not use it, that is your affair. At first you will probably be like all women—careless about your appointments, coming with lessons unprepared, telephoning excuses. But if you are serious you will soon fall into the routine."

"I shall try to be regular," murmured Mildred.

Jennings apparently did not hear. "I'm on my way to the opera-house," said he. "One of my old pupils is appearing in a new rôle, and she is nervous. Good night."

Once more that swift quiet exit, followed almost instantaneously by the sound of wheels rolling away. Never had she seen such rapidity of motion without loss of dignity. "Yes, he's a fraud," she said to herself, "but he's a good one."

The idea of a career had now become less indefinite. It was still without any attraction—not because of the toil it involved, for that made small impression upon her who had never worked and had never seen anyone work, but because a career meant cutting herself off from everything she had been brought up to regard as fit and proper for a lady. She was ashamed of this; she did not admit its existence even to herself, and in her talks with Baird about the career she had professed exactly the opposite view. Yet there it was—nor need she have been ashamed of a feeling that is instilled into women of her class from babyhood as part of their ladylike education. The career had not become definite. She could not imagine herself out on a stage in some sort of a costume, with a painted face, singing before an audience. Still, the career was less indefinite than when it had no existence beyond Stanley Baird's enthusiasm and her own whipped-up pretense of enthusiasm.

She shrank from the actual start, but at the same time was eager for it. Inaction began to fret her nerves, and she wished to be doing something to show her appreciation of Stanley Baird's generosity. She telephoned Mrs. Brindley that she would come in the morning, and then she told her landlady.

Mrs. Belloc was more than regretful; she was distressed. Said she: "I've taken a tremendous fancy to you, and I hate to give you up. I'd do most anything to keep you."

Mildred explained that her work compelled her to go.

"That's very interesting," said Mrs. Belloc. "If I were a few years younger, and hadn't spent all my energy in teaching school and putting through that marriage, I'd try to get on the stage, myself. I don't want to lose sight of you."

"Oh, I'll come to see you from time to time."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Belloc practically. "No more than I'd come to see you. Our lives lie in different directions, and in New York that means we'll never have time to meet. But we may be thrown together again, some time. As I've got a twenty years' lease on this house, I guess you'll have no trouble in finding me. I suppose I could look you up through Professor Jennings?"

"Yes," said Mildred. Then impulsively, "Mrs. Belloc, there's a reason why I'd like to change without anyone's knowing what has become of me—I mean, anyone that might be watching me."

"I understand perfectly," said Mrs. Belloc with a ready sympathy that made Mildred appreciate the advantages of the friendship of unconventional, knock-about people. "Nothing could be easier. You've got no luggage but that bag. I'll take it up to the Grand Central Station and check it. You can send for it when you please."

"But what about me?" said Mildred.

"I was coming to that. You walk out of here, say, about half an hour after I go in the taxi. You walk through to the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street—there aren't any cabs to be had there. I'll be waiting in the taxi, and we'll make a dash up the East Side and I can drop you at some quiet place in the park and go on—and you can walk to your new address. How does that strike you?"

Mildred expressed her admiration. The plan was carried out, as Mrs. Belloc—a born genius at all forms of intrigue—had evolved it in perfection on the spur of the moment. As they went up the far East Side Mrs. Belloc, looking back through the little rear window, saw a taxi a few blocks behind them. "We haven't given them the slip yet," said she, "but we will in the park." They entered the park at East Ninetieth Street, crossed to the West Drive. Acting on Mrs. Belloc's instructions, the motorman put on full speed—with due regard to the occasional policeman. At a sharp turning near the Mall, when the taxi could be seen from neither direction, he abruptly stopped. Out sprang Mildred and disappeared behind the bushes completely screening the walk from the drive. At once the taxi was under way again. She, waiting where the screen of bushes was securely thick, saw the taxi that had followed them in the East Side flash by—in pursuit of Mrs. Belloc alone.

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She was free—at least until some mischance uncovered her to the little general. At Mrs. Brindley's she found a note awaiting her—a note from Stanley Baird:

DEAR MILDRED:

I'm off for the Far West, and probably shall not be in town again until the early summer. The club forwards my mail and repeats telegrams as marked. Go in and win, and don't hesitate to call on me if you need me. No false pride *please!* I'm getting out of the way because it's obviously best for the present.

STANLEY.

As she finished, her sense of freedom was complete. She had not realized how uneasy she was feeling about Stanley. She did not doubt his generosity, did not doubt that he genuinely intended to leave her free, and she believed that his delicacy was worthy of his generosity. Still, she was constantly fearing lest circumstances should thrust them both—as much against his will as hers—into a position in which she would have to choose between seeming, not to say being, ungrateful, and playing the hypocrite, perhaps basely, with him. The little general eluded, Stanley voluntarily removed, she was indeed free. Now she could work with an untroubled mind, could show Mrs. Brindley that intelligent and persistent work—her “biggest if in all the world”—was in fact a very simple matter.

She had not been settled at Mrs. Brindley's many hours before she discovered that not only was she free from all hindrances, but was to have a positive and great help. Mrs. Brindley's talent for putting people at their ease was no mere drawing-room trick. She made Mildred feel immediately at home, as she had not felt at home since her mother introduced James Presbury into their house at Hanging Rock. Mrs. Brindley was absolutely devoid of pretenses. When Mildred spoke to her of this quality in her she said:

“I owe that to my husband. I was brought up like everybody else—to be more or less of a poser and a hypocrite. In fact, I think there was almost nothing genuine about me. My husband taught me to be myself, to be afraid of nobody's opinion, to show myself just as I was, and to let people seek or avoid me as they saw fit. He was that sort of man himself.”

“He must have been a remarkable man,” said Mildred.

“He was,” replied Mrs. Brindley. “But not attractive—at least not to me. Our marriage was a mistake. We quarreled

whenever we were not at work with the music. If he had not died, we should have been divorced.” She smiled merrily. “Then he would have hired me as his musical secretary, and we'd have got on beautifully.”

Mildred was still thinking of Mrs. Brindley's freedom from pretense. “I've never dared be myself,” confessed she. “I don't know what myself really is like. I was thinking the other day how for one reason and another I've been a hypocrite all my life. You see, I've always been a dependent—have always had to please some one in order to get what I wanted.”

“You can never be yourself until you have an independent income, however small,” said Mrs. Brindley. “I've had that joy only since my husband died. It's as well that I didn't have it sooner. One is the better for having served an apprenticeship at self-repression and at pretending to virtues one has not. Only those who earn their freedom know how to use it. If I'd had it ten or fifteen years ago I'd have been an intolerable tyrant, making everyone around me unhappy and therefore myself. The ideal world would be one where everyone was born free and never knew anything else. Then, no one being afraid of having to serve, everyone would have to be considerate in order to get himself tolerated.”

“I wonder if I really ever shall be able to earn a living?” sighed Mildred.

“You must decide that whatever you can make shall be for you a living,” said the older woman. “I have lived on my fixed income, which is under two thousand a year. And I am ready to do it again rather than tolerate anything or anybody that does not suit me.”

“I shall have to be extremely careful,” laughed Mildred. “I shall be a dreadful hypocrite with you.”

Mrs. Brindley smiled; but underneath, Mildred was—or perhaps felt—that her new friend was indeed not one to be trifled with. She said:

“You and I will get on. We'll let each other alone. We have to be more or less intimate, but we'll never be familiar.”

“If there is anything about me—about my life—that you wish me to explain, I shall be glad to do so,” said Mildred.

“I know all I wish to know,” replied Cyrilla Brindley. “Your face and your manner and your way of speaking tell me all the essentials.”



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Mildred flushed angrily. "I shall not begin until I *can* begin," said she. Jennings opened the door into the hall.
"Good day, Miss Stevens," he said with his abrupt bow



Howard Chandler Christy, 1910

DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Mildred sang for Stanley Baird. As the last note died away he cried out to Jennings.
"She's a wonder, isn't she?"

"Then you must not think it strange when I say I wish no one to know anything about me."

"It will be impossible for you entirely to avoid meeting people," said Cyrilla. "You must have some simple explanation about

yourself, or you will attract attention and defeat your object."

"Lead people to believe that I'm an orphan—perhaps of some obscure family—who is trying to get up in the world. That is practically the truth."

Mrs. Brindley laughed. "Quite enough for New York," said she. "It is not interested in facts. All the New-Yorker asks of you is, 'Can you pay your bills and help me pay mine?'"

Competent men are rare; but, thanks to the advantage of the male sex in having to make the struggle for a living, they are not so rare as competent women. Mrs. Brindley was the first competent woman Mildred had ever known. She had spent but a few hours with her before she began to appreciate what a bad atmosphere she had always breathed—bad for a woman who has her way to make in the world, or indeed for any woman not willing to be content as a mere more or less shiftless, more or less hypocritical and pretentious, dependent and parasite. Mrs. Brindley—well bred and well educated—knew all the little matters which Mildred had been taught to regard as the whole of a lady's education. But Mildred saw that these trifles were but a trifling incident in Mrs. Brindley's knowledge. She knew real things, this woman who was a thoroughgoing housekeeper and who trebled her income by giving music lessons a few hours a day to such pupils as she thought worth the teaching. When she spoke, she always said something—one of the first things noticed by Mildred, who, being too lazy to think except as her naturally good mind insisted on exercising itself, usually talked simply to kill time and without any idea of getting anywhere. But while Cyrilla—without in the least intending it—roused her to a painful sense of her own limitations, she did not discourage her. Mildred also began to feel that in this new atmosphere of ideas, of work, of accomplishment, she would rapidly develop into a different sort of person. It was extremely fortunate for her, thought she, that she was living with such a person as Cyrilla Brindley. In the old atmosphere, or with any taint of it, she would have been unable to become a serious person. She would simply have dawdled along, twaddling about "art" and seriousness and careers and sacrifice, content with the amateur's methods and the amateur's results—and deluding herself that she was making progress. Now—It was as different as public school from private school—public school where the mind is rudely stimulated, private school where it is sedulously mollycoddled. She had come out of the hothouse into the open.

At first she thought that Jennings was to be as great a help to her as Cyrilla Brindley. Certainly if ever there was a man with the air of a worker and a place with the air of a workshop, that man and that place were Eugene Jennings and his studio in Carnegie Hall. When Mildred entered, on that Saturday morning, at exactly half-past ten, Jennings—in a plain if elegant house-suit—looked at her, looked at the clock, stopped a girl in the midst of a burst of tremulous noisy melody.

"That will do, Miss Bristow," said he. "You have never sung it worse. You do not improve. Another lesson like this, and we shall go back and begin all over again."

The girl, a fattish, "temperamental" blonde, burst into tears.

"Kindly take that out into the hall," said Jennings coldly. "Your time is up. We cannot waste Miss Stevens's time with your hysterics."

Miss Bristow switched from tears to fury. "You brute! You beast!" she shrieked, and flung herself out of the room, slamming the door after her. Jennings took a book from a pile upon a table, opened it, and set it on a music-stand. Evidently Miss Bristow was forgotten—indeed, had passed out of his mind at half-past ten exactly, not to enter it again until she should appear at ten on Monday morning. He said to Mildred:

"Now, we'll see what you can do. Begin."

"I'm a little nervous," said Mildred with a shy laugh. "If you don't mind, I'd like to wait till I've got used to my surroundings."

Jennings looked at her. The long sharp nose seemed to be rapping her on the forehead like a woodpecker's beak on the bark of the tree. "Begin," he said, pointing to the book.

Mildred flushed angrily. "I shall not begin until I *can* begin," said she. The time to show this man that he could not treat her brutally was at the outset.

Jennings opened the door into the hall. "Good day, Miss Stevens," he said with his abrupt bow.

Mildred looked at him; he looked at her. Her lip trembled, the hot tears flooded and blinded her eyes. She went unsteadily to the music-stand and tried to see the notes of the exercises. Jennings closed the door and seated himself at the far end of the room. She began—a ridiculous attempt.

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She stopped, gritted her teeth, began again. Once more the result was absurd, but this time she was able to keep on, not improving, but maintaining her initial off-key quavering. She stopped.

"You see," said she. "Shall I go on?"

"Don't stop again until I tell you to, please," said he.

She staggered and stumbled and somersaulted through two pages of *do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si*. Then he held up his finger.

"Enough," said he.

Silence, an awful silence. She recalled what Mrs. Belloc had told her about him, what Mrs. Brindley had implied. But she got no consolation. She said timidly, appealingly:

"Really, Mr. Jennings, I can do better than that. Won't you let me try a song?"

"God forbid!" said he. "You can't stand. You can't breathe. You can't open your mouth. Naturally, you can't sing."

She dropped to a chair.

"Take the book, and go over the same thing, sitting," said he.

She began to remove her wraps.

"Just as you are," he commanded. "Try to forget yourself. Try to forget me. Try to forget what a brute I am, and what a wonderful singer you are. Just open your mouth and throw the notes out."

She was rosy with rage. She was reckless. She sang. At the end of three pages he stopped her with an enthusiastic hand-clapping. "Good! Good!" he cried. "I'll take you. I'll make a singer of you. Yes, yes, there's something to work on."

The door opened. A tall thin woman with many jewels and a superb fur wrap came gliding in. Jennings looked at the clock. The hands pointed to eleven. Said he to Mildred:

"Take that book with you. Practice what you've done to-day. Learn to keep your mouth open. We'll go into that further next time." He was holding the door open for her. As she passed out, she heard him say:

"Ah, Mrs. Roswell. We'll go at that third song first."

The door closed. Reviewing all that had occurred, Mildred decided that she must revise her opinion of Jennings. A money-maker he no doubt was. And why not? Did he not have to live? But a teacher also, and a great teacher. Had he not destroyed her vanity at one blow, demolished

it?—yet without discouraging her. And he went straight to the bottom of things—very different from any of the teachers she used to have when she was posing in drawing-rooms as a person with a voice equal to the most difficult opera, if only she weren't a lady and therefore not forced to be a professional singing person. Yes, a great teacher—and in deadly earnest. He would permit no trifling! How she would have to work!

And she went to work with an energy she would not have believed she possessed. He instructed her minutely in how to stand, in how to breathe, in how to open her mouth and keep it open, in how to relax her throat and leave it relaxed. He filled every second of her half-hour; she had never before realized how much time half an hour was, how use could be made of every one of its eighteen hundred seconds. She went to hear other teachers give lessons, and she understood why Jennings could get such prices; could treat his pupils as he saw fit. She became an extravagant admirer of him as a teacher, thought him a genius, felt confident that he would make a great singer of her. With the second lesson she began to progress rapidly. In a few weeks she amazed herself. At last she was really singing. Not in a great way, but in the beginnings of a great way. Her voice had many times the power of her drawing-room days. Her notes were full and round, and came without an effort. Her former ideas of what constituted facial and vocal expression now seemed ridiculous to her. She was now singing without making those dreadful faces which she had once thought charming and necessary. Her lower register, always her best, was almost perfect. Her middle register—the test part of a voice—was showing signs of strength and steadiness and evenness. And she was fast getting a real upper register, as distinguished from the forced and shrieky high notes that pass as an upper register with most singers, even opera singers. After a month of this marvelous forward march, she sang for Mrs. Brindley—sang the same song she had essayed at their first meeting. When she finished, Mrs. Brindley said:

"Yes, you've done wonders. I've been noticing your improvement as you practised. You certainly have a very different voice and method from those you had a month ago," and so on through about five

minutes of critical and discriminating praise.

Mildred listened, wondering why her dissatisfaction, her irritation, increased as Mrs. Brindley praised on and on. Beyond question Cyrilla was sincere, and was saying even more than Mildred had hoped she would say. Yet—Mildred sat moodily measuring off octaves on the keyboard of the piano. If she had been looking at her friend's face she would have flared out in anger, for Cyrilla Brindley was taking advantage of her abstraction to observe her with friendly sympathy and sadness. Presently she concealed this candid expression and said,

"You are satisfied with your progress, aren't you, Miss Stevens?"

Mildred flared up angrily. "Certainly!" replied she. "How could I fail to be?"

Mrs. Brindley did not answer—perhaps because she thought no answer was needed nor expected. But to Mildred her silence somehow seemed a denial.

"If you can only keep what you've got—and go on," said Mrs. Brindley.

"Oh, I shall, never fear," retorted Mildred.

"But I do fear," said Mrs. Brindley. "I think it's always well to fear until success is actually won. And then there's the awful fear of not being able to hold it."

After a moment's silence Mildred, who could not hide away resentment against one she liked, said, "Why aren't *you* satisfied, Mrs. Brindley?"

"But I am satisfied," protested Cyrilla. "Only it makes me afraid to see *you* so well satisfied. I've seen that often in people first starting, and it's always dangerous. You see, my dear, you've got a straight-away hundred miles to walk. Can't you see that it would be possible for you to become too much elated by the way you walked the first part of the first mile?"

"Why do you try to discourage me?" said Mildred.

Mrs. Brindley colored. "I do it because I want to save you from despair a little later," said she. "But that is foolish of me. I shall only irritate you against me. I'll not do it again. And please don't ask my opinion. If you do, I can't help showing exactly what I think."

"Then you don't think I've done well?" cried Mildred.

"Indeed you have," replied Cyrilla warmly.

"Then I don't understand. What *do* you mean?"

"I'll tell you, and then I'll stop, and you must not ask my opinion again. We live too close together to be able to afford to criticize each other. What I meant was this: You have done well the first part of the great task that's before you. If you had done it any less well, it would have been folly for you to go on."

"That is, what I've done doesn't amount to anything? Mr. Jennings doesn't agree with you."

"Doubtless he's right," said Mrs. Brindley. "At any rate, we all agree that you have shown that you have a voice."

She said this so simply and heartily that Mildred could not but be mollified. Mrs. Brindley changed the subject to the song Mildred had sung, and Mildred stopped puzzling over the mystery of what she had meant by her apparently enthusiastic words, which had yet diffused a chill atmosphere of doubt.

She was doing her scale so well that she became impatient of such "tiresome child's play." And presently Jennings gave her songs, and did not discourage her when she talked of rôles, of getting seriously at what, after all, she intended to do. Then there came a week of vile weather, and Mildred caught a cold. She neglected it. Her voice left her. Her tonsils swelled. She had a bad attack of ulcerated sore throat. For nearly three weeks she could not take a single one of the lessons, which were, nevertheless, paid for. Jennings rebuked her sharply.

"A singer has no right to be sick," said he.

"You have a cold yourself," retorted she.

"But I am not a singer. I've nothing that interferes with *my* work."

"It's impossible not to take cold," said Mildred. "You are unreasonable with me."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Go get well," he said.

The sore throat finally yielded to treatment, but while the swelling in the tonsils subsided it did not depart. She could take lessons again. Some days she sang as well as ever, and on those days Jennings was charming. Other days she sang atrociously, and Jennings treated her as if she were doing it deliberately. A third and worse state was that of the days when she in the same half-hour alternately sang well and badly. On those days Jennings acted

like a lunatic. He raved up and down the studio, all but swearing at her. At first she was afraid of him—withered under his scorn, feared he would throw open his door and order her out and forbid her ever to enter again. But gradually she came to understand him—not enough to lose her fear of him altogether, but enough to lose the fear that he would give up so profitable a pupil.

The truth was that Jennings, like every man who succeeds at anything in this world, operated upon a system to which he rigidly adhered. He was a man of small talent and knowledge, but of great persistence and not a little common sense. He had tried to be a singer, had failed because his voice was small and unreliable. He had adopted teaching singing as a means of getting a living. He had learned just enough about it to enable him to teach the technical elements—what is set down in the books. By observing other and older teachers he had got together a teaching system that was as good—and as bad—as any, and this he dubbed the Jennings Method and proceeded to exploit as the only one worth while. When that method was worked out and perfected, he ceased learning, ceased to give a thought to the professional side of his profession. The money was all in studying and learning how better to handle the women—they were all women who came to him for instruction. His common sense warned him at the outset that the obviously easygoing teacher would not long retain his pupils. On the other hand, he saw that the really severe teacher would not retain his pupils, either.

Who were these pupils? In the first place, they were all ignorant, for people who already know do not go to school to learn. They had the universal delusion that a teacher can teach. The fact is that a teacher is a well. Some wells are full, others almost dry. Some are so arranged that water cannot be got from them, others have attachments of various kinds, making the drawing of water more or less easy. But not from the best well with the latest pump attachment can one get a drink unless one does the drinking oneself. A teacher is merely a well. The pupil must not only draw the water, but also drink it, must not only teach himself, but also learn what he teaches. Now we are all of us born thirsty for knowledge, and nearly all

of us are born both capable of teaching ourselves and capable of learning what we teach; that is, of retaining and assimilating it. There is such a thing as artificially feeding the mind, just as there is such a thing as artificially feeding the body; but while everyone knows that artificial feeding of the body is a success only to a limited extent and for a brief period, everyone believes that the artificial feeding of the mind is not only the best method, but the only method. Nor does the discovery that the mind is simply the brain, is simply a part of the body, subject to the body's laws, seem materially to have lessened this fatuous delusion.

Some of Jennings's pupils—not more than two of the forty-odd—were in genuine earnest; that is, those two were educating themselves to be professional singers, were determined so to be, had limited time and means and endless capacity for work. Others of the forty—about half—thought they were serious, though in fact the idea of a career was more or less hazy. They were simply taking lessons and toiling aimlessly along, not less aimlessly because they indulged in vague talk and vaguer thought about a career. Jennings got very little from the deeply and genuinely serious. One of them he taught free, taking promissory notes for the lessons. But he held on to them because when they finally did teach themselves to sing and arrived at fame, his would be part of the glory—and glory meant more and more pupils of the paying kinds. His large income came from the other two kinds of pupils, the larger part of it from the kind that had no seriousness in them. His problem was how to keep all these paying pupils and also keep his reputation as a teacher. In solving that problem he evolved a method that was the true Jennings method. He was harsh to brutality when he saw fit to be so—or, rather, when he deemed it wise to be so. Yet never had he lost a paying pupil through his harshness. These were fashionable women—most delicate, sensitive ladies—at whom he swore. They wept, stayed on, advertised him as a "wonderful serious teacher who won't stand any nonsense and doesn't care a hang whether you stay or go—and he can teach absolutely anybody to sing!" He knew how to be gentle without seeming to be so; he knew how to flatter without uttering a single word that did not seem to be reluctant praise or savage criti-

cism; he knew how to make a lady with a little voice work enough to make a showing that would spur her to keep on and on with him; he knew how to encourage a rich woman with no more song than a peacock until she would come to him three times a week for many years—and how he did make her pay for what he suffered in listening to the hideous squawkings and yelpings she inflicted upon him!

Mildred did not penetrate far into the secret of the money-making branch of the Jennings method. It was crude enough, too. But are not all the frauds that fool the human race crude? Human beings both cannot and will not look beneath surfaces. All Mildred learned was that Jennings did not give up paying pupils. She had not confidence enough in this discovery to put it to the test. She did not dare disobey him or shirk—even when she was most disposed to do. But gradually she ceased from that intense application she had at first brought to her work. She kept up the forms. She learned her lessons. She did all that was asked. She seemed to be toiling as in the beginning. In reality, she became by the middle of spring a mere lesson-taker. Her interest in clothes and in going about revived. She saw in the newspapers that General Siddall had taken a party of friends on a yachting trip around the world, so she felt that she was no longer being searched for, at least not vigorously. She became acquainted with smart, rich West Side women, taking lessons at Jennings's. She amused herself going about with them and with the "musical" men they attracted—amateur and semi-professional singers and players upon instruments. She drew Mrs. Brindley into their society. They had little parties at the flat in Fifty-ninth Street—the most delightful little parties imaginable—dinners and suppers, music, clever conversations, flirtation of a harmless but fascinating kind. If anyone had accused Mildred of neglecting her work, of forgetting her career, she would have grown indignant, and, if Mrs. Brindley had overheard, she would have been indignant for her. Mildred worked as much as ever. She was making excellent progress. She was doing all that could be done. It takes time to develop a voice, to make an opera-singer. Forcing is dangerous, when it is not downright useless.

In May—toward the end of the month—

Stanley Baird returned. Mildred, who happened to be in unusually good voice that day, sang for him at the Jennings studio, and he was enchanted. As the last note died away he cried out to Jennings,

"She's a wonder, isn't she?"

Jennings nodded. "She's got a voice," said he.

"She ought to go on next year."

"Not quite that," said Jennings. "We want to get that upper register right first. And it's a young voice—she's very young for her age. We must be careful not to strain it."

"Why, what's a voice for if not to sing with?" said Stanley.

"A fine voice is a very delicate instrument," replied the teacher. He added coldly, "You must let me judge as to what shall be done."

"Certainly, certainly," said Stanley in haste.

"She's had several colds this winter and spring," pursued Jennings. "Those things are dangerous until the voice has its full growth. She should have two months' complete rest."

Jennings was going away for a two months' vacation. He was giving this advice to all his pupils.

"You're right," said Baird. "Did you hear, Mildred?"

"But I hate to stop work," objected Mildred. "I want to be doing something. I'm very impatient of this long wait."

And honest she was in this protest. She had no idea of the state of her own mind. She fancied she was still as eager as ever for the career, as intensely interested as ever in the work. She did not dream of the real meaning of her content with her voice as it was, of her lack of uneasiness over the appalling fact that such voice as she had was unreliable, came and went for no apparent reason.

"Absolute rest for two months," declared Jennings grimly. "Not a note until I return in August."

Mildred gave a resigned sigh.

There is much inveighing against hypocrisy, a vice unsightly rather than desperately wicked. And in the excitement about it, its dangerous, even deadly near kinsman, self-deception, escapes unassailed. Seven cardinal sins; but what of the eighth?—the parent of all the others, the one beside which the children seem almost white?



Charles Dickens in 1867

"Bill Sikes"

"Squeers"

NEW FACTS ABOUT THE REAL

Charles Dickens

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This intimate article from the pen of Mary Angela Dickens, granddaughter of the great novelist and herself a novelist and essayist of wide note, narrating her memories and impressions of her famous grandfather, constitutes one of the most interesting contributions to Dickens literature that has yet been given to the world. This is the second article on Charles Dickens giving new points of view on the life of the great Victorian by relatives and close personal friends.

My Grandfather as I Knew Him

By Mary Angela Dickens

THE great place which my grandfather holds in my memory—and few people could realize how great it is—is filled by an immense personality, a personality so dominating that it affected everything and everybody with whom it came in contact; that the world in which he moved, so to speak, existed only in order that he might so move at his good pleasure.

All my personal recollections of my grand-

father—all but one, that is to say—belong to his last and best loved home, Gad's Hill—my own home for years after his death. Most people know the story of his childish love and admiration for the house, how, as "a very queer small boy," he used to walk from his home in Chatham to stand and look at it, and how he resolved that in some far-off and utterly inexplicable future he would himself live in it.

It was on March 14th, four years before

his death, that he wrote: "This day I have paid the purchase-money for Gad's Hill Place. After drawing the check I turned round to give it to Wills, and said: 'Now, isn't it an extraordinary thing—look at the day—Friday! I have been nearly drawing it half a dozen times, when the lawyers have not been ready, and here it comes round upon a Friday, as a matter of course!'" Friday, in his opinion, was his lucky day, and certainly it was a lucky day indeed which put him in possession of the home that became so dear to him.

His great delight—very significant of his restless and inventive mind—was to make improvements in his property. One of the first was the sinking of a well and the installing of a horse-pump, and in connection with this work he writes in September the following delightfully resigned appreciation of the methods of the British workman, "Five men have been looking attentively at the pump for a week, and (I should hope) may begin to fit it in the course of October." In addition to the pump, came a new drawing-room, two bedrooms, and a rearrangement of the ground floor. Whenever an improvement was completed his younger daughter, who lived in London, and who was often at Gad's Hill, used to come down and inspect, and on each and every occasion my grandfather would say to her, very seriously and in the utmost good faith, "No, Katie, you behold your parent's latest and last achievement." One of the achievements was the lining of the walls and doors of the drawing-room with mirrors, and on this occasion my younger aunt, laughing at him, said, "I believe, papa, that when you become an angel your wings will be made of looking-glass and your crown of scarlet geraniums."

Scarlet geraniums were my grandfather's favorite flowers, and the garden of Gad's Hill blazed with them when the master lay there dead.

It was indeed a "last improvement" that gave him one of the final pleasures of his life. This was a conservatory which opened into both dining-room and drawing-room; "Glass and iron," as he described it, "brilliant but expensive, with foundations as of an ancient work of horrible solidity." On the last Sunday before his death he saw it first in a completed state, and he said to his daughter, who had come from town on purpose to see it, "Well, Katie, now you see *positively* the last improvement at Gad's Hill!" It was the repetition of the old joke,



A unique portrait of Charles Dickens made in 1867

and everybody laughed, not knowing that it was in sober truth the very last.

To write of Gad's Hill is not easy to me, because I grew up there, and I loved it. But even in those later days, at an age when youth is least impressionable, the memory of my grandfather which it held was always one of its charms for me—though at the time a somewhat terrible charm. I had heard my father speak of his arrival at the house on the morning of that 9th of June, of how he sat, I think with Katie, on the steps of the conservatory later in the day, waiting for the inevitable end. The scent of syringa was heavy in the air, and my father would never have the flower near him afterward. Consequently there were certain places which were always haunted for me, and as year after year the 9th of June came round and dinner was served anywhere—in the large square hall, in the garden, in the library—but in the dining-room, the impression remained always fresh.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WORK-ROOM

My recollections of Gad's Hill during my grandfather's lifetime are all, except one, of winter weather. I remember going with my great-aunt to the chalet, probably to renew the flowers which always stood upon his table, and the leaves were green about the little place, and the sun shone in, and the birds were singing. This is the only recollection I have of going into the chalet, which I regarded with awe as a place where mysterious doings took place, but I can see the room in which my grandfather wrote as clearly at this moment as though I had just stepped out of it. This chalet was sent to him by Fechter, the actor, in ninety-four pieces, which had to be put together like a puzzle. My grandfather wrote of it:

"I have put five mirrors in the chalet where I write, and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are shivering at the windows, the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open window, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

His remarkable tidiness—apparent in all his doings, and insisted upon throughout his household—was nowhere more apparent than in the arrangement of his writing-table. There were certain little objects which he always took with him when he changed his quarters for any length of time, and these were invariably set out in the same order and with the most absolute precision. In one of his letters he alludes with much satisfaction to having performed this ceremony immediately on his arrival at one of his temporary homes.

I have been told that my grandfather took pleasure in having my little brother and myself trotting beside him as he walked about the place, and that as a very minute child with a very large muff which involved great solemnity of demeanor, I appealed to his sense of humor. Remembering some of his letters to children, that seems quite possible. I can distinctly recollect the thrill of speechless delight with which I received a message in a letter from America, thanking me for some violets which he had received as coming from me. I hope I sent them, and I always wish I could remember doing so. But honesty obliges me to say that I do not. It is one of my regrets that he never wrote to me.

Four distinct pictures of my grandfather hold their places in my memory, and, oddly enough, each one of the four reflects more or less definitely a different phase of his many-sided character.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT GAD'S HILL

In the first I see the dining-room at Gad's Hill, and a large dinner-party in progress. It is very gay and very glittering, many flowers, much glass, much silver, and everyone is in great good humor. I think it must be Christmas Day, as I can imagine no other reason for the presence on the scene of my little brother and myself. My little brother—a mere mite, a great favorite and innocent of the "seen and not heard" adage—said or did something which caught my grandfather's attention. I can see the figure at the head of the table standing with his glass in his hand, alert, laughing, full of the zest of the moment, and pausing for an instant to say something to the little boy—something which I probably did not understand, and certainly do not remember—which was received with peals of laughter, in which the child joined glee-

One of the best portraits ever
when he was editor

made of Dickens. It was taken
of *Household Words*



fully
without
the faint-
est idea what
it was all about!

Here then is the
social Charles Dickens,
the delightful companion
whose friends invariably for-
got that he had ever writ-
ten anything, so great
was the charm of his
capacity for enjoyment,
so great was his gift
for causing those about
him to enjoy. He talked
well, because he was so
full of spirit, and so keenly
observant, and because his
sense of humor was wholly
irrepressible. But he
never talked other-
wise than naturally
and unaffectedly, and
he was never bookish.

My second picture
always makes me
smile a little. It re-
minds me of a passage



in one
of his
letters

from America—con-
taining a phrase, "a'cream
of joy," much quoted in
the long ago by my aunt.

"There is a child in this
house," he wrote, "a
little girl, to whom I
presented a black doll
when I was last here.

"When you sent it
up to me by the
colored boy," she
said after receiv-
ing it, "I gave such
a 'cream that ma
came running in
and 'creamed
too, 'cos she fort
I'd hurt myself. But
I 'creamed a 'cream
of joy.' She had a
friend to play with
her that day, and

My Grandfather as I Knew Him

brought the friend with her—to my infinite confusion. A friend all stockings and much too tall, who sat on the sofa with her stockings sticking stiffly out in front of her, and glared at me, and never spake a word. Dolly found us confronted in a sort of fascination like serpent and bird."

Now I hope I need not apply to myself the description of the friend—I was certainly not too tall, and I wore socks. I also hope I did not glare. But in my second picture, my grandfather and I are certainly confronting one another with an awful fascination. My grandfather is standing in front of a red and roaring fire—again in the dining-room at Gad's Hill. There is a very high and a very narrow mantelpiece, and he is framed, so to speak, against the background of cheery flame. On either side of the fireplace is a window, through which the garden, covered with snow, can be seen. My grandfather, handsome, alert, but for the moment a little at a loss, looks down at me. I, a very small girl in a pinafore, look up at him. And I am afraid I emulate the friend, inasmuch as I never speak a word! For it is an occasion, and I have been sent into the room, alone, with the impression strong upon me that something tremendous is going to happen to me—my grandfather is going to give me a Christmas present himself. The present was one of the few children's annuals of those days—the "Child's Prize," and I do not doubt that my aunt had bought it, and had asked him to perform the ceremony of its bestowal. And my grandfather either was not in spirits that morning, or else my preternatural solemnity seemed to demand

Thursday afternoon

27 Decr 1861

I saw the review of
the French Play this morning,
and immediately perceived that
the Readers had cut and named
you. all I know about these
gentlemen is, that there are
plenty of them, and that they
are well paid—unless I add
after that they are the
very worst I ever have had

For a very brief period Charles Dickens was editor of a London daily newspaper. It shows a side of the great novelist with which the world is not accustomed to associate. Dickens's breadth of mind in his effort to see that a fellow-journalist

a return in kind. So there we stood, the presentation being made, and I always wonder how the interview closed! It seems that it might have gone on interminably.

My grandfather's charm in a sick-room is well known, but I must emphasize it, because it forms the frame-work of my third picture. On one of my visits to Gad's Hill, running about where I should not have been allowed to go, I fell over a sauce-pan of boiling water. Dinner was going on, and my nurse, frightened at the result of her shortcomings, dared not disturb my aunt,

anything does with in my life
 I have laid in a chaldron or
 bin of coals, and will haul
 your reader over them this
 evening.

I will communicate
 with you in reference to the
 other matter, as soon as I have
 had a minutes' leisure.

Yours etc

in the full town

Charles Dickens

William Hazlitt ~~you~~

Paper, and while in that office he wrote the above letter to William Hazlitt. The letter is one of righteous indignation, and it reveals received literary justice, thwarted by some "copy"—mutilating underling

and accordingly put me to bed, and told me not to cry! My aunt, coming to see me after dinner, instantly discovered my unhappy plight, but to my astonishment it was my grandfather who appeared at my bedside and "made me better." And through the unhappy days that followed—for I was badly scalded—the faith that he would always "make me better" never left me.

In the course of those days he had to go to London, and my childish misery was great. I "hurt dreadfully," no one knew

how much, and no one could possibly know, until "Venerables"—our childish name for him—came back. I can remember the joy of hearing the pony-carriage which brought him from the station drive into the yard, and can see him, almost immediately afterward, coming into the room to me—a little invalid, waiting in perfect confidence to be "made better."

Of my grandfather's art as a reader I have, of course, nothing to say, though my last picture of him is at one of his readings. Everything possible has been said many times over by those well qualified to speak. But I like much to think of his most personal delight in his success and the manner in which he bore himself under it. Says Mr. Forster: "Of his hearty, undisguised, and unmistakable enjoyment of his astonishing and indeed quite bewildering popularity, there can be as little doubt as that there was not a particle of vanity in it, any more than of false modesty. . . . Few men in the world, one fancies, could have gone through such grand displays of fireworks, not merely with so marvelous an absence of

call pose, but unsullied by the smoke of a cracker. No man's strong individuality was ever so free from conceit." These words were written in connection with what Mr. Forster calls "the universal blazing up of America." But my grandfather loved his less sensational English popularity quite as dearly. It was the personal note, the personal affection, always, that appealed to him. It was my father, I think, who was determined that I should be taken to one of the last series of readings; and he very naturally chose for me the "Christmas Carol."

My Grandfather as I Knew Him



From left to right: Mr. H. F. Chorley, Miss Kate Dickens, Miss Mamie Dickens, Charles Dickens (in a white bowler), C. A. Collings (reading), and Miss Georgina Hogarth. The group is at the entrance to Gad's Hill

Curiously enough, I was not in the least elated at such an unusual form of "treat"—I think the necessity for being very good must have been unduly impressed upon me! But I never went into the St. James's Hall in after years without looking at the place where I sat on that occasion, and feeling again the half-frightened expectation of I knew not what, which I felt then. I see my grandfather now, as I saw him then, standing

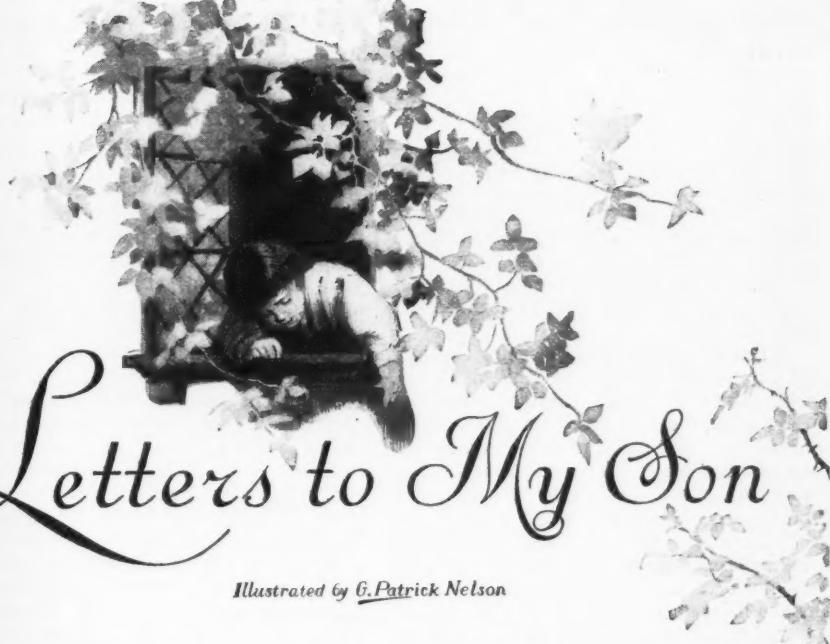
at the little table, not "Venerables" at all, but a terrible and unknown personage, a long way off, quite unaware of my existence and speaking in unknown voices. And I count among the most dreadful moments of my childish existence the moment when "Venerables" cried.

There is an element of distress in my last picture, but there is a smile in it, too. And I am always glad I have it—that I have that one impression of my grandfather in connection with the public that loved him, and loves him still. I think there is no man for whom has been so fully answered the prayer which he himself wrote in "The Haunted Man,"

"Lord, keep my memory green!"



A rare portrait of Charles Dickens, made in his study at Gad's Hill in 1865



Letters to My Son

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Do you know of love that surpasses mother-love—dreams of success more heartfelt and love-laden than a mother's for her son? In this story a mother plans the career of her son not yet born—his home life, boyhood, young manhood up to the time when comes the inevitable separation in the choice of a life-companion. There is tenderness and pathos in the story—perhaps a bit of a tug at your heart-strings. Just read it and see

HERE is a tiny little room off your day nursery that was at first going to be made into another cupboard for the keeping of your linen. It is called the powder-closet, and was used by the bygone ladies who hang in their gilt frames upon the dining-room walls, for the powdering of their magnificently pillowed hair. I can imagine them, can't you, beloved? sitting swathed in sheets with their eyes tightly squeezed and their faces twisted up (like you when the barber is cropping you) while a dexterous handmaiden or a visiting *coiffeur* dabbed and puffed at the wonderful creations upon their heads. They look dears in their pictures, but they must have had rather a dull time of it when they lived in the country. They could never walk hatless along the windy ridges of the hills to watch the sun drop down or couch themselves upon the rug before the fire on winter nights with their heads against their Olivers' knees. They must have looked

just too lovely for anything in the dark paneled rooms with a hundred wax candles lighting up the splendors of their velvets and brocades and jewels; and in the daytime, too, when they had their fêtes and walked the lawns in satin petticoats with looped-up gowns of painted muslin. And I'm very grateful to them for having had their portraits painted so, but I'm glad I belong to this time, when we wear coats and skirts in the day, and I can go with Oliver wherever he may go, yet be as gaudy and as fine as they when night comes on with all the ease and comfort in the world.

The little room where they spent so much time



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"dolling" themselves, as old Nanny would say, is going to be turned into a *museum*, and Oliver and old Jonas are busy getting it ready with all their hands and with all their hearts. Old Jonas is a real carpenter and lives upon the place, and Oliver knows a good deal about it, although I don't think he's ever earned any money by it, so, between the two, with me to interfere, if you don't get the best private museum that was ever made out of a powder-closet it won't be for want of strong and sincere co-operation. Take *that* in little bits and think over it.

When the foreman said, opening the door of the powder-room, "and this, fitted up, will make an excellent linen cupboard," I thought so, too, and nodded my head. But after dinner that night, when we were having coffee and I was thinking very hard over all the happenings of the day, the idea of a museum came into my head.

"Oliver," I said, "I don't want that made into a linen cupboard; there are heaps of linen cupboards already. I'd like to make it into a museum."

"A *what?*" said Oliver as if he had not heard aright.

"A museum," I repeated.

Oliver was as pleased as a boy. "I say, what a ripping idea!" he said. He stood on the hearth-rug and looked down at me with an expression in his eyes that always makes me happy and comfortable, a sort of wrapping-me-round expression that is made up of all the kind and tender and pleasant thoughts that belong to his mind. "You're a frightfully clever person, Margie," he said banteringly, yet with the tenderness deepening in his eyes.

I tried not to look too pleased. "I am, aren't I? Take my cup away and come and sit beside me while we talk about it. You've got a pencil and a piece of paper?"

He sat down on the sofa and pulled an envelope out of his breast pocket. "This'll do," he said, carefully tearing a blank sheet off the letter that was inside.

We made the most beautiful plan, and in another week everything will be quite finished. There has been an elegant top light put in because the room was very dark; and all around the walls there are cupboards as high as a table for you to put your toys in. You aren't going to have a *'normous* number of toys, because I don't want you to be a bored baby, and there are lots of babies get-

bored because they have so many things to love that they never have time to love one in particular—for no baby, let me tell you, has ever known what it is to love truly till he has loved one rabbit or one doll or one monkey in particular. That is how I am with your father.

As for your toys, you shall have nice, soft, furry things to hug when you are very little; they must be soft, so that when you go to sleep on top of them they won't stick into you. But as you get older you'll "make up" most of your pleasures yourself. Oh, beloved, there's not *half* the fun to be got out of the grandest model of a motor or a carriage money can buy that there is out of the entrancing chariot you make yourself with two nursery chairs and a skipping-rope tied round the ramping neck of a snorting rocking-horse—your father's rocking-horse, my son, which now already champs his bit and paws the rockers in anticipation of the call that is going to take him into action once more.

Whenever I hear of the poor millionaire babies having some new and expensive wonderfulness unveiled for their overstocked pleasure-houses I think of the story of the boy who was given a beautiful railway complete in every detail. There were the rails and the semaphores and the train and the engine-drivers and the porters and the passengers—every single thing you could think of. And he listened attentively all the while it was being explained to him. Then when there was nothing left to tell he turned to his mother and said very sadly, "And what'll I be?"

You aren't going to be starved like that, beloved. You are going to be the horse and the rider and the captain and the crew and the gallant youth who lies manacled but undismayed in the sweltering cockpit and the hook-nosed pirate who put him there. Oh, I see such a life before you! Lying in the trenches by the hawthorn hedges, storming the bastioned towers of the cowsheds, and holding the bridges of the trout-streams against all the unbeaten foes of a universe who have buried their differences for once and joined together, that, united, they may rid themselves of the stripling who laughs defiance at them. Do they? My beloved, we smile together. With such a one to hold and such a foe to fight it has never been done yet, in all the world.

But to get back to the museum—I do wander, don't I? On the top of the cup-

boards are little glass cases such as you see in real museums, and some are lined with green to make the things show up better, and others—the ones where you will put your butterflies and such-like—are lined with white. We have already begun to put some things in, although all the cases aren't quite finished yet—but it was so lovely to think of doing it that I couldn't wait. When I told Oliver I wanted to he laughed and said, "All right, let's see what we've got." But I didn't take much notice of his laughing, because I've watched men with my inside eyes long enough to know that they laugh at such times more to show their manness than because they think we are silly. Underneath everything Oliver is just as silly as I am, and that is saying a good deal. Isn't it?

Most of my things have gone into the green cases, and most of Oliver's into the white ones. We have written our own tickets, but his are better than mine because he writes better for one thing and because he is used to writing with a thin pen, and I always use a thick one. But I've tried very hard over them, so even if they don't quite come up to Oliver's you'll know it isn't because I didn't put my back into it.

We neither of us showed what we'd got till the things were labeled and set out properly. First, Oliver did his and covered the cases with paper; then I went in and did the same, and after that I came out and we both went in together and made the grand tour.

We had not a great many things to begin with, but that is just as it should be, because it is going to be your museum, and you must do the collecting for it.

Oliver took me with great ceremony to his cases and carefully removed the paper. In one case was a large brown moth—caught near the lamp in the drawing-room one night about a month ago—and a very beautiful butterfly called the Painted Lady. In another was a curious piece of stone that looks like the queer figures that the Chinese carve in jade or soapstone. We picked it up in Brittany one summer. And in another was a portrait of me at the age of four, very cross, *very* sulky, with my cheeks blown out like a musical cherub's and my hair hanging in little drakes' tails around my neck. I had white hair when I was four, beloved.

I looked at it and laughed. Under it was

written, "Portrait of the owner's mother at the age of four.

"Kindly given by Oliver T—Esq."

"You are very generous with your old masters," I said. "Now come to my side."

I had a thimble with a hole in it called "Thimble used by the mother of the owner in the making of his kit and disabled in the service," a broken coral and bells that belonged to my own mother, a brown bear "caught" somewhere on Fifth Avenue about Christmas time (of the cotton-wool variety and cost a nickel), and a pair of your father's shoes when he was a baby—not very much worn on the soles, beloved, but very much chewed in the toes. The sight of those shoes always brings him before me as no other telling could. I know exactly how he spent his time then. No diary left behind could tell more of a man's early occupations and pleasures than do those two little scraps of crinkled white kid, and while they exist he can never hope to have any private life—in *that* epoch, at any rate.

I looked around the room with a sigh of content. "I am very happy, Oliver," I said, stroking the lapel of his coat.

For a while he stood looking down at me with the quiet searching look that sometimes comes into his eyes. He was so long over it that I smiled.

"What is it?" I asked.

He did not answer, but he bent down swiftly and kissed me, holding me the while very tightly. If anyone else had married him I don't know *what* I should have done.

I have had to open this to tell you something. Yesterday, Oliver was in the museum putting some more finishing-touches to it, and I was sitting in an easy-chair in the nursery just on the other side of the door, sewing and talking with him as he worked. There was a knock upon the outer door and old Jonas appeared, carrying a ship in a glass case. He held it out to me,

"I don't know, ma'am, whether you'll accept it, but it's the model I made of the first ship I went to sea in, and I thought p'raps it might go well in the museum 'ere if you'd be pleased to 'ave it." He waited expectantly. I put out my hands for it.

"Oh, Jonas, how lovely! Look, Oliver."

Oliver came out of the museum and stood in the doorway.

"Hullo, Jonas," he said. "Why, that's the ship I used to throw sheep's eyes at when I was a boy."

Old Jonas looked very pleased. "Well, yes, I made it in '61, sir, and *that's* a few years afore you was born."

"Not many," cried Oliver, laughing; then he took it out of my hands and began to examine it closely. "Gad! How I used to long to have it to finger in the early days. I'd have given my ears for it. Where shall we put it?" He turned and went back into the museum. Jonas followed.

"Are you sure you don't mind parting with it, Jonas?" I said quickly. It touched me very much that he should want to give it, but it had stood on his mantelpiece for fifty years, and I felt he might be lonely without it.

"Why, no, ma'am," he said jovially. "I've 'ad my fun makin' it, and I've been lookin' at it for 'alf a century, and it isn't as if I was really goin' to part with it. P'raps, sometimes, the little master'll ask me in to 'ave a look at it if I get a 'ankerin'." He laughed, and a look came into his old eyes that made his rough, stubbly face seem young and beautiful to me. It was the look that comes into old faces when they see young things, and I felt a rush of tears in my throat.

And he had said "the little master," beloved! I could not speak.

MY son, I have had the most wearing afternoon, and now that it is all over I am very glad indeed to find that there isn't a word of truth in it—for a while, at any rate.

Of course the trouble was all to do with you, and of course it happened when I was sewing one of those long, straight seams that are to my thoughts what the road to Boston is to a man with a motor. With enough gasoline and that long white ribbon to run on, he simply eats up time and distance, even as I, with two selvages and no fancy stitches to make, live whole lifetimes between the waist and the hem.

This time, beloved, you were getting married. It was no use my saying I liked it, because I didn't, I *hated* it. I knew that it would have to happen some day, but the some day one doesn't want one always puts a conveniently long distance off. And I had been lulled into a false sense of security by your charming behavior to all the girls in the country round, the girls that Oliver and I had thought of as possible helpmeets for you in the years to come.

At five I chose your wife gaily; at fifteen I commended the gallant way you watched

the plate of the blue-eyed twelve-year-old with the long legs and the pigtail who rode races with you over the fields and raided the cook on baking days; but at twenty—at twenty the time began to draw in, and that which one had jested about was no longer a jesting matter. Then it was that I began to look with apprehensive eyes upon whatsoever girls were pretty, whatsoever girls were charming, and whatsoever girls you danced with more than twice. But after a while I gave up troubling. You were so nice to them all that peace came to me again. Once or twice when you were walking across to the tennis-ground, I felt a little contraction at my heart as I watched you. You looked so like your father did when I first knew him, and you had that same quick, interested way of turning to the girl you were talking to, that it gave me a pain. The heart of man and of woman is so curiously complex and intricate that such a feeling as came with the sight of you then is not easily explained. It was jealousy, yet I was your mother, and I knew that no one could take that away from me. I was not jealous as your mother. Still, for the moment, the girl in the wide-brimmed hat was my enemy. Perhaps it was that you were so much a part of Oliver and you looked so ridiculously like him that I was jealous of the Oliver in you that I knew was inevitably going out sooner or later to find his happiness in another woman. It was only momentary, only a flash, or a lifting of the curtain, but in that moment I *saw*, and it hurt my heart. Men have that jealousy of their daughters. I suppose it is the price one has got to pay for caring very much, because everything that is worth having has got to be paid for. But if one can only remember in time that everything worth having is worth paying for, one learns—in time—to pay with an air, and not to haggle.

Very nearly at that moment I was going to haggle; then just in time I reared my head, and even as I reared my head the feeling vanished. I was your mother and you were my son, and to allow my mind to be disturbed by corroding thoughts was to dis-honor my high estate. The knowledge that I had been singled out for that unique and wonderful position ought to give me strength to bear its penalties. There would have to be a girl in a broad-brimmed hat some day, and if I was afraid of her I had no right to bring into the world that which, if it were

as complete as it should be, would demand mightily, with the body and soul of it, a girl in a broad-brimmed hat.

Just as I was rearing my head and standing proudly upon the apex of my own nobility, you waved your racket and shouted, "Hullo, Mum, come and pour out the tea," and I jumped down off my nobility and began to walk about in the garden of my happiness again. It wasn't *this* girl in the broad-brimmed hat, at any rate.

And so the time went on. You were very busy learning to be a soldier, and every now and then we had dazzling visions of you in your uniform when we went up to the Point, and sometimes, when you were not too hard pressed, there was the joy of welcoming you home. Then it was, I think, that my cup of happiness was quite full—to hear you singing in your bath before breakfast; to look out of my window and see you walking bareheaded in the garden with the dogs frisking about at your heels and the sun shining down on your close-cropped hair; to call to you and to hear your dear voice call back, "Hurry up, Mother, I'm starving"; and to see you and your father start off together on your horses, you erect and brown, your father erect and grizzled, both with your heads on a level, yet always to me the big and the little Oliver, though you should grow as great as Goliath himself.

They were serene years, clouded only by too long absence, but you had to make your way, and there was the joy of watching you make it. Then came one day the news that was going to make such a difference to the strength and power and position of these

United States. You had been promoted first lieutenant, and—this did not matter quite so much to the country, but very much to me—you were coming home for a week.

After I had sat gloating over the precious line of print in the paper and had read it backward and upside down and left it for political and social information, that I might have an excuse to come across it again, I kissed your father.

"Thank you, Oliver," I said.

He looked surprised. "What for?" he asked.

"For such a son," I said.

"Indeed, thank you, Margie," he said, not to be outdone in politeness and as gravely as you please. He's a very polite man, your father, and such a beautiful one to make a jest with.

When breakfast was over, I went to see to your rooms. They were the old nurseries fitted up for a man, and the orris root had given way to tobacco, and the toys were stacked away in the cupboards under the museum cases. But the little verse was still hanging at your bed-head, and the rocking-horse was prancing away to himself in his stable in the study.

When nothing more could possibly be thought of for your rooms, I paid a visit to the stables to tell them to be sure and have your dog washed, then I went up-stairs to look at my gowns. There were to be all sorts of festivities during your week, and a dance the night of your arrival was one of them. That night I was going to look my very greatest and grandest; heavy, creamy satin with your grandmother's diamonds and all my emeralds and my big and my little Oliver. Would it be any won-



I can imagine them sitting swathed in sheets while a dexterous handmaiden dabbed and puffed at the wonderful creations upon their heads

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der if I carried my head finely, beloved!

The dance was a tremendous success. Oliver and I had not given up dancing, although I was half-way between fifty and sixty and Oliver ten years older. Of course we danced more quietly than the young things did, but the zest was still there.

When I was not dancing I watched you, and my heart was full of a great, generous pity for all the girls who would have to do without you when you finally married one. Of course I wouldn't have *talked* so to you for worlds, but now I am telling you my own inside thoughts. All mothers are stupid like that, and as long as they don't let it stick out too far it doesn't matter in the least, and it pleases them most awfully.

I couldn't help wondering a little, too, how it was that you could escape being head over ears in love with one or two of the girls there that night, because there were some

lovely ones and one or two as sweet as they were lovely. Ah, beloved, if I but had known what armor you were wearing I would not have been so easy!

It was very late when the dance was over, and I stayed in bed to breakfast. You came in to say good morning and sat talking for a little while before you went down. There were so many things to talk about that a week seemed no time at all. The days would go by like lightning, and you would be away again before I had said half the things I wanted to say to you or heard half the things you had to tell me.

The gong sounded a second time.
"We mustn't talk any longer,"



Oh, I see such a life before you! Lying in the trenches by the hawthorn hedges, and holding the bridges of the trout-streams against all the unbeaten



foes of a universe who have buried their differences for once and joined together to rid themselves of the stripling who laughs defiance at them

I said, "or else Oliver will be having his breakfast alone. Now go."

You got up from the end of the bed where you had been sitting, and I watched you as you went, tall and straight and strong. I was very glad because of you.

"Mother." With the door half opened you stopped. I looked up quickly.

"Yes?"

There was a moment's pause, and you came back across the room and stood looking down into my face, then you stooped and kissed me. "Dear little mum," you

said very gently, holding my face between your hands.

I sat up, staring out in front of me long after you had gone out of the room. You had something that you wanted to tell me, and it was no scrape to be confessed, no difficulty in which you needed my counsel. I knew that by the sound of your voice. You had often before said "Dear little mum," but never like that. As you said it, places seemed to change, and I felt myself outside the gate of knowledge while you were on the other side with the key in your

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pocket. I felt suddenly cold and desolate outside, but I dreaded more than everything the thought of going inside. Love makes one clairvoyant, and I saw everything in that moment when you stood holding my face in your hands and looking into my eyes. But I would not see: perhaps I was wrong, perhaps I was only imagining. I got up quickly and made myself too busy to hear my own thoughts.

All that day I would give you no chance of being alone with me. You and Oliver came back to lunch. In the afternoon there was a tea-party five miles away. You wanted to shirk it, and Oliver, always watchful and careful over me, suggested that it would be better for me to stay at home and go to sleep after the fatigue of the dance. I would not hear of it. We must all go; the people were expecting us; they would be disappointed. And you both laughed and called me an old gadder and went up dutifully to dress.

We motored over. Spinning along in the fresh air, some of my fears got blown away. After all, I had really nothing to go upon except my own imagination, and one knows how often that runs away with one. Many, many times, I had almost made real things that had no foundation at all. I was too fearful.

But when I thought of the evening alone with Oliver and you I hadn't courage enough for it, and we carried back three more in the car than we had started out with.

It was a gay dinner-table, and I behaved quite nicely outside, but I was able to do it only by keeping my eyes turned away from you. For something had happened that brought all my fears upon me again, and this time without a shadow of a doubt to shelter in. As we came through the hall before dinner, the letters were just arriving. I took them all and dealt them out. There were some for me, some for Oliver, and four for you. Two looked like bills, but one, in a big, oblong envelope, was unmistakably a woman's handwriting. Very quickly you put it in your pocket and opened the others slowly. I wasn't prying, but I would have seen that if my eyes had been shut three times over.

I glanced through my own and opened one, but I didn't see what was in it.

"A nice mail?" I said, looking up from my letter with a smile that it gave me pain in every part of my body to make.

"Not much; bills and an invitation." You very carefully fitted the invitation into its envelope and put your arm through mine. We went into the drawing-room so.

All the evening, I could see nothing, think of nothing, but the oblong letter lying quiet and hidden in your pocket. It was lying there till you could read it alone. Some one had come at last who was more to you than I was. The moment had to come to me as to all other mothers. In imagination, I had faced it often. I had approached it hesitatingly; wisely, reluctantly, courageously, but all the preparation in the world made no difference, was no help, when the real moment came. One trains oneself to attack, and one is surprised sleeping.

When everyone had gone, you came to say good night. I had held you off all day, now you held yourself off. For the first time in your life there was a feeling of constraint between us, and the more I longed to break it down the more strong it seemed to grow.

"Good night, mother." You kissed me and stood for a moment by the dressing-table. "That's rather a jolly ring."

"Your father gave it to me my first birthday after we were married. Are you sure you have everything you want in your room?"

"Yes, everything, thank you. You'll be down to breakfast in the morning?"

"Yes. Good night, dear."

"Good night." We kissed again, and you went to your room.

I undressed slowly, putting everything away precisely and folding everything carefully. To do things with one's hands is a relief to one's mind.

When Oliver came up I was in bed, and he went softly across to his dressing-room for fear of waking me.

"I am not asleep," I said, and he began to talk as he undressed.

"The lad's looking very well, Margie, don't you think?"

"Very well." Indeed, I had scarcely been able to take my eyes away from your splendour from the moment you came into the house.

"And Carter tells me he's going to make a keen man at his job. I'm glad of that."

"If he is anything like you, I shall be satisfied, Oliver."

He came swiftly to the bedside and looked

down at me. "Bless you, little Margie," he said, taking my hands in his.

Long after I could hear him breathing regularly, I lay awake, staring out into the moonlit room. I thought of you; you as a helpless little thing with clutching fingers, as a proud and staggering baby making your first steps alone, as a sturdy boy at school, as a young man going out into the world for the first time. In all things you had turned to me and to Oliver, and to me alone in the very first months. And I had made sacrifices that a man never dreams of as sacrifices. When the barber came in to shear your curls and make a man of you I had smiled with you in your pride, and I had told him with a laugh—a laugh to cover up my heart with, beloved—to cut them carefully one by one so that I should not lose any. But when he was gone and you had rushed away to show yourself to the cook, I wrapped them up slowly and carefully, and just for a moment, before I put them away, I held them against my breast. So many times they had rested there, I could not believe they never would again.

And once I took them out of their wrapping to look at them again. It was the day you went to boarding-school. I had stood and waved you out of sight: then when the motor had disappeared around the bend of the road, I went back along the drive and into the quiet, empty house. And I went straight to the drawer where the curls were, beloved, and I just held them in my hands and looked and looked and looked at them. And the tears welled up in my eyes till I couldn't see, and they ran down my cheeks like they used to when I was little, only then I used to lick them in, and this time they dropped all over the curls: and I kept on saying over and over again, "Keep the little thing clean, oh, God, keep the little thing clean." And then at last I smiled and put them back in the drawer and went away with my head up, and the pain in my heart, instead of being a black one, was a golden one. I knew you were going to be all right.

And always you had come to me frankly in your joys and your sorrows. I had shared your excitement in that astounding week when you were first in your class, and we had mourned together over the sudden and tragic death of the guinea-pig. I had soothed your fevers as a child and helped you to overcome your tempers. Now again in your manhood you were bringing your confidence

to me, and for the first time I was failing you. To-day, as we had stood alone for a moment in the garden you had said, "Mother, I would like to speak to you about something," and with a smile on my lips and a blur before my eyes, I had managed to put you off. You felt it without actually knowing it, and a barrier had risen up between us. An interrupted confidence is not easily regained. I, through my own jealousy and selfishness, was losing one of the two greatest things in my world. I could not bear it. I would go now to you and tell you, in the small hours of the morning with my repentance hot upon me, how sorry I was. I would make you forgive me and take me back as a real mother.

But as I would have risen to go to you something held me back. Once, before you were born, I had had an unhappiness with Oliver. Through my imaginings I had made myself to suffer very much, but at last I had gone and poured myself out to him, and everything had become beautiful again.

With you it was different. The impulse to go to you, there and then, and to make things right by confessing myself wrong was perhaps a decent one, but at the same time it was, in a way, a selfish one. Oliver was my man, and I was in trouble. I told him, and he just put his arms round me and understood, and nothing was wrong any more. But you were my child, and to go to you so would be to make a situation. You would be called upon to suffer the uncomfortable embarrassment of forgiving your mother, and ever afterward the remembrance of it would belong to that part of your life. Perhaps not consciously, but still consciously enough to make you stop to consider first before you told me anything else that might bring the penalty with it again. Oliver could forgive me forty times over without its mattering, because that is what he's there for, but to make you do it once in real earnest would be to break a joyous communion. I longed to set things right, but I must find the right way to do it, and it was not that.

And as I lay thinking, other fears beset me. It would be hard enough to give you up to the best woman, but supposing she were not the best? Supposing she were enticing, yet cold and careless and without honor. Supposing she were beautiful of face, yet unlovely in her heart. Supposing she made you suffer and humiliated you.



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

Some one had come at last who was more to you than I was

Oliver's hand sought mine. "Margie, why aren't you sleeping?"

I moved nearer him and held his hand close. "I can't; and—oh, I am frightened sometimes!"

He drew me very near him. "Is it the boy?"

A sob caught in my throat.

"Poor little mother bird," he said tenderly; "but he's got to fly one day, Margie."

"I know, I know."

"And, whatever happens, the thing that matters is the *way* he flies, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, but I can't bear that he should be hurt," I said, with the tears running down.

In the still, quiet night, Oliver gathered me close to him. "He's ours, Margie," he said, "but if you had to choose, would you rather that he should hurt or be hurt?"

"I don't want either," I sobbed.

"But if it had to be?"

And at last as I answered my tears stopped and I felt myself growing calm and quiet, and although I was lying in Oliver's arms, I felt as if I were standing up very straight and tall. "That he were hurt, Oliver." I clung to his hand tight.

He did not speak, but he kissed me. "Now sleep," he said.

"I do love you so very much," I said, and soon I slept.

In the morning, when I was dressed, I opened my window wide. You were walking down among the flowers, waiting for breakfast. I called to you.

"Wait there for me, and we'll take a constitutional round the pansy-beds," I said, waving my hand. Then I went quickly down-stairs and out into the garden.

"Hullo, mother, you *are* an early bird." You bent down and kissed me, and I put my arm through yours.

"I know, but I was such a late one yesterday, and it's such a beautiful morning. What are you doing to-day?"

"Nothing, till you say what you'd like."

I looked out across the meadows and up into the sky. Everything seemed blue and gold. "I'd like to go out all day in the car and just drive and drive. The cherry blossoms are out, and we could lunch under the trees at the Cherry Tree Inn." (The place we were going to, beloved, the disastrous day we didn't go, nearly twenty-six years before.)

You looked up into the sky. It is a brave thing to suggest lunching out of

doors in May, but it was a brave day. Your eyes kindled. "How jolly!" We went on walking and talking till we came to the little stream that runs through the garden. The purple irises were still growing in the rushes by the edge of it, and a white butterfly was fluttering over them just as it did when I dreamed over the little white garments I stitched while I was waiting for you to come to me.

"Mother!" you spoke quickly, and I looked up and smiled into your eyes.

"Yes?"

"I wanted to speak to you, but you were different yesterday." You hesitated, watching me as if even now you were not sure whether to go on. I stooped to pick a flower; then I put it into the buttonhole of your coat with very great care.

"When you are an old lady and go to dances and behave like a young one, you will be allowed to be a pig the next day," I said. "Don't ever take any notice of things like that."

An expression of intense relief crept into your face, although your words were indignant.

"You weren't a pig, and you'll never be old!" you said hotly.

I stretched up my arms and took your face between my hands as I used to when you were little. "My child, who is she?"

For a while you did not speak, and we stood so, just looking into each other's eyes. All wonderment was in yours, and in mine I felt my heart was lying bare.

"Mother," you said breathlessly, "how did you know?"

Oh, wonderful, mysterious tricksters who leave the rabbit sticking out of your pocket and gasp when we discover your tricks and unmask your subtleties! Oh, babies hiding behind a handkerchief! I laughed that I should not weep.

"It's my bones again," I said; "they tell me everything—except who she is."

For answer you put an arm around me and slowly drew a portrait from the pocket of your coat, holding it for a fraction of a moment before you gave it to me. "Mum, she's such a dear." You spoke gladly, but there was a wistfulness in your voice that brought the tears very near my eyes. But they were not for myself, beloved.

"I know she is," I said quickly, and stretched out my hand for the picture.

You gave it to me and turned away.

Bonnie Billie Burke

By
Alan
Dale



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

LITTLE Miss Billie Burke leads a double life—doesn't that sound lovely and sinful?—and I was invited to select either of them for the confidential chat that I had asked her to grant me. Would I prefer to meet her amid the toory-rooral surroundings of a suburban home near the vivid town of—er—Yonkers, or would it be more congenial to me to drop in to the Knickerbocker Hotel, which, as you may remember, is not far from the fevered district labeled Lobster Square? Alas! Alas! 'Tis true; and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that without hesitation I squirmed at Yonkers—so delightful in theory—and accepted the less original invitation to the metropolitan caravansary.

Miss Burke and yours truly are on very good terms, let me tell you, and my usual perspiring agony at the idea of a chat was lacking. We had met before, and the ice was broken. I felt very bold! The French maid who met me, and told me that Miss Burke would enter presently, did not affright me. I must have looked respectable for once, because she left me quite

alone in Billie's pretty parlor, and never once peeped in to see what I was doing.

Miss Burke kept me waiting just five minutes, and then whirled in. There was summer in the outside air, and it was becomingly reflected in this little lady's face. She was radiant. Her rosy hair was all fluffed out by the wind—try to pronounce it wynd—and she really was a picture, more winsome off the stage than on it—which is quite unusual.

"I've just been posing for Herter," she said quickly. "He's making a painting of me, so you must excuse me. I rushed back in order to see you, and—well, it's not a bit like the first time we met. I'm not afraid. We can be ourselves, and quite comfy."

Miss Billie is such a typical American—exactly what the lovers of the ideal American type would select—that the fact of her constant appearance in French plays struck me once more as something abnormal, and difficult to understand. There she is, teeming American, invariably assigned to rôles of French maidens, for the delectation of American audiences. When



you
come to
think of
it, it is odd.

"I have appeared in four French plays," she said, as I voiced these ideas, "and of course I can't explain why. I don't really understand French girls a bit, though I have lived in France, but Americans don't seem to get inspiration from my personality. I can't get an American play, so Mr. Frohman does the best he can for me abroad. I read all the American novels that come out, in the hope of seeing a part for myself; but, somehow or other, I can't get one. I read a lovely story the other day. The heroine was sweet, but she pursued the man from the start to the finish of the book. Well, I don't believe in that sort of thing. I saw myself getting awfully tired of the pursuit before the third act, and I just thought I'd wait for a story in which I was pursued instead of pursuing, so I shelved that! It is the hardest thing in the world to find plays, so we have to do the best we can."

Miss Burke smiled, and her gleaming, red, moist lips made the idea of the pursuing heroine grotesque. One does not associate the pursuit of a "hero" with this

style of lady. Even if I can't agree with certain fat and dumpy stars who insist upon being pursued through an entire drama by an entire cast, I think that Billie Burke is entitled to that position—if she wants it!

"I don't think I am particularly fond of playing young girls," she continued. "I prefer to be a young wife, like I was in 'Love Watches.'

There's more in that kind of a part. One can shade it more finely, and people are interested in its development. What I like is to begin as a girl and develop



into a wife. Do you see? Oh, I am quite ambitious, and I feel surer of myself than I used to do. In fact, I'm certain I could play 'Love Watches' better than I did formerly, and I do want to be something more than a silly girl—or an ingénue, as we call it."



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARON
Billie Burke as Colette in "The Runaway," her latest starring vehicle.—Bonnie Billie Burke when she stays at home

Bonnie Billie Burke

"In France," I suggested, "even old ladies are *ingénues*."

"French actresses are never too old to be *ingénues*," she said with a laugh, "and, when you come to think of it, why should they be? An actress never thoroughly understands an *ingénue* until she is forty! One has to be old in order to learn how to be young —on the stage! You know that is true,

now don't you?"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY

"There was summer in the air, and it was becomingly reflected in this little lady's face. She was radiant. Her rosy hair was all fluffed out by the wind, and she really was a picture."

I did say that I was not particularly partial to antiques except in a museum—I am fond of them in the Louvre—but I said it in a nice way, and Miss Burke merely looked demure.

"I love French actresses," she went on, "for at least they *can* act. Think of the training they get. They are always at work. They are watched by authors and managers. Their education is never finished, and they can play anything. But all these French women are mature. Why should girls be expected to be great?"

Miss Burke looked at me with interrogation in her eyes, but I shirked the interrogation. Moreover, I don't think we do expect them to be great. And if we do, our expectations are assuredly not realized. Oh, I didn't say it! Don't think it!

"It is absurd to expect us to do big things when we have had so little experience. I do hope I get a chance to play something more than a girl very soon. It's all right now when I look like one, but five years from now I sha'n't look like one."



PHOTOGRAPH BY BLOOM

Two costume poses from "The Runaway," and a half-dozen glimpses of the beauty and piquancy that, combined with clever acting, make Billie Burke a stage favorite

"What!" I exclaimed. "You expect to look not-a-girl in five years!"

"Why not?" she asked, but she didn't wait for an answer. "I don't want to remain a girl. Oh, I do like my part in 'The Runaway,' but I hated 'Suzanne.' I am miserable when I think that an audience is going away disappointed. Of course you can't realize what we have to contend with. Imagine knowing that an audience is dissatisfied, and having to play night after night with that knowledge! It is ghastly. One goes to pieces. In 'The Runaway,' thank goodness, I have a pretty little play and can feel secure, but it hasn't always been that way. I was not happy in 'Mrs. Dot.' Somehow or other widows are not in

Bonnie Billie Burke

my line. There I was as a widow in a *Marie Tempest* part. Oh, I didn't like it a bit."

Miss Burke looked so gorgeously unwidowed that I had to laugh. It did seem so incongruous for this fluffy young person to be called upon to interpret widowhood. But it's part of the game, and the game is not an easy one.

"I believe that Mr. Haddon Chambers will write me a play one of these days," she said, "and he knows how to write; you must admit that! He told me that he had an idea, but just how long he'll take executing it, I don't know. I'd like to appear again in London,

where I acted for some time. I love it. You see, I have lived so long

in England that I feel English. I went over there when I was nine years old and never saw the United States until recently. It was a very funny experience. Here I was, an American, perfectly new to my own country. And they all thought I was putting on airs! When I was with John Drew, he used to look askance at my pronunciation. It was so English! But it was quite natural to me, I assure you! I don't do it any more, because I have acquired the American knack. But I still have all my household goods stored in London, and can't quite believe that I've broken away. I shall play there again, I sincerely hope, but not yet. I must go on the road."

Miss Burke sighed. Only one woman on the stage has ever told me that she liked the road, and that was Miss Julia Sanderson.

"No, I do *not* like it," Miss Burke declared. "It is awfully hard. You meet with all kinds of incivility. Often in the middle West, when I go to a hotel, I wish I were a drummer, so that I could be well treated. The road has no charms for me. I prefer to be in New York, and should like very much to be a fixture here. It is very comfortable. I have my nice country home, and this—well, it isn't so terrible, is it?"

I looked around at the pleasant appointments, and was bound to admit that terror did not enter into them.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CAMPBELL STUDIOS

"In the country I feel almost like a human being," she asserted, "and I pretend to forget that I am an actress. There, I am happy, with mother and my child." "Your child!" I repeated. "My adopted daughter," explained Miss Burke, much amused



PHOTOGRAPH BY RABSON
"I was not happy in 'Mrs. Dot.' Somehow or other
widows are not in my line"

"In the country I feel almost like a human being," she asserted, "and I pretend to forget that I am an actress. Of course I don't forget it, or want to forget it, but I pretend. Don't you think that it is a pardonable pretense? There, I am rural and happy, with mother and my child."

"Your child!" I repeated.

"My adopted daughter," she explained with a rueful smile.

I could see that she loved to speak of the child as her own, and then watch how people took it! I had tumbled into the trap. Miss Burke was much amused.

"She was the daughter of a woman I knew in the South, and it was a very pathetic case. The woman died while she was with us, and she had no friend in the world. There we were with the child. We simply had to keep it.

It would have been inhuman not to do so. It was a risk, of course. The little girl might have turned out badly, but the opposite has happened. She is a dear, and I love her. She is now thirteen years old, and a great boon to us. She goes to school, and my mother simply adores her. And when she is grown up she will go on the stage."

"You will let your child go on the stage!" I exclaimed, thinking of all the actresses and all the actors who affect to feel horror at the mere idea of any of their "loved ones" going on the stage.

"Certainly," replied Miss Burke placidly. "Why not? It is a very nice calling, and I think it is most unflattering for an actress to pretend that she doesn't want her child to adopt her own profession. I can think of nothing so good. She will have to earn her own living, so she shall do it as I do it. Oh, she wants to be a great actress. She goes very occasionally to the theater. At first she had no inclinations in that direction, but lately she has decided that she would love to act. And as soon as she can, she shall."

Miss Billie spoke quite maternally, and she can afford to do so, for she doesn't look the part at all and is one of those women who never will. And there's no harm in not looking maternal, is there?

"I've said an awful lot, haven't I?" she

Bonnie Billie Burke

asked, as I rose to go—or “take my departure,” as the reporters would say. “But you know I’m not afraid of you any more, so I’ve just chatted in a heart-to-heart manner. You don’t mind, do you?” (I love her English interrogations, which never

myself than I am at present, for you won’t have to ask me questions, and I sha’n’t have to be saying the right thing. Will you come to tea, if I send you a card?”

I expressed unlimited delight at such a possibility. (You know I can act, too.) Of course I *should* be charmed to take tea with her, I said. And I really should be, but—if I drank all the tea that lovely lady offers me, I should be a tea-tank in which all my beautiful, bright ideas would be submerged. And think of the pity of that!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY

call for an answer.) “And soon I’m going to have a cunning little apartment in New York, and you’ll come and have tea with me, won’t you? And then I’ll be even more

“Miss Billie is a typical American—exactly what the lovers of the ideal American type would select.”



The Master Counterfeiter

It is rare to find a brand-new idea in fiction. In the detective-on-paper kind of story we have had our Lecoqs, Dupins, Sherlock Holmeses—all shrewd, clever, interesting—but all working on the same idea. Craig Kennedy breaks new ground. His method is his own. He is a detective-pioneer. To him science—the latest invention, the newest, up-to-the-minute marvel in scientific discovery—is the one open sesame to the nabbing of a criminal. And the best part of it is that with Mr. Reeve's skill in story-telling he keeps you interested and guessing from the start to the win-out. In this story Kennedy runs against a counterfeiter who nearly makes a get-away by upsetting the Bertillon system

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Black Hand," "The Steel Door," "The Sand-Hog," "The Bacillus of Death," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

SHAKES hands with Mr. Burke of the secret service, Professor Kennedy."

It was our old friend First Deputy O'Connor who thus in his bluff way introduced a well-groomed and prosperous-looking man whom he brought up to our apartment one evening.

The formalities were quickly over. "Mr. Burke and I are old friends," explained O'Connor. "We try to work together when we can, and very often the city department can give the government service a lift, and then again it's the other way—as it was in the trunk-murder mystery. Show Professor Kennedy the 'queer,' Tom."

Burke drew a wallet out of his pocket, and from it slowly and deliberately selected a crisp, yellow-backed hundred-dollar bill. He laid it flat on the table before us. Diagonally across its face from the upper left to the lower right-hand corner extended two parallel scorings in indelible ink.

Not being initiated into the secrets of the gentle art of "shoving the queer," otherwise known as passing counterfeit money, I suppose my questioning look betrayed me.

"A counterfeit, Walter," explained Kennedy. "That's what they do with bills when they wish to preserve them as records in the secret service and yet render them valueless."

Without a word Burke handed Kennedy a pocket magnifying-glass, and Kennedy carefully studied the bill. He was about to say something when Burke opened his capacious wallet again and laid down a Bank of England five-pound note which had been similarly treated.

Again Kennedy looked through the glass with growing amazement written on his face, but before he could say anything, Burke laid down an express money-order on the International Express Company.

"I say," exclaimed Kennedy, putting down the glass, "stop! How many more of these are there?"

Burke smiled. "That's all," he replied, "but it's not the worst."

"Not the worst? Good heavens, man, next you'll tell me that the government is counterfeiting its own notes! How much of this stuff do you suppose has been put into circulation?"

Burke chewed a pencil thoughtfully, jotted down some figures on a piece of paper and thought some more. "Of course I can't say exactly, but from hints I have received here and there I should think that a safe bet would be that some one has cashed in upward of half a million dollars already."

"Whew," whistled Kennedy, "that's going some. And I suppose it is all salted away in some portable form. What an inventory it must be—good bills, gold, diamonds, and jewelry. This is a stake worth playing for."

"Yes," broke in O'Connor, "but from my standpoint, professionally I mean, the case is even worse than that. It's not the counterfeits that bother us. We understand that, all right. But," and he leaned forward earnestly and brought his fist down hard on the table with a resounding Irish oath, "the finger-print system, the infallible finger-print system, has gone to pieces. We've just imported this new 'portrait



DRAWN BY WILL FOSTER

"It's not the counterfeits that bother us," broke in O'Connor. "We understand that, all right. But," and he leaned forward earnestly and brought his fist down hard on the table with a resounding Irish oath, "the finger-print system, the infallible finger-print system, has gone to pieces."

parlé' fresh from Paris and London, invented by Bertillo, and all that sort of thing—it has gone to pieces, too. It's a fine case, this is, with nothing left of either scientific or unscientific criminal-catching to rely on. There—what do you know about that?"

"You'll have to tell me the facts first," said Kennedy. "I can't diagnose your disease until I know the symptoms."

"It's like this," explained Burke, the detective in him showing now with no effort at concealment. "A man, an Englishman, apparently, went into a down-town banker's office about three months ago and asked to have some English bank-notes exchanged for American money. After he had gone away, the cashier began to get suspicious. He thought there was something phoney in the feel of the notes. Under the glass he noticed that the little curl on the 'e' of the 'Five' was missing. It's the protective mark. The water-mark was quite equal to that of the genuine—maybe better. Hold that note up to the light and see for yourself."

"Well, the next day, down to the Custom House, where my office is, a man came who runs a swell gambling-house up-town. He laid ten brand-new bills on my desk. An Englishman had been betting on the wheel. He didn't seem to care about winning, and he cashed in each time with a new one-hundred-dollar bill. Of course he didn't care about winning. He cared about the change—that was his winning. The bill on the table is one of the original ten, though since then scores have been put into circulation. I made up my mind that it was the same Englishman in both cases."

"Then within a week, in walked the manager of the Mozambique Hotel—he had been stung with the fake International Express money-order—same Englishman, too, I believe."

"And you have no trace of him?" asked Kennedy eagerly.

"We had him under arrest once—we thought. A general alarm was sent out, of course, to all the banks and banking-houses. But the man was too clever to turn up in that way again. In one gambling-joint which women frequent a good deal, a classy dame who might have been a duchess or a —well, she was a pretty good loser and always paid with hundred-dollar bills. Now, you know women are *not* good losers. Besides, the hundred-dollar-bill story had

got around among the gambling-houses. This joint thought it worth taking a chance, so they called me up on the 'phone, extracted a promise that I'd play fair and keep O'Connor from raiding them, but wouldn't I please come up and look over the dame of the yellow bills? Of course I made a jump at it. Sure enough, they were the same counterfeits. I could tell because the silk threads were drawn in with colored ink. But instead of making an arrest I decided to trail the lady.

"Now, here comes the strange part of it. Let me see, this must have been over two months ago. I followed her out to a suburban town, Riverwood along the Hudson, and to a swell country house overlooking the river, private drive, stone gate, hedges, old trees, and all that sort of thing. A sporty-looking Englishman met her at the gate with one of those big imported touring-cars, and they took a spin.

"I waited a day or so, but nothing more happened, and I began to get anxious. Perhaps I was a bit hasty. Anyhow I watched my chance and made an arrest of both of them when they came to New York on a shopping expedition. You should have heard that Englishman swear. I didn't know such language was possible. But in his pocket we found twenty more of those hundred-dollar bills—that was all. Do you think he owned up? Not a bit of it. He swore he had picked the notes up in a pocketbook on the pier as he left the steamer. I laughed. But when he was arraigned in court he told the magistrate the same story and that he had advertised his find at the time. Sure enough, in the files of the papers we discovered in the lost-and-found column the ad., just as he claimed. We couldn't even prove that he had passed the bills. So the magistrate refused to hold them, and they were both released. But we *had* had them in our power long enough to take their finger-prints and get descriptions and measurements of them, particularly by this new 'portrait parlé' system. We felt we could send out a strange detective and have him pick them out of a crowd—you know the system, I presume?"

Kennedy nodded, and I made a mental note of finding out more about the "portrait parlé" later.

Burke paused, and O'Connor prompted, "Tell them about Scotland Yard, Tom."

The Master Counterfeiter

"Oh, yes," resumed Burke. "Of course I sent copies of the finger-prints to Scotland Yard. Within two weeks they replied that one set belonged to William Forbes, a noted counterfeiter, who, they understood, had sailed for South Africa but had never arrived there. They were glad to learn that he was in America, and advised me to look after him sharply. The woman was also a noted character—Harriet Wollstone, an adventuress."

"I suppose you have shadowed them ever since?" Kennedy asked.

"Yes, a few days after they were arrested the man had an accident in his car. It was said he was cranking the engine and that it kicked back and splintered the bone in his forearm. Anyhow, he went about with his hand and arm in a sling."

"And then?"

"They gave my man the slip that night in their fast touring-car. You know automobiles have about made shadowing impossible in these days. The house was closed up, and it was said by the neighbors that Williams and Mrs. Williams—as they called themselves—had gone to visit a specialist in Philadelphia. Still, as they had a year's lease on the house, I detailed a man to watch it more or less all the time. They went to Philadelphia all right; some of the bills turned up there. But we saw nothing of them.

"A short time ago, word came to me that the house was open again. It wasn't two hours later that the telephone rang like mad. A Fifth Avenue jeweler had just sold a rope of pearls to an Englishwoman who paid for it herself in crisp new one-hundred-dollar bills. The bank had returned them to him that very afternoon—counterfeits. I didn't lose any time making a second arrest up at the house of mystery at Riverwood. I had the county authorities hold them—and, now, O'Connor, tell the rest of it. You took the finger-prints up there."

O'Connor cleared his throat as if something stuck in it, in the telling. "The Riverwood authorities refused to hold them," he said with evident chagrin. "As soon as I heard of the arrest I started up myself with the finger-print records to help Burke. It was the same man, all right—I'll swear to that on a stack of Bibles. So will Burke. I'll never forget that snub nose—the concave nose, the nose being the first point of identification in the 'portrait parlé.'

And the ears, too—oh, it was the same man, all right. But when we produced the London finger-prints which tallied with the New York finger-prints which we had made—believe it or not, but it is a fact, the Riverwood finger-prints did not tally at all."

He laid the prints on the table. Kennedy examined them closely. His face clouded. It was quite evident that he was stumped, and he said so. "There are some points of agreement," he remarked, "but more points of difference. Any points of difference are usually considered fatal to the finger-print theory."

"We had to let the man go," concluded Burke. "We could have held the woman, but we let her go, too, because she was not the principal in the case. My men are shadowing the house now and have been ever since then. But the next day after the last arrest, a man from New York, who looked like a doctor, made a visit. The secret-service man on the job didn't dare leave the house to follow him, but as he never came again perhaps it doesn't matter. Since then the house has been closed."

The telephone rang. It was Burke's office calling him. As he talked we could gather that something tragic must have happened at Riverwood, and we could hardly wait until he had finished.

"There has been an accident up there," he remarked as he hung up the receiver rather petulantly. "They returned in the car this afternoon with a large package in the back of the tonneau. But they didn't stay long. After dark they started out again in the car. The accident was at the bad railroad crossing just above Riverwood. It seems Williams's car got stalled on the track just as the Buffalo express was due. No one saw it, but a man in a buggy around the bend in the road heard a woman scream. He hurried down. The train had smashed the car to bits. How the woman escaped was a miracle, but they found the man's body up the tracks, horribly mangled. It was Williams, they say. They identified him by the clothes and by letters in his pockets. But my man tells me he found a watch on him with 'W. F.' engraved on it. His hands and arms and head must have been right under the locomotive when it struck him, I judge."

"I guess that winds the case up, eh?" exclaimed O'Connor with evident chagrin. "Where's the woman?"

"They said she was in the little local hospital, but not much hurt. Just the shock and a few bruises."

O'Connor's question seemed to suggest an idea to Burke, and he reached for the telephone again. "Riverwood 297," he ordered; then to us as he waited he said: "We must hold the woman. Hello, 297? The hospital? This is Burke of the secret service. Will you tell my man, who must be somewhere about, that I would like to have him hold that woman who was in the auto smash until I can—what? Gone? The deuce!"

He hung up the receiver angrily. "She left with a man who called for her about half an hour ago," he said. "There must be a gang of them. Forbes is dead, but we must get the rest. Mr. Kennedy, I'm sorry to have bothered you, but I guess we can handle this alone, after all. It was the finger-prints that fooled us, but now that Forbes is out of the way it's just a straight case of detective work of the old style which won't interest you."

"On the contrary," answered Kennedy, "I'm just beginning to be interested. Does it occur to you that, after all, Forbes may not be dead?"

"Not dead?" echoed Burke and O'Connor together.

"Exactly; that's just what I said—not dead. Now stop and think a moment. Would the great Forbes be so foolish as to go about with a watch marked 'W. F.' if he knew, as he must have known, that you would communicate with London and by means of the prints find out all about him?"

"Yes," agreed Burke, "all we have to go by is his watch found on Williams. I suppose there is some possibility that Forbes may still be alive."

"Who is this third man who comes in and with whom Harriet Wollstone goes away so willingly?" put in O'Connor. "You said the house had been closed—absolutely closed?"

Burke nodded. "Been closed ever since the last arrest. There's a servant who goes in now and then, but the car hasn't been there before to-night, wherever it has been."

"I should like to watch that house myself for a while," mused Kennedy. "I suppose you have no objections to my doing so?"

"Of course not. Go ahead," said Burke. "I will go along with you if you wish, or my man can go with you."

"No," said Kennedy, "too many of us might spoil the broth. I'll watch alone to-night and will see you in the morning. You needn't even say anything to your man there about us."

"Walter, what's on for to-night?" he asked when they had gone. "How are you fixed for a little trip out to Riverwood?"

"To tell the truth, I had an engagement at the College Club with some of the fellows."

"Oh, cut it."

"That's what I intend to do," I replied.

It was a raw night, and we bundled ourselves up in old football sweaters under our overcoats. Half an hour later we were on our way up to Riverwood.

"By the way, Craig," I asked, "I didn't like to say anything before those fellows. They'd think I was a dub. But I don't mind asking you. What is this 'portrait parlé' they talk about, anyway?"

"Why, it's a word-picture—a 'spoken picture,' to be literal. I took some lessons in it at Bertillon's school when I was in Paris. It's a method of scientific apprehension of criminals, a sort of necessary addition and completion to the methods of scientific identification of them after they are arrested. For instance, in trying to pick out a given criminal from his mere description you begin with the nose. Now, noses are all concave, straight, or convex. This Forbes had a nose that was concave, Burke says. Suppose you were sent out to find him. Of all the people you met, we'll say, roughly, two-thirds wouldn't interest you. You'd pass up all with straight or convex noses. Now the next point to observe is the ear. There are four general kinds of ears—triangular, square, oval, and round besides a number of other differences which are clear enough after you study ears. This fellow is a pale man with square ears and a peculiar lobe to his ear. So you wouldn't give a second glance to, say, three-fourths of the square-eared people. So by a process of elimination of various features, the eyes, the mouth, the hair, wrinkles, and so forth, you would be able to pick your man out of a thousand—that is, if you were trained."

"And it works?" I asked rather doubtfully.

"Oh, yes. That's why I'm taking up this case. I believe science can really be used to detect crime, any crime, and in the

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present instance I've just pride enough to stick to this thing until—until they begin to cut ice on the Styx. Whew, but it will be cold out in the country to-night, Walter—speaking about ice."

It was quite late when we reached Riverwood, and Kennedy hurried along the dimly lighted streets, avoiding the main street lest some one might be watching or following us. He pushed on, following the directions Burke had given him. The house in question was a large, newly built affair of concrete, surrounded by trees and a hedge, directly overlooking the river. A bitter wind swept in from the west, but in the shadow of an evergreen tree and of the hedge Kennedy established our watch.

Of all fruitless errands this seemed to me to be the acme. The house was deserted; that was apparent, I thought, and I said so. Hardly had I said it when I heard the baying of a dog. It did not come from the house, however, and I concluded that it must have come from the next estate.

"It's in the garage," whispered Kennedy. "I can hardly think they would go away and leave a dog locked up in it. They would at least turn him loose."

Hour after hour we waited. Midnight passed, and still nothing happened. At last when the moon had disappeared under the clouds, Kennedy pulled me along. We had seen not a sign of life in the house, yet he observed all the caution he would have if it had been well guarded. Quickly we advanced over the open space to the house, approaching in the shadow as much as possible, on the side farthest from the river.

Tiptoeing over the porch, Kennedy tried a window. It was fastened. Without hesitation he pulled out some instruments. One of them was a rubber suction-cup, which he fastened to the window-pane. Then with a very fine diamond-cutter he proceeded to cut out a large section. It soon fell and was prevented from smashing on the floor by the string and the suction-cup. Kennedy put his hand in and unlatched the window, and we stepped in.

All was silent. Apparently the house was deserted.

Cautiously Kennedy pressed the button of his pocket storage-battery lamp and flashed it slowly about the room. It was a sort of library, handsomely furnished. At last the beam of light rested on a huge

desk at the opposite end. It seemed to interest Kennedy, and we tiptoed over to it. One after another he opened the drawers. One was locked, and he saved that until the last.

Quietly as he could, he jimmied it open, muffling the jimmy in a felt cloth that was on a table. Most people do not realize the disruptive force that there is in a simple jimmy. I didn't until I saw the solid drawer with its heavy lock yield with just the trace of a noise. Kennedy waited an instant and listened. Nothing happened.

Inside the drawer was a most nondescript collection of useless articles. There were a number of pieces of fine sponge, some of them very thin and cut in a flat oval shape, smelling of lysol strongly; several bottles, a set of sharp little knives, some paraffin, bandages, antiseptic gauze, cotton—in fact, it looked like a first-aid kit. As soon as he saw it Kennedy seemed astonished but not at a loss to account for it.

"I thought he left that sort of thing to the doctors, but I guess he took a hand in it himself," he muttered, continuing to fumble with the knives in the drawer. It was no time to ask questions, and I did not. Kennedy rapidly stowed away the things in his pockets. One bottle he opened and held to his nose. I could distinguish immediately the volatile smell of ether. He closed it quickly, and it, too, went into his pocket with the remark, "Somebody must have known how to administer an anesthetic—probably the Wollstone woman."

A suppressed exclamation from Kennedy caused me to look. The drawer had a false back. Safely tucked away in it reposed a tin box, one of those so-called strong-boxes which are so handy in that they save a burglar much time and trouble in hunting all over for the valuables he has come after. Kennedy drew it forth and laid it on the desk. It was locked.

Even that did not seem to satisfy Kennedy, who continued to scrutinize the walls and corners of the room as if looking for a safe or something of that sort.

"Let's look in the room across the hall," he whispered.

Suddenly a piercing scream of a woman rang out up-stairs. "Help! Help! There's some one in the house! Billy, help!"

I felt an arm grasp me tightly, and for a moment a chill ran over me at being caught in the nefarious work of breaking and enter-

ing a dwelling-house at night. But it was only Kennedy, who had already tucked the precious little tin box under his arm.

With a leap he dragged me to the open window, cleared it, vaulted over the porch, and we were running for the clump of woods that adjoined the estate on one side. Lights flashed in all the windows of the house at once. There must have been some sort of electric-light system that could be lighted instantly as a "burglar-expeller." Anyhow, we had made good our escape.

As we lost ourselves in the woods I gave a last glance back and saw a lantern carried from the house to the garage. As the door was unlocked I could see, in the moonlight, a huge dog leap out and lick the hands and face of a man.

Quickly we now crashed through the frozen underbrush. Evidently Kennedy was making for the station by a direct route across country instead of the circuitous way by the road and town. Behind us we could hear a deep baying.

"By the Lord, Walter," cried Kennedy, "for once in his life thoroughly alarmed, 'tis a bloodhound, and our trail is fresh."

Closer it came. Press forward as we might, we could never expect to beat that dog.

"Oh, for a stream," groaned Ken-



A suppressed exclamation from Kennedy caused me to look. The drawer had a false back

nedy, "but they are all frozen—even the river."

He stopped short, fumbled in his pocket, and drew out the bottle of ether.

"Raise your foot, Walter," he ordered.

I did so and he smeared first mine and then his with the ether. Then we doubled on our trail once or twice and ran again.

"The dog will never be able to pick up the ether as our trail," panted Kennedy; "that is, if he is any good and trained not to go off on wild-goose chases."

On we hurried from the woods to the now dark and silent town. It was indeed

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fortunate that the dog had been thrown off our scent, for the station was closed, and, indeed, if it had been open I am sure the station agent would have felt more like locking the door against two such tramps as we were, carrying a tin box and pursued by a dog, than opening it for us. The best we could do was to huddle into a corner until we succeeded in jumping a milk-train that luckily slowed down as it passed Riverwood station.

Neither of us could wait to open the tin box in our apartment, and instead of going up-town Kennedy decided it would be best to go to a hotel near the station. Somehow we succeeded in getting a room without exciting suspicion. Hardly had the bell-boy's footsteps ceased echoing in the corridor than Kennedy was at work wrenching off the lid of the box with such leverage as the scanty furnishings of the room afforded.

At last it yielded, and we looked in curiously, expecting to find fabulous wealth in some form. A few hundred dollars and a rope of pearls lay in it. It was a good "haul," but where was the vast spoil the counterfeiters had accumulated? We had missed it. So far we were completely baffled.

"Perhaps we had better snatch a couple of hours' sleep," was all that Craig said, stifling his chagrin.

Over and over in my mind I was turning the problem of where they had hidden the spoil. I dozed off, still thinking about it and thinking that, even should they be captured, they might have stowed away perhaps a million dollars to which they could go back after their sentences were served.

It was still early for New York when Kennedy roused me by talking over the telephone in the room. In fact, I doubt if he slept at all.

Burke was at the other end of the wire. His man had just reported that something had happened during the night at Riverwood, but he couldn't give a very clear account. Craig seemed to enjoy the joke immensely as he told his story to Burke.

The last words I heard were: "All right. Send a man up here to the station—one who knows all the descriptions of these people. I'm sure they will have to come into town to-day, and they will have to come by train, for their car is wrecked. Better watch at the up-town stations, also."

After a hasty breakfast we met Burke's man and took our places at the exit from

the train platforms. Evidently Kennedy had figured out that the counterfeiters would have to come into town for some reason or other. The incoming passengers were passing us in a steady stream, for a new station was then being built, and there was only a temporary structure with one large exit.

"Here is where the 'portrait parlé' ought to come in, if ever," commented Kennedy as he watched eagerly.

And yet neither man nor woman passed us who fitted the description. Train after train emptied its human freight, yet the pale man with the concave nose and the peculiar ear, accompanied perhaps by a lady, did not pass us.

At last the incoming stream began to dwindle down. It was long past the time when the counterfeiters should have arrived if they had started on any reasonable train.

"Perhaps they have gone up to Montreal, instead," I ventured.

Kennedy shook his head. "No," he answered. "I have an idea that I was mistaken about the money being kept at Riverwood. It would have been too risky. I thought it out on the way back this morning. They probably kept it in a safe deposit vault here. I had figured that they would come down and get it and leave New York after last night's events. We have failed—they have got by us. Neither the 'portrait parlé' nor the ordinary photography nor any other system will suffice alone against the arch-criminal back of this, I'm afraid. Walter, I am sore and disgusted. What I should have done was to accept Burke's offer—surround the house with a posse if necessary, last night, and catch the counterfeiters by sheer force. I was too confident. I thought I could do it with finesse, and I have failed. I'd give anything to know what safe deposit vault they kept the fake money in."

I said nothing as we strolled away, leaving Burke's man still to watch, hoping against hope. Kennedy walked disconsolately through the station, and I followed. In a secluded part of the waiting-room he sat down, his face drawn up in a scowl such as I had never seen. Plainly he was disgusted with himself—with only himself. This was no bungling of Burke or anyone else. Again the counterfeiters had escaped from the hand of the law.

As he moved his fingers restlessly in the pockets of his coat, he absently pulled out the little pieces of sponge and the ether bottle. He regarded them without much interest.

"I know what they were for," he said, diving back into his pocket for the other things and bringing out the sharp little knives in their case. I said nothing, for Kennedy was in a deep study. At last he put the things back into his pocket. As he did so his hand encountered something which he drew forth with a puzzled air. It was the piece of paraffin.

"Now, what do you suppose that was for?" he asked, half to himself. "I had forgotten that. What was the use of a piece of paraffin? Phew, smell the anti-septic worked into it."

"I don't know," I replied, rather testily. "If you would tell me what the other things were for I might enlighten you, but—"

"By George, Walter, what a chump I am!" cried Kennedy, leaping to his feet, all energy again. "Why did I forget that lump of paraffin? Why, of course—I think I can guess what they have been doing—of course. Why, man alive, he walked right past us, and we never knew it. Boy, boy," he shouted to a newsboy who passed, "what's the latest sporting edition you have?"

Eagerly he almost tore a paper open and scanned the sporting pages. "Racing at Lexington begins to-morrow," he read. "Yes, I'll bet that's it. We don't have to know the safe deposit vault, after all. It would be too late, anyhow. Quick, let us look up the train to Lexington."

As we hurried over to the information booth, I gasped, in a whirl: "Now, look here, Kennedy, what's all this lightning calculation? What possible connection is there between a lump of paraffin and one of the few places in the country where they still race horses?"

"None," he replied, not stopping an instant. "None. The paraffin suggested to me the possible way in which our man managed to elude us under our very eyes. That set my mind at work again. Like a flash it occurred to me: Where would they be most likely to go next to work off some of the bills? The banks are on, the jewelry-houses are on, the gambling-joints are on. Why, to the race-tracks, of course. That's it. Counterfeitors all

use the bookmakers, only since racing has been killed in New York they have had to resort to other means here. If New York has suddenly become too hot, what more natural than to leave it? Here, let me see—there's a train that gets there early to-morrow, the best train, too. Say, is No. 144 made up yet?" he inquired at the desk.

"No. 144 will be ready in fifteen minutes. Track 8."

Kennedy thanked the man, turned abruptly, and started for the still closed gate at Track 8.

"Beg pardon—why, hulloa—it's Burke," he exclaimed as we ran plump into a man staring vacantly about.

It was not the gentleman farmer of the night before, nor yet the supposed college graduate. This man was a Western rancher; his broad-brimmed hat, long mustache, frock coat, and flowing tie proclaimed it. Yet there was something indefinitely familiar about him, too. It was Burke in another disguise.

"Pretty good work, Kennedy," nodded Burke, shifting his tobacco from one side of his jaws to the other. "Now, tell me how your man escaped you this morning, when you can recognize me instantly in this rig."

"You haven't altered your features," explained Kennedy simply. "Our pale-faced, snub-nosed, peculiar-eared friend has. What do you think of the possibility of his going to the Lexington track, now that he finds it too dangerous in New York?"

Burke looked at Kennedy rather sharply. "Say, do you add telepathy to your other accomplishments?"

"No," laughed Craig, "but I'm glad to see that two of us working independently have arrived at the same conclusion. Come, let us saunter over to Track 8—I guess the train is made up."

The gate was just opened, and the crowd filed through. No one who seemed to satisfy either Burke or Kennedy appeared. The train-announcer made his last call. Just then a taxicab pulled up at the street-end of the platform, not far from Track 8. A man jumped out and assisted a heavily veiled lady, paid the driver, picked up the grips, and turned toward us.

We waited expectantly. As he turned I saw a dark-skinned, hook-nosed man, and I exclaimed disgustedly to Burke: "Well, if they are going to Lexington they can't

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make this train. Those are the last people who have a chance."

Kennedy, however, continued to regard the couple steadily. The man saw that he was being watched and faced us defiantly, "Such impertinence!" Then to his wife, "Come, my dear, we'll just make it."

"I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to show us what's in that grip," said Kennedy, calmly laying his hand on the man's arm.

"Well, now, did you ever hear of such blasted impudence? Get out of my way, sir, this instant, or I'll have you arrested."

"Come, come, Kennedy," interrupted Burke, "Surely you are getting in wrong here. This can't be the man."

Craig shook his head decidedly. "You can make the arrest or not, Burke, as you choose. If not, I am through. If so—I'll take all the responsibility."

Reluctantly Burke yielded. The man protested; the woman cried; a crowd collected.

The train-gate shut with a bang. As it did so the man's demeanor changed instantly. "There," he shouted angrily, "you have made us miss our train. I'll have you in jail for this. Come on now to the nearest magistrates' court. I'll have my rights as an American citizen. You have carried your little joke too far. Knight is my name—John Knight, of Omaha, pork-packer. Come on now. I'll see that somebody suffers for this if I have to stay in New York a year. It's an outrage—an outrage."

Burke was now apparently alarmed—more at the possibility of the humorous publicity that would follow such a mistake by the secret service than at anything else. However, Kennedy did not weaken, and on general principles I stuck to Kennedy.

"Now," said the man surlily while he placed "Mrs. Knight" in as easy a chair as he could find in the judge's chambers, "what is the occasion of all this row? Tell the judge what a bad man from Bloody Gulch I am."

O'Connor had arrived, having broken all speed laws and perhaps some records on the way up from headquarters. Kennedy laid the Scotland Yard finger-prints on the table. Beside them he placed those taken by O'Connor and Burke in New York.

"Here," he began, "we have the finger-prints of a man who was one of the most noted counterfeiters in Great Britain. Be-

side them are those of a man who succeeded in passing counterfeits of several kinds recently in New York. Some weeks later this third set of prints was taken from a man who was believed to be the same person."

The magistrate was examining the three sets of prints. As he came to the third, he raised his head as if about to make a remark, when Kennedy quickly interrupted.

"One moment, sir. You were about to say that finger-prints never change, never show such variations as these. That is true. There are finger-prints of people taken fifty years ago that are exactly the same as their finger-prints of to-day. They don't change—they are permanent. The finger-prints of mummies can be deciphered even after thousands of years. But," he added slowly, "you can change fingers."

The idea was so startling that I could scarcely realize what he meant at first. I had read of the wonderful work of the surgeons of the Rockefeller Institute in transplanting tissues and even whole organs, in grafting skin and in keeping muscles artificially alive for days under proper conditions. Could it be that a man had deliberately amputated his fingers and grafted on new ones? Was the stake sufficient for such a game? Surely there must be some scars left after such grafting. I picked up the various sets of prints. It was true that the third set was not very clear, but there certainly were no scars there.

"Though there is no natural changeability of finger-prints," pursued Kennedy, "such changes can be induced, as Dr. Paul Prager of Vienna has shown, by acids and other reagents, by grafting and by injuries. Now, is there any method by which lost finger-tips can be restored? I know of one case where the end of a finger was taken off and only one-sixteenth inch of the nail was left. The doctor incised the edges of the granulating surface and then led the granulations on by what is known in the medical profession as the 'sponge graft.' He grew a new finger-tip.

"The sponge graft consists in using portions of a fine Turkish surgical sponge, such as I have here. I found these pieces in a desk at Riverwood. The patient is anesthetized. An incision is made from side to side in the stump of the finger and flaps of skin are sliced off and turned up for the new end of the finger to develop in—a sort of shell of living skin. Inside



A taxicab pulled up at the street-end of the platform, a man jumped out and assisted a heavily veiled lady, paid the driver, picked up the grips, and turned toward us

this, the sponge is placed, not a large piece, but a very thin piece sliced off and cut to the shape of the finger-stump. It is perfectly sterilized in water and washed in green soap after all the stony particles are removed by hydrochloric acid. Then the finger is bound up and kept moist with normal salt solution.

"The result is that the end of the finger, instead of healing over, grows into the fine

meshes of the pieces of sponge, by capillary attraction. Of course even this would heal in a few days, but the doctor does not let it heal. In three days he pulls the sponge off gently. The end of the finger has grown up just a fraction of an inch. Then a new thin layer of sponge is added. Day after day this process is repeated, each time the finger growing a little more. A new nail develops if any of the matrix is left, and I

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suppose a clever surgeon by grafting up pieces of epidermis could produce on such a stump very passable finger-prints."

No one of us said anything, but Kennedy seemed to realize the thought in our minds and proceeded to elaborate the method.

"It is known as the 'education sponge method,' and was first described by Dr. D. J. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, in 1881. It has frequently been used in America since then. The sponge really acts in a mechanical manner to support the new finger-tissue that is developed. The meshes are filled in by growing tissue, and as it grows the tissue absorbs part of the sponge, which is itself an animal tissue and acts like catgut. Part of it is also thrown off. In fact, the sponge imitates what happens naturally in the porous network of a regular blood-clot. It educates the tissue to grow, stimulates it—new blood-vessels and nerves as well as flesh.

"In another case I know of, almost the whole of the first joint of a finger was crushed off, and the doctor was asked to amputate the stump of bone that protruded. Instead, he decided to educate the tissue to grow out to cover it and appear like a normal finger. In these cases the doctors succeeded admirably in giving the patients entire new finger-tips, without scars, and, except for the initial injury and operation, with comparatively little inconvenience except that absolute rest of the hands was required.

"That is what happened, gentlemen," concluded Kennedy. "That is why Mr. Forbes, alias Williams, made a trip to Philadelphia to be treated—for crushed finger-tips, not for the kick of an automobile engine. He may have paid the doctors in counterfeits. In reality this man was playing a game in which there was indeed a heavy stake at issue. He was a counterfeiter sought by two governments with the net closing about him. What are the tips of a few fingers compared with life, liberty, wealth, and a beautiful woman? The first two sets of prints are different from the third because they are made by different finger-tips—on the same man. The very core of the prints was changed. But the finger-print system is vindicated by the very ingenuity of the man who so cleverly has contrived to beat it."

"Very interesting—to one who is interested," remarked the stranger, "but what has that to do with detaining my wife and

myself, making us miss our train and insulting us?"

"Just this," replied Craig. "If you will kindly oblige us by laying your fingers on this inking-pad and then lightly on this sheet of paper, I think I can show you an answer."

Knight demurred, and his wife grew hysterical at the idea, but there was nothing to do but comply. Kennedy glanced at the fourth set of prints, then at the third set taken a week ago, and smiled. No one said a word. Knight or Williams, which was it? He nonchalantly lit a cigarette.

"So you say I am this Williams, the counterfeiter?" he asked superciliously.

"I do," reiterated Kennedy. "You are also Forbes."

"I don't suppose Scotland Yard has neglected to furnish you with photographs and a description of this Forbes?"

Burke reluctantly pulled out a Bertillon card from his pocket and laid it on the table. It bore the front face and profile of the famous counterfeiter, as well as his measurements.

The man picked it up as if indeed it was a curious thing. His coolness nearly convinced me. Surely he should have hesitated in actually demanding this last piece of evidence. I had heard, however, that the Bertillon system of measurements often depended on the personal equation of the measurer as well as on the measured. Was he relying on that, or on his difference in features?

I looked over Kennedy's shoulder at the card on the table. There was the concave nose of the 'portrait parlé' of Forbes, as it had first been described to us. Without looking further I involuntarily glanced at the man, although I had no need to do so. I knew that his nose was the exact opposite of that of Forbes.

"Ingenious at argument as you are," he remarked quietly, "you will hardly deny that Knight, of Omaha, is the exact opposite of Forbes, of London. My nose is almost Jewish—my complexion is dark as an Arab's. Still, I suppose I am the sallow, snub-nosed Forbes described here, inasmuch as I have stolen Forbes's fingers and lost them again by a most preposterous method."

"The color of the face is easily altered," said Kennedy. "A little picric acid will do that. The ingenious rogue Sarcey in Paris eluded the police very successfully until Dr. Charcot exposed him and showed how he changed the arch of his eyebrows and

the wrinkles of his face. Much is possible to-day that would make Frankenstein and Dr. Moreau look clumsy and antiquated."

A sharp feminine voice interrupted. It was the woman, who had kept silent up to this time. "But I have read in one of the papers this morning that a Mr. Williams was found dead in an automobile accident up the Hudson yesterday. I remember reading it, because I am afraid of accidents myself."

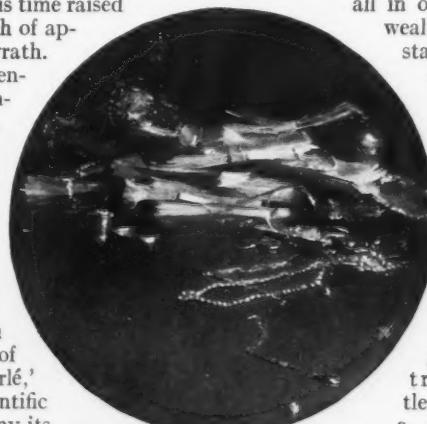
All eyes were now fixed on Kennedy. "That body," he answered quickly, "was a body purchased by you at a medical school, brought in your car to Riverwood, dressed in Williams's clothes with a watch that would show he was Forbes, placed on the track in front of the auto, while you two watched the Buffalo express run it down, and screamed. It was a clever scheme, but these facts do not agree."

He laid the measurements of the corpse obtained by Burke and those from the London police card side by side. Only in the roughest way did they approximate each other.

"Your honor, I appeal to your sense of justice," cried our prisoner impatiently. "Hasn't this farce been allowed to go far enough? Is there any reason why this fake detective should make fools out of us all and keep my wife longer in this court? I'm not disposed to let the matter drop. I wish to enter a charge against him of false arrest and malicious prosecution. I shall turn the whole thing over to my attorney this afternoon. The deuce with the races—I'll have justice."

The man had by this time raised himself to a high pitch of apparently righteous wrath. He advanced menacingly toward Kennedy, who stood with his shoulders thrown back, and his hands deep in his pockets, and a half amused look on his face.

"As for you, Mr. Detective," added the man, "for eleven cents I'd lick you to within an inch of your life. 'Portrait parlé,' indeed! It's a fine scientific system that has to deny its own main principles in order to vindicate itself. Bah! Take that, you scoundrel!"



Stacks of genuine bills, gold coins, diamonds, pearls, all topped off with piles of counterfeits

Harriet Wollstone threw her arms about him, but he broke away. His fist shot out straight. Kennedy was too quick for him, however. I had seen Craig do it dozens of times with the best boxers in the "gym." He simply jerked his head to one side, and the blow passed just a fraction of an inch from his jaw, but passed it as cleanly as if it had been a yard away.

The man lost his balance, and as he fell forward and caught himself, Kennedy calmly and deliberately slapped him on the nose.

It was an intensely serious instant, yet I actually laughed. The man's nose was quite out of joint, even from such a slight blow. It was twisted over on his face in the most ludicrous position imaginable.

"The next time you try that, Forbes," remarked Kennedy, as he pulled the piece of paraffin from his pocket and laid it on the table with the other exhibits, "don't forget that a concave nose built out to hook-nose convexity by injections of paraffin, such as the beauty-doctors everywhere advertise, is a poor thing for a White Hope."

Both Burke and O'Connor had seized Forbes, but Kennedy had turned his attention to the larger of Forbes's grips, which the Wollstone woman vociferously claimed as her own. Quickly he wrenched it open.

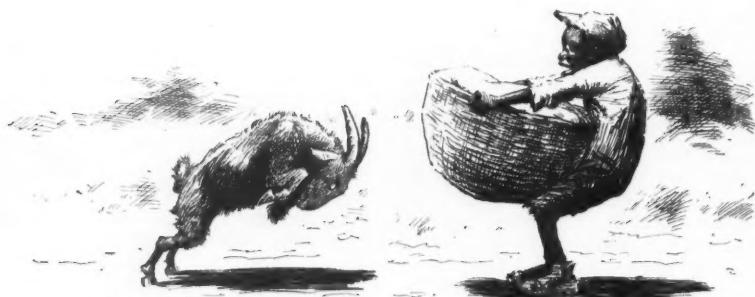
As he turned it up on the table my eyes fairly bulged at the sight. Forbes' suit-case might have been that of a traveling salesman for the Kimberley, the Klondike, and the Bureau of Engraving,

all in one. Craig dumped the wealth out on the table—stacks of genuine bills, gold coins of two realms, diamonds, pearls, everything portable and tangible all heaped up and topped off with piles of counterfeits awaiting the magic touch of this Midas to turn them into real gold.

"Forbes, you have failed in your get-away," said Craig triumphantly. "Gentlemen, you have here a master counterfeiter, surely—a master counterfeiter of features and fingers as well as of currency."

In Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



"Hol' on dar. I got clean clothes in dis yere basket!"



"Blame yer ole hide!"



"Come back heah, you pestiferous animile!"



"Awful hard to make ends meet; ev'ything seems to be goin' up—"



"Fo' de Lawd! Is you-all a debbil or what is yer?"

Magazine Shop-Talk

The Record of a Hero

HAVE you been reading Admiral Schley's story? And do you realize just what it means to read of the brilliant exploits of our Civil War heroes from the pen of one of them—a live, stirring story and not the record of musty annals? When you come to think of it, it is a long way back to '61 when began that series of convulsions that spelled death in so many homes and put the badge of hero on so many of the thousands who flocked to the defense of the Union. And now most of those thousands are gone. Soon—very soon—there will be no one to tell us of that great war. Its record will be the record of dusty tomes. Fortunately, Admiral Schley before his death completed his personal, living record of his experiences in that great conflict. He served with the flag wherever the flag could go, and he served with honor, distinction, and credit to the flag and to himself. He came into the service just before the civil storm broke; he left it only when Spain no longer flew a flag on the western hemisphere. The story of those years is a part of hard history, but it reads like romance—the romance of an adventurer into every byway of duty where his great ability could be of service. It is a story of one of the last and greatest of our sea-fighters. You can't afford to miss an instalment of the whole series.

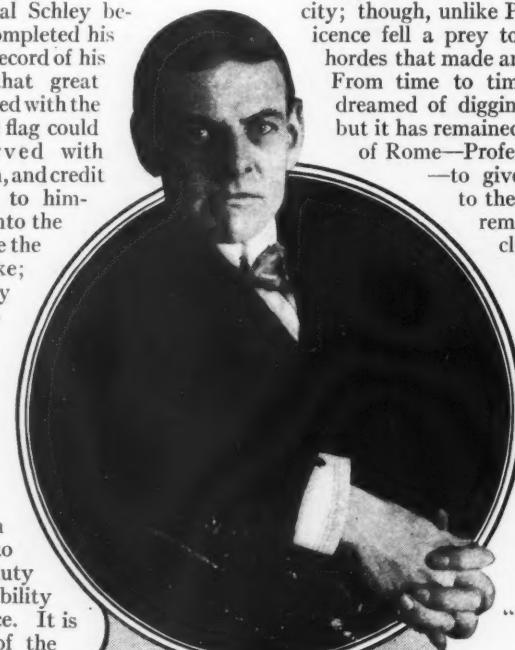
New Treasures from an Old City

SOMETIMES we think there is more real romance in great discoveries than there is in soul-stirring adventure. Here is a case: For fifteen centuries priceless records of the splendor of Imperial Rome have lain mud-buried at the mouth of the Tiber. The town of Ostia, where these records have just been discovered, was older than Pompeii or Herculaneum; the first-born of ancient Rome. The town was Rome's seaport, favorite of emperors when Rome ruled the world and feared neither Saracen nor Goth. But an assassin's dagger stopped the plans for Ostia's development as a great port, Rome fell into the ways of weakness and decline, and—Ostia became another buried city; though, unlike Pompeii, her magnificence fell a prey to decay and to the hordes that made an end of Roman rule. From time to time enthusiasts have dreamed of digging out the old port, but it has remained for an archeologist of Rome—Professor Dante Vaglieri

—to give definite direction to the work. He has had remarkable success in clearing out the old city, and in uncovering the ruins of magnificent buildings and other evidences of Roman culture. The story, fully illustrated, of the uncovering of this almost forgotten port of ancient Rome will be printed in the March issue.

"Why I Left Home"

HAVE you children—sons or daughters—at home? Are they satisfied to stay? What are you



A portrait of David Graham Phillips which makes it easy to account for the charm and seriousness of his stories. "The Price She Paid," now appearing serially in this magazine, was his ripest—and best—work and is winning a host of new readers with each issue.

doing to prevent their leaving? Here is a paraphrase of one of Virginia Terhune Van de Water's forthcoming studies of parents' relations with their children:

"Yes, Jennie has left home. I don't see why, because she had everything she wanted. Her father never denied her a thing, and goodness knows I was good to her. But she said she wanted to be independent, so she got work in the city, and now it's just like it was before she came, only we have her to worry about." Do you know of a mother who might say these words?—say them with all the bitterness of a feeling that she really does know why her daughter left home? There are many such in the world, and it is for them, more than to justify the daughters, that Mrs. Van de Water has written for the March *COSMOPOLITAN* a story called "Why I Left Home." Her previous stories, "Why I Left My Husband," "Why I Left My Wife," and "Why We Are Living Together," "went home" and created a prodigious amount of discussion and hard thinking. Those stories all dealt with the family heads, the beginning and the end of the home. The children are essential units of the home, and anything which concerns their status and condition there is worthy

of discussion. In this true indictment of conditions that are met in all too many homes Mrs. Van de Water gets at the foundation of many of the questions that are perplexing American fathers and mothers to—
n o t
c o n
t h e



Howard Chandler Christy as he works and as he plays. The illustrator of "The Price She Paid" has his workshop in the country, where he does the work that is keeping him in the front rank of American artists

A "Canvas Cut in Half"

THE collaboration of Robert W. Chambers, the master novelist, with Charles Dana Gibson, the master illustrator, is unquestionably the most successful fiction feature that any magazine has ever offered. In the present novel, "The Turning Point," Mr. Chambers set himself—for him—a new kind of literary task. Usually his novels run considerably more than a hundred thousand words in length. "The Turning Point" is only about half as long. The net result is that you will have two Chambers novels in *COSMOPOLITAN* this year instead of one. Pretty liberal measure, don't you think? We do. And just how well you think Mr. Chambers has done his work in this new novel your letters to us abundantly prove. You are evidently reading it from the point of view Mr. Chambers had in mind; namely, writing an interesting, gripping story on a "canvas cut in half."

Your March "Relief from Worry"

WE want to call your attention again and again to the policy we are carrying out



Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, author of the "Why" stories which aroused widespread discussion when they appeared in *Cosmopolitan*. Her next story, "Why I Left Home," will be in the March issue

in *COSMOPOLITAN*, a policy which is making it such a tremendous success: the best, and only the best—at any price. Look at the layout for next month; it is your March relief from worry and the best list of good things you will find anywhere:

"The Turning Point" and "The Price She Paid," of course. Mr. Chambers has compressed within the limits of that generous instalment enough interest to make a whole novel, and Charles Dana Gibson has done his share as brilliantly as he always does. David Graham Phillips makes Mildred a real live heroine in this chapter, which is, we think, the best so far in the story. And Howard Chandler Christy—well, Christy has made a great stir with his *COSMOPOLITAN* pictures, and Christy doesn't "fall down." Then there's "Smoke Bellew" by Jack London—pictures by Anton Otto Fischer. Smoke and Shorty do some speculating in eggs and win—a man for a girl. It's called "A Flutter in Eggs." Craig Kennedy trails down an ingenious firebug—Reeve and Foster at their best. Wallingford and Blackie Daw—through George Randolph Chester and C. E. Chambers—make

a merry half-hour for you. Gouverneur Morris has another gripping New York story; Bruno Lessing tells an inimitable East Side tale, and there is Mrs. Van de Water's story, "Why I Left Home," spoken of above. Admiral Schley tells how he rescued Greely

in the Arctic, Professor Vagliari writes of his excavations in Ostia, Charles Edward Russell gives an illuminating sketch of the young Crown Prince of Germany who criticized his father's government, and Alan Dale has an interview with Julia Sanderson, one of the prettiest and most popular women on the stage to-day. That's a feast of good things. Look for the March *COSMOPOLITAN*. You'll know it by as dainty a Harrison Fisher girl as ever appeared on paper. It will be on the newsstands February 10th.

